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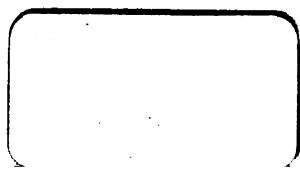
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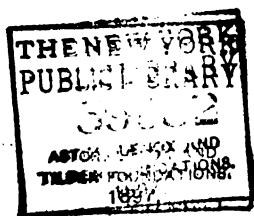
- I. ORIGINAL PAPERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.
- II. THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS.
- III. GLEANINGS—LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.
- IV. REGISTER OF ECCLESIASTICAL, CIVIL, MILITARY,
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THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

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Contents.

I. ORIGINAL PAPERS.

	Page.
The Dead Guest,	1
Sonnets,	58
On Poetry, and the supposed unsociability of Poets,	59
Autumn,	63
On the abolition of Suttee,	64
Lines written in a Lady's Album,	70
The Victim, an Eastern Tale,	71
The Annuals for 1830,	75
The Season in London 1830,	107

II. SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS.

Mozart,	1
An hour at a Publisher's,	5
The Ettrick Shepherd and Sir W. Scott,	10
Literary Character of King James I.,	19
Cobbett's Treatise on Indian Corn,	16
Manners of the Swiss,	18
Superstitions of Italy,	20
Arabs of Muscat,	23

III. GLEANINGS,—LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii—Price of Religious Instructions—Fires—Fishes—Influence of Mind—The Maybug—New Canal—The Cotton Plant—Hydrophobia—Natural Phenomenon—Italian Literature—Potatoe Sugar obtained, Chrystallized—The Canadian Snow Dogs—An Indian Sultana in Paris—Mozart—Novel Heraldry—Metalurgy—Journals in the Netherlands—Languages in the Netherlands—The Mocking Bird—Mount Ararat—Soliman "The Great"—Royal Asiatic Society—Royal Institution—Colman—Sultan Mahmood.

IV. BENGAL GENERAL REGISTER.

Abolition of Suttees,	i
General Meeting of the Inhabitants,	iii
Hindoo Theism,	xvi
Proceedings of Societies &c.	} from 1st Jany.
Civil and Military Promotions and Appointments,	
Commercial Intelligence,	
Domestic Occurrences,	

Notice to Correspondents.

Several contributions have been unavoidably postponed to our next number; among these is the Poem of "The Dying Buccaneer."

THE
CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

No. I.—JANUARY, 1830.

THE DEAD GUEST.

[*From the German.*]

THE DEPARTURE.

Watteville had scarcely left the university two years, and occupied himself as an unsalaried registrar of a provincial town, when the trumpet of the holy war was sounded. The liberation of Germany from the yoke of the French conqueror was the object aimed at by the patriots. A holy eagerness pervaded the nation, and the shout of "FREEDOM AND MY COUNTRY" was heard, in every town and village. Thousands and thousands of enthusiastic young men flocked round the sacred standard. My friend Watteville having imbibed the holy zeal, changed the pen for the sword.

As he had lost his parents and was yet a minor, he wrote for permission to join the struggle for the liberty of his country and requested a 100 thaler as travelling money from Mr. Guyot his tutor, an old and eccentric man in the small town of Herbesheim. He sent the following letter with 15 Louis d'or in gold. "My friend, when you are one year older, you may dispose of yourself and the small remainder of your fortune agreeably to your own pleasure. Till then I beg you will postpone your patriotic march, and mind your own affairs, that you may obtain a livelihood. I know my duty, and what I owe to my friend, your late father. Pray cease your giddy projects and become more sober, I don't send you a kreutzer. I am," &c.

The gift of the 15 Louis d'or was a strange but not disagreeable contradiction to the letter, that Watteville would not for a long time have been able to explain, had he not happened to cast his eyes on the paper in which the money was wrapped, on which he

JANUARY 1830.

read the following words—"Don't be discouraged; march, for the holy cause of poor Germany. May God protect you! This is the sincere wish of your early playmate AMELIA." Amelia was the daughter of Mr. Guyot.

Watteville was more gratified by the heroism of the girl, than the receipt of the money, which probably was taken from her savings. He wrote immediately to a friend in Herbesheim inclosing some lines to Amelia expressive of his gratitude and pleasure, and departed to join the army.

THE INCOGNITO.

I shall not relate Watteville's martial adventures; suffice it to say that he was present in the hottest actions and behaved nobly. Napoleon was sent to Elba. Watteville did not return home like the other volunteers but accepted of a lieutenancy in a regiment of infantry. He was better pleased with the life of a soldier than a lawyer. His regiment joined the second campaign against France, and he returned home, at last, amid the sounds of trumpets and triumphal songs.

Watteville though he was present in two great battles and various skirmishes, had the good fortune to return free from wounds. He flattered himself that as a reward for his valorous conduct in the service of his country he might speedily obtain a civil employment. But he found himself disappointed.

He remained therefore a lieutenant and though Mr. Guyot, his old tutor, had long ago sent him the balance of his small paternal property all of which had vanished, he rambled about in his garrison, made verses in the guard room, and philosophical reflections on the parade. At last the troops were ordered to remove, and his company had directions to march to Herbesheim. At the head of his company (for his captain, a rich baron, was on leave of absence) he entered his native town. How much did he feel when he saw the high black steeple! At the town house the drum ceased to beat. Two counsellors distributed the billets, and the commander was of course quartered in the first house of the town. It was Mr. Guyot's!

Mr. Guyot had quite forgotten him, and receiving him as a stranger showed him very civilly into a fine apartment. "Captain," said Mr. Guyot, "this and the adjoining rooms were occupied by your predecessor, pray make yourself at home."

Watteville preserved his incognito. As soon as he had changed his dress, dinner was announced. At the dinner table he found, besides Mr. and Mrs. Guyot and various visitors all of whom he recognized, a young lady whom he could not recollect. The company spoke of the regret of every one at the departure of the soldiers that Watteville had relieved.

"I hope" said Watteville "that you will have no less reason to be satisfied with my soldiers and myself when we have become familiar with you."

The captain, who was astonished at not seeing his play fellow Amelia, to whom he still owed the 15 Louis d'or, inquired of his hostess if she had any children.

"A daughter" replied Mrs. Guyot and pointed towards the young lady.

Watteville was thunderstruck. "Heavens!" thought he "what a superior being is the little Amelia grown!"

"Mrs. Guyot then mentioned with tears in her eyes, a son who died when very young. Dont grieve for him, my dear, said Mr. Guyot, who knows but he might have turned out as great a ragamuffin as Fritz."

Watteville felt not a little embarrassed, for the ragamuffin Fritz, was no other than himself.

"But do you know Papa if Fritz has continued such a wild fellow as you represent him?" said Amelia. The question warmed the Captain more thoroughly than the glass of Burgundy, which he had just raised to his lips.

There was a trace of old friendship in the question: Such an interesting question from such interesting lips, and put in so sweet and heart-moving a voice, could not but gild the bitter pills which Mr. Guyot unwittingly compelled him to swallow.

To justify his severe sentence he related to his guest, the history of Watteville's own follies. "If that fellow" said he, concluding his narration with a moral application, had applied himself to any good purpose in the university, he would not have enlisted amongst the Soldiers. Had he not become a Soldier, he might now have been a counsellor of State, and might at all events have gained an honest livelihood."

"I dont know" replied the daughter "whether he was industrious at the university, but I know that he went with a good heart to sacrifice himself for the holy cause."

"Do not always pester my ears with that holy cause," exclaimed Mr. Guyot, "whereabouts lies that holy trash? I ask where? The French are chased away, true, but the holy empire in spite of it is gone to the Devil. The old taxes are kept up, and new ones added. Those confounded Englishmen with their merchandize, are suffered to come here, as before, to spoil our markets and no one cares if we, the holy Germans, become holy beggars."

Watteville perceived by this conversation that old Guyot was still the same lively, hot and eccentric being, with whom notwithstanding his singularities it was not possible to get angry.

As it was necessary to pronounce a decision in the contest between father and daughter, the Captain had the prudence and complaisance to agree entirely, with the father, in respect to the

holy cause, which increased Mr. Guyot's good opinion of his understanding. But then as he could not directly condemn himself, he took the part of his fair intercessor, with regard to the good heart with which Fritz had sacrificed himself for the supposed holy cause.

"Observe now" exclaimed the old man "The Captain is more sly than Paris with the three foolish maids of Troy; he cuts the apple in two parts and gives each a bit."

"No, Mr. Guyot, your Fritz was in the wrong, but not more so than many thousand other men. I too joined the march for the liberation of Germany, and forsook every thing. Our armies, you know were destroyed, the nation was obliged to rise *en masse*. There was no time for hesitation, the sacrifice of our blood and chattels for the honor of the nation, was deemed necessary; that we have performed; now we may expect prosperity. Our ablest statesmen cannot work miracles, and instantly produce a paradise. For my part, at least, I do not repent the steps I took."

"I have every respect," said Mr. Guyot with a low bow "every respect for your individual case. The exceptions are in this world always the better part of the rule. But it certainly is curious that we, peasants, citizens, merchants and manufacturers should give our money for twenty years, to feed in time of peace an army of a hundred thousand idle protectors of the throne and to clothe them in velvet, silk and gold, and we in the twenty first year when the protectors of the throne are destroyed must rise ourselves, to bring the wheel again into its track."

THE DISCOVERY.

The discovery of Watteville's real name was made before he knew of it. Mrs. Guyot a quiet well observing lady, who spoke little but reflected more, as soon as she heard his voice, remembered the boy's features, compared them with his more manly ones, and recognized him. His visible embarrassment when the conversation turned on the ragamuffin Fritz confirmed the supposition. Yet not a word escaped her of her discovery. Thus she always used to act. No woman had a less womanish way of keeping her thoughts to herself, she suffered every one to speak as they chose, while she listened, compared, and drew her conclusions. Hence she always knew more than every one else in the house and conducted imperceptibly all business and enterprises without many words; even her husband, that lively curious old man who of all thought to obey her the least, without suspecting it, obeyed her the most. That Watteville did not discover who he was, appeared to her somewhat suspicious, and she kept silent, to discover what might be his motive for acting so.

Watteville had no bad motive for concealing his name, he only aimed at surprising the family at a proper opportunity. Towards the evening when he was called to tea, he found no body else in the room but Amelia. Watteville went up to her saying "I have to thank you in the name of my friend Watteville for the aid with which you had the goodness to supply him."

"You know him then Mr. Commandant?"

"He often thought of you, but not so often as you deserved."

"He was educated in our house. But yet he became a little ungrateful in never paying us even a visit since he left us. Does he conduct himself well, is he esteemed?"

"There is no complaint of him. No one has so much reason to complain of him as yourself."

"Then he must be a good man, for I have nothing to say against him."

"But he is, I know it, your debtor."

"He owes me nothing."

"Yet he spoke of travelling money, of which he was in need when he joined the army, and which his tutor had refused him."

"I did not lend it, I gave it to him."

"Is he for that less your debtor, my Amelia?"

On hearing that name, Amelia gazed at him, and a light shot across her mind,—*"Is it possible?"* She joyfully exclaimed.

"Yes my dear Amelia, if I dare call you so—ah I am no longer to address you with that familiar epithet—the debtor, the sinner stands before you—will you pardon him? Had he known, what he now knows, he would have come to Herbesheim a thousand times instead of once." He took her hand and kissed it.

At this moment Mrs. Guyot entered the room, Amelia hastened to meet her: "Do you know Mamma the name of the Commandant here?"

She replied with a gentle smile "Fritz Watteville."

"Then Mamma you knew him and concealed it?" said Amelia who could not yet recover from her surprise, comparing the tall firm man in the military dress; with the former shy Schoolboy. "Yes indeed" said she "it is he! Where were my eyes! There is still visible the scratch over his left brow which he got in his fall when he fetched a fine apple for me which hung on the highest tree in our garden. Do you remember it yet?"

"Ah what do I not remember" said Watteville, kissing the hand of his former respectable foster mother, begging her pardon for never having paid them a visit before. He endeavoured to convince them, that it was not through ingratitude, for he had often thought of them with respectful thankfulness; nor was it

levity or indifference,—but he did not know himself why he never had had the heart to return to Herbesheim.”

Mr. Guyot suddenly entered and went up to the tea table. When Amelia told him, who their guest was, he started, but immediately after he gave his hand, saying; “Be welcome Mr. Watteville; you were a sprig and have outgrown my recollection; now I dare no longer call you Fritz, but Mr. Watteville, or likely Von Watteville? You are a nobleman now?”—“No.”

“But the riband there on your button hole? Signifies it nothing?”

“That, I with my company took a fort from the enemy and maintained it against three or four assaults.”

“How many men did that cost?”

“Twelve dead, and seventeen wounded.”

“That is twenty-seven human beings for 3 inches of riband, cursed dear! what stuff, our prince sells; and yet to be had in every shop for a couple of kreutzer. Let us sit down, and drink. Much booty made? How are the Finances?”

Watteville shrugged his shoulders “we did not fight for booty but for our country.”

“Fine, very fine. I like such sentiments with an empty pocket. And is your patrimony, secure?”

Watteville blushed and said smilingly “I am but too sure that I shall not loose it any more.”

THE DEAD GUEST.

Scarcely was it known in the town who the commandant was when his former acquaintances came to see him. Watteville was drawn into all societies, every where he was the best companion; he drew well, sung and played on the flute admirably, danced gracefully, and the ladies confessed that he was a handsome volatile young man, and therefore a dangerous one.

None however either fair or ugly of the town then cared for making conquests or suffered themselves to be conquered. On the contrary, every one endeavored to keep her heart free. The reason of this no one could guess who did not live in Herbesheim, or who had not read the manuscript chronicles of the town. This was the year of the celebration of the feast of THE DEAD GUEST, who was particularly hostile to the brides of the town. No one knows exactly the nature of the Dead Guest. But it is said, that he is a ghost who returns every hundredth year to Herbesheim where he remains from the first day of advent to the last, that he pays his addresses to every bride, and always finishes with twisting her face round to the back of the neck. What distinguishes still more this spectre from all others is that he not only appears at the “witching hour of night” but is visible in the clear day in an ordinary human shape. This guest is hand-

some in person and fashionable in his attire—he is moreover possessed of countless gold.

If he cannot find the bride of another man, he assumes the shape of a wooer, bewitches the poor hearts of the girls that he may *turn their hearts* as well as their head. No one could say how this tradition originated. In the church book of the parsonage there was still inserted the names of three virgins, who in the time of advent in the year 1720 died suddenly. The following note is written on the margin. "With the faces twisted to the back of the neck as a hundred years before: May God be merciful to their poor souls." Though this annotation of the church book was no proof of the fact to any reasonable man or woman yet it proved at least that the tradition was an ancient one. Every one pretended that it was a ridiculous nursery story, and yet every one looked with anxiety, to the approaching advent, to know how far it was real or imaginary. According to Hamlet they thought there might be many things between heaven and earth of which philosophy has never dreamt. The old parson of the town, to whom, under the pretext of a visit every one flocked, to read with their own eyes that singular passage in the church book, expressed himself equivocally, though he was else a judicious man. "It would surprise me he would say if, but.....I do not believe it" or "May God forbid that I should be obliged to insert such a thing." The young Gentlemen were the most incredulous of all and laughed at its absurdity. Even the young ladies were apparently indifferent, but their indifference was affected.

No one had better opportunities to observe the consequences of that tradition, than the old parson; for whenever there was an intrigue or any plan of marriage in the town all with the greatest alarm made haste to conclude the marriage ceremony before the beginning of advent, and whenever there was no hope of a speedy celebration of nuptials every intrigue, nay, even the least project of future union was abruptly broken off. How great then must have been the fears of the young ladies of Herbesheim when they found the young commandant charming, in spite of themselves! They trembled for their own heads, and the visit of the dead guest. We ought therefore readily to pardon their unnatural secret oath not to love any one before or during the time of advent, and should an angel from heaven come, not to look on him in a more courteous manner than on any one else.

I can't say exactly, if the handsome Amelia Guyot took the same oath as the other ladies of Herbesheim, but this is certain that she did not appear to regard Watteville with any feeling but that of friendship.

Mr. Guyot's house was a paradise to the commandant. He was again as one of the family. He fell unconsciously into old

habits of his boyhood, and as in former years, he called Mr. and Mrs. Guyot his father and mother.

Amelia was now nearly twenty years of age. The old man considered that he had married Mrs. Guyot when she was much younger, hence he seriously thought of a matrimonial union for his daughter. Mrs. Guyot had consented to it, and Amelia too, thought it reasonable.

THE BIRTH DAY.

In Mr. Guyot's house no one was allowed to give a person an unkind word or look, upon his Birth day, or to refuse him any reasonable request.

Of course Watteville's birth day was celebrated with the usual forms. Mr. Guyot went up to him, and presented him with a piece of paper folded in silk. It was a draft for a large sum of money. Mrs. G. came next. She presented him with a rich Captain's uniform. Then followed Amelia with a silver plate in her hand, on which there was a dozen beautiful handkerchiefs, under which there was a letter sealed with a large Regimental Seal, directed to "Captain Fritz Watteville." The Lieutenant stared on opening it to find that it was a Captain's Commission, he had long looked for an advancement, but he did not expect to receive it so speedily.

"But my gracious Captain," said Amelia with a soft smile, "do not get angry. I will confess that that letter arrived five days ago, whilst you remained absent; I detained it that I might give it you on your birth-day. I have already suffered enough by my dread, that you might hear of your promotion from some other quarter."

Watteville's astonishment and pleasure were too great to allow him to utter a word. "The main point is," said Mrs. Guyot, good humoredly, that our new made Captain will now be allowed to remain here. I should be sorry indeed if Fritz were to leave us.

"Well, my new Captain," continued the lively old man; "I intended the draft I gave you, for your travelling expenses. Now it turns out, you don't want it, and I might have given something better." "You know our house law. You may make a request and I must consent to it. Therefore express it without ceremony, demand whatever you will, and I will grant it, even if it should be my new, handsome white wig."

The Captain's eyes were bedewed with tears. "I have nothing more to ask."

"Aye be quick, collect yourself! This opportunity may perhaps not return next year!" exclaimed the old man.

"Then permit me dear father to give you a hearty embrace of gratitude."

"Ay my dear fellow, that you 'll have cheap!" said Mr. Guyot. Both sprung from their seats, at the same time and embraced each other, with much emotion. A deep silence ensued. The feeling was communicated to all present.

Mr. Guyot collected himself sooner than the rest. "Enough of this. Let us say and do something reasonable." He raised his glass and ordered every glass to be filled. "Now" said he, addressing himself to Watteville—"Wherever there is a man, there ought to be a woman, and therefore a Captain is not to remain without his consort!" He then proposed the health of the Captain's Sweetheart which was drunk with great glee.

"May she be good natured, virtuous and a good housewife," said Mrs. Guyot.

"Like yourself," said the Captain.

"And the most lovely creature under the moon!" said Amelia.

"Like yourself Amelia," said he.

The members of the family made their innocent remarks about the singular scene at table. In the first place, the bold offer which Mr. Guyot, made to the Captain, to consent to every thing he might ask—an offer which Watteville, understood so ill—and then the proposed health to the Captain's future spouse. Verily the favorite of fortune must have been blind, not to see what Guyot so strongly endeavoured to make him comprehend.

"I believe," said the superintendant of the manufactory, softly to the book-keeper, "that the concern is done. What do you think? It will be a match."

The book-keeper replied in an equally low voice. "I am in dreadful alarm, for I cannot help thinking of the Dead Guest."

ANOTHER BIRTH-DAY.

The new Captain had much business to arrange. He had obtained permission to visit his General, and to balance several accounts with his predecessor. This made an absence of some weeks absolutely necessary. He parted from Mr. Guyot's house as from his paternal home. Amelia, in taking her leave, reminded him not to fail being present at her birth-day, on the 10th November.

They all regretted to be obliged to part with him. "But," said the old man, "do not let us grow a single grey hair on this account. Sooner or later, he who is above, will remove us all into different garrisons. Here, on this little ball of earth, be it in this or in that town, we are always near enough each other, often only too near. Those abominable Englishmen, for example, sit just on the neck of my manufactory."

Watteville returned at the expected period, and Amelia's birth-day was celebrated with every solemnity. Watteville.

had purchased for her in the capital, a new harp, with some well selected music. He handed her both when the turn came to him, to make a present. Father Guyot was in the merriest humor. Mrs. Guyot observed the joy on his face and could not help remarking to the Captain: "Papa has yet an agreeable surprise in the back-ground."

After the usual congratulations were over, and each had taken his seat at table, Amelia, in lifting her napkin from the plate, found on it a precious necklace, of eastern pearls, and a rich diamond ring with a letter to her address.

Mr. G. looked at her with exulting eyes, and was delighted with the astonishment of all present. The ring and the pearl string were then handed round the table. In the meanwhile Amelia had opened and read her letter. Her features betrayed still more surprise, than she had evinced at the sight of those costly presents. Mamma looked with anxious curiosity on her daughter —.

Amelia remained long silent, brooding over the letter. At last she laid it aside.

"Let the letter also circulate," said the father. She handed the letter with confusion to her mother.

"Well, Amelia, has your surprise robbed you of your breath? does not Papa know how to contrive matters?"

"Who then is Marcus Von Huber?" asked Amelia, with a melancholy countenance.

"Who else, but the son of my old and former partner, Huber, the celebrated banker? How could you expect another for you? The old man has been fortunate in business, and his son the young Huber, takes the whole concern on himself, and you become Mrs. Von Huber."

Mrs. G. in handing over the letter to the Commandant, shook her head in silent disapprobation. The letter was as follows:

"One unknown to you, most lovely lady, invites himself to the celebration of your birth-day, but unfortunately only in mind, as the Doctor has forbidden him the journey. Ah, that I am obliged to call myself unknown! That instead of sending these lines, I cannot fly myself to Herbesheim, there to solicit your hand, and terminate what our excellent fathers, in their friendship have so happily arranged. Fair lady, I shall hurry to Herbesheim, on my first recovery.

Permit me with respect and love, to subscribe myself,

Your betrothed,

MARCUS VON HUBER."

The Commandant stared gravely at the letter. He had the look of a dreaming man. Mr. Guyot now asked Amelia to tell him frankly if she was happy.

"Papa, how can I say so? I never in my life saw Mr. Von Huber."

"Ay, you little fool, I understand you, but it is quite natural, you are anxious about his appearance. He is a handsome, slender, tall young man, with a fine delicate face."

"But when Papa did you see him?"

"The last time I was in the Capital. Let me see, about ten or twelve years ago."

"I should rather see him himself, than be left to judge of him by his letter."

Mrs. Guyot observed somewhat seriously, that her husband might as well have consulted her about the matter. "My dear," replied the old man, "the case did not require consultation."

"Your girl will not take it amiss when she is called my gracious lady. Consider her lover's rank and wealth and influence; if old Huber bends a finger, and points to Vienna, the whole court is in motion, and enquires what is Mr. Huber's pleasure? He moves his head toward Petersburg, and immediately every one bows to the ground."

"I confess, the match looks advantageous, at least from your description!" said Mrs. Guyot, casting down her eyes.

Amelia glanced at her mother, and sighed deeply. The Captain continued staring at the letter.

"Donner, Captain, haven't you done reading yet?" said Mr. Guyot.

Watteville aroused himself, and gave a last glance at the letter, and then cast it away, from him with an air of deep sadness.

Mr. Guyot was hurt at Amelia's melancholy, and attributed it to the suddenness of the surprise. He at last exclaimed with vexation; "girl, speak freely, have I made a good arrangement or not? I am sure you will whistle a more lively tune my pretty bird, when young Huber is here."

"It may be so, my dear Papa!" replied Amelia; "how can I doubt in the least your parental, and well-meaning purpose?"

"Very right, a reasonable girl should always think in this way. Mama has confessed it to me herself, that in her time, she thought so too. Therefore let us fill the glasses! A happy life to the bride and bridegroom!" The toast was drunk, and cheerfulness and good humour seemed once more to prevail.

"There is no end to foolish tricks, that young Huber must be absent on such a day as this, a handsome fine young fellow. I bet that when you see him, Amelia, you will hug your Papa, and thank him."

"My dear Papa, at my birth-day I have the right to make a reasonable request! I beg not to hear a word more of him at present."

"My daughter, this is a foolish request! However, it is granted."

"My dear," said Mrs. G. to her husband, "no reproaches to Amelia. You must not forget that this is her birth-day."

"Right, Mamma!" replied the old man. "He will be here soon. The New Moon is nigh, the weather will change, and Huber's health with it."

CONSULTATIONS.

Every morning, noon and evening, went Mr. G. to the Barometer, knocked it with his knuckle to make the quicksilver rise, and prognosticate fine weather. Amelia, on the contrary, was anxious to see the quicksilver fall, and Watteville as well as Mrs. G. often consulted the prophesying tube of Torricelli.

"The weather gets evidently better!" said Mr. G. one day, when he was alone in the room with Mrs. G. "The clouds disperse. I think Huber is already on his way."

"May God prevent it, Papa. It should appear to me much more advisable, if you were to write to Von Huber not to come here before Christmas-day. Though I do not believe in that foolish tradition, yet one can't help being anxious."

"But Madam! do *you* think of the Dead Guest? You ought to be ashamed of such nonsense!"

"I acknowledge, my dear, it is foolish,—But whatever might happen to our only child during the time of Advent, would be attributed to some mysterious cause. After Advent, the young people will have a hundred years before them to see and love each other at leisure, and to be betrothed and married. Why be in a hurry just now? Where is the harm of the postponement of a few weeks?"

"For shame, for shame. Do not betray such a weak superstition. For the very reason that the people are seized with this foolish folly about the Dead Guest, shall Amelia be a bride at Advent. It is necessary to give an example, it is our duty. When the people in the town see that we do not care about the Dead Guest; that we betroth our child, in spite of all the absurd traditions, and that Amelia's neck remains stationary, this silly bugbear will be destroyed for ever."

"But, for God's sake Mr. Guyot, consider if Von Huber should travel, sickly as he is, in this bad weather; what with the severity of the season, the bad roads, and a long tedious journey, his life might be the sacrifice. He might die in this very house; we should have a DEAD GUEST; and the superstition would be confirmed."

Here the conversation ended, but it left a cloud upon Mr. Guyot's mind. He thought after all that it would be better for the sake of peace to postpone the formal betrothment to Christmas-day,

Perhaps, he reflected, the devil might play some villainous trick, and then it would be ascribed to the Dead Guest. The nearer, the first Advent day approached, the more uneasy he became. Fear began to seize him, and when suddenly the heavens became clear, and the full warm sunshine was spread over the face of nature, as if the summer had returned, he again knocked with equal anxiety at the Barometer, but it was now to cause the quicksilver to fall.

To his utter astonishment he perceived, that Mamma, Amelia, and the Captain regained their good humour with the fine weather. While he alone continued anxious.

FINE WEATHER.

Mrs. Guyot had perceived that Amelia had many secret and strong objections to the rich banker, that the Commandant of the town had also become the Commandant of her daughter's heart. It was not to favor the Commandant, however, dear as he was to her, that she now endeavoured to postpone the formal betrothment of the banker with Amelia. In the first place she wished to get over Advent, and in the next she desired that Huber and her daughter should have time to become thoroughly acquainted. Besides it was necessary to make enquiries respecting Von Huber's character. For this latter purpose, she wrote to one of her friends in the Capital. The answer arrived on the same day the fine weather occasioned such alarm to Mr. Guyot.

Von Huber, it was said, was one of the most respectable of men, he enjoyed the esteem of every one and had been pitied by all his friends not only on account of his miserable health, but his dependence on his old, morose, and miserly father. The young man however had just taken possession of all the affairs of his parent, who had retired on his estate, in consequence of the infirmities of old age. This good news delighted Mrs. Guyot.

Another circumstance brought pleasure on the same day to Amelia and the Commandant.

Watteville at Mrs. Guyot's request entered Amelia's room, she was near the window, her head leaning on the new harp.

"Amelia, your Mamma wishes to know if it is your pleasure to take an airing to day. The weather is delightful."

Amelia did not reply, but turned her face away from him.

"Are you displeased Amelia?" said Watteville.

She was still silent, and he then advanced towards the door, and turning round enquired impatiently whether she would go or not.

A sad negative was the answer.

Watteville was alarmed, for the tone of her voice betrayed deep emotion

"What can be the matter with you?" he anxiously enquired. "Does Mamma" said she "wish me to meet him? Is he to arrive to-day? Has she said any thing?"

"Oh Amelia" said Watteville "and this question from you!" "Do you believe I would engage you to go if I had the least suspicion of seeing him? Would to God he were to arrive before I go away."

"Are you going then to leave us?"

"I have written to my general to request to be removed; but I have received as yet no reply."

"Fritz" said Amelia, "don't take it amiss, but that was very foolish in you."

"I wish to remain, but I dare not."

"Watteville, do you desire to make me angry with you forever?"

"And do you wish for my death in forcing me to be your guest at your nuptials?"

"You never will be invited to my nuptials. Who has told you that I gave my consent?"

"But you dare not refuse it."

"And God knows I cannot give it!" sighed Amelia covering her face. Watteville too was unmanned by his secret grief. This was the first time they had touched upon this circumstance though it never left their minds. They had but lately discovered how dear they held each other. Each endeavoured to hide from the other the flame of love, but it served only to increase its power, and make it more visible.

"Dear Amelia" said Watteville "dare we remain together as we have hitherto done?"

"Watteville can we separate?"

"Oh my Amelia."

"Fritz, we must not part."

"But when he comes?"

"Rather ten thousand times would I be betrothed to the Dead Guest than to Von Huber."

On the following evening there was a large party at Mr. G's house. As it was only three days before the first of advent, the Dead Guest engrossed a large share of the conversation. The young ladies pretended to be very bold, but many rejoiced secretly that they were not brides. The elderly ladies, after mature deliberation, agreed, that the story of the Dead Guest might possibly be true. But the young Gentlemen were all incredulous though warned by their elders, male and female, that it was dangerous to scoff and swagger in matters of this nature.

"For Heaven's sake" said Mr. G. "let us have done with this subject! Wherever I turn I hear of nothing but the Dead Guest. Is this a fit discourse for the living?"

"I coincide with you," said the Collector of the circuit, "the subject is dull and threadbare! If Herbesheim had as little to fear from living guests, as from the visit of the Dead Guest we might be sure, that the fair sex would cease to have their *heads turned* so often as they now are."

"I should only like to know how this foolish story came into the world!" said a young counsellor.

"The tradition of the Dead Guest," said Watteville as it was known formerly, and as I heard it related in my youth from an old huntsman, is too long and tedious to relate."

"Do you recollect the story still?" enquired several voices at the same time.

"I do," replied Watteville.

"Oh, you *must* tell it to us!" said the girls, crowding round him! Resistance, and excuses were vain. Watteville, was therefore obliged to communicate the tradition as he had heard it from the old huntsman.

THE DEAD GUEST.

It is now two hundred years, said he, since the beginning of the war of thirty years, when the Elector Frederic of the Pfalz placed the crown of the kingdom of Bohemia on his head. But the Emperor and the Elector of Bavaria, at the head of the Catholic Germans set out to recover the crown. At the great and decisive battle of the White Mountain at Prague, the Elector lost his crown. The rumour spread through Germany with the rapidity of lightning. All the catholic towns exulted at the destruction of poor Frederic, who with a small suite fled from Prague in disguise. From his reign of one short season, he was called the Winter King.

Our ancestors in Herbesheim, two hundred years ago had the same disposition to chatter about news and politics, as their worthy descendants; but they were, I will not say more religious, but more bigotted. Their joy over the defeat and flight of the Winter King was as great as ours a few years ago, at the overthrow of the Emperor Napoleon.

One day three very beautiful virgins were seated together, and talking of the Winter King. All three were good friends, and each had a bridegroom. The first lady was called Elisabeth, the second Maria and the third Rosa.

"They ought not to suffer the King that notorious heretic to escape from Germany!" said Elisabeth. "As long as he lives that monster will follow Lutherism, and not cease to spread his abominable creed."

"Yes" said Maria, "he who slaughters him, may expect a large reward from the Emperor, from the Elector of Bavaria; from the holy church, and from the Pope; nay he may rely on the indulgence of Heaven."

"I wish," interrupted Rosa, "he would come into our town. He should die by the hand of my own sweet-heart, who would receive at least an earldom in reward."

"But it may be questioned" said Elizabeth, "whether he would make you a countess; for he scarcely has the heart for such an heroic deed. But I should only have to wink with my eyes, and my bold lover would sever his heretic head from his body at a blow, and then where would be the earldom?"

"Don't make yourselves too big!" said Maria: "My sweet-heart is the bravest and most powerful of all three. Has he not already been in the war as Captain? And did I order him, to cut down the great Turk on his throne, he would do it. Don't exult too much at the idea of the earldom."

Whilst the virgins were still disputing about the earldom a loud tramping of horses was heard in the street. Instantly were the three virgins at the window. It was dreadful weather, the winds howled fiercely and the rain poured in torrents, "alas!" said Elisabeth, "he who is on the road at such a time as this, does not travel for his pleasure."

"He must be driven by sheer necessity" said Rosa;

"Or a bad conscience!" added Maria.

On the opposite side of the street at the inn of the French horn, thirteen gentlemen on horse back stopped and dismounted with great haste. Twelve remained outside with their horses, the thirteenth dressed all in white went into the house, immediately the innkeeper with his grooms came out. The horses were placed in the stables and the gentlemen all went into the inn. In spite of the dreadful weather and rain, a great number of people gathered in the street to behold the foreign riders and their horses. The most beautiful horse belonged to the gentleman in white; it was snow white, and beautifully caparisoned.

"Now if that were the Winter King!" exclaimed the three virgins, almost at the same time and staring at each other with widened eyes.

At this moment they heard a noise on the steps. Behold the three bridegrooms of the virgins. "Do you already know," said the one, "the fugitive Winter King is within the walls of our town."

"That would be a fine prize" said the other.

"Anxiety is depicted on the face of that tall meagre white robed figure," said the third.

"A joyful shuddering seized the girls, and they spoke volumes with their looks. Suddenly they joined their hands and

said : " Done ! done ! " They then let their hands go, and each addressed herself to her bridegroom.

Elisabeth said to hers : " If my betrothed, suffers the Winter King to leave our town alive, I'll be rather the kept mistress of the Winter King than the lawful wife of my sweet-heart. So help me God and the saints ! "

Maria said to hers : " If my sweet-heart suffers the Winter King to see the sun again, I will rather give a kiss to death itself than to my darling, So help me God and the saints. "

Rosa said to hers. " The key to my nuptial bed-room, is now and forever lost, if my dear lover does not bring me his sword purpled with blood of the Winter King. "

The three bridegrooms trembled, but they soon collected their minds as they beheld their beautiful brides more charming than ever, waiting for their decision. Each, became anxious to be the first to prove the fervour of his love by such an heroic deed. Therefore they decided that the Winter king was not to live another day.

They took leave from their brides, who now sat exultingly thinking of the glory their bridegrooms would acquire by their courage and affection. The three young men consulted together, then went into the inn of the French Horn, asked for wine, and in the course of conversation learnt of the strangers in which apartment the king would sleep.

Before day-break, twelve guests rode away in haste, in spite of the storm and weather. The thirteenth was dead in his bed weltering in his blood. He had three mortal wounds. No one could say who he was ; but the innkeeper asserted that it was not the king. And he was in the right ; for the Winter King luckily escaped, as it is well known, to Holland, where he lived many years afterwards. The Dead Guest was buried on the very same day, but not in the church-yard, in consecrated ground.

The three brides were anxiously waiting for the arrival of their bridegrooms, but they came not. In all houses, every where they made search for them ; but no one had seen them since midnight. Neither the innkeeper nor his wife, nor any of their servants, male or female, knew whither they had gone nor what might have become of them.

The poor girls grieved bitterly, they cried night and day, and repented of the wicked request which they made to such handsome and faithful men.

But the charming Rosa lamented the most ; for she was the first who made the dangerous proposal to her companions against the life of the Winter King. Two days had already gone since that unlucky night, the third was nearly over.

Suddenly a knock at Rosa's door was heard, a strange and noble looking man entered, and enquired for her. She was seated crying by her father and mother. The stranger handed a letter, which he had received from a young man and which he had promised to be the bearer of himself. The letter was from her sweet-heart.

It was almost dark. The mother hastened and brought two lights, to read the letter and to behold the stranger. He was a man of about thirty years, tall and lean, dressed in an entire black suit in the height of the fashion, at his side was a sword, the handle of which was set in gold, pearls and brilliant stones. Diamonds were glittering with various colours from his finger rings. But his countenance however regular and noble, was, in spite of the fire of his eyes, pale and ghastly. He sat down, and the father read the letter. "We have slain the wrong man, therefore my dear Rosa adieu forever! since I have lost the key of your nuptial bed room, I'll look out for another bride who may not require a purpled sword. Console yourself as I do. Herewith I return you the ring." The ring fell from the letter.

When Rosa heard the contents of the letter, she cried bitterly and cursed her unfaithful lover. Her father and mother endeavoured to console their poor child, and the stranger said a great many soothing things. "Had I known that the man had made me the bearer of such despair, as true as I am the count of Buren I would have given him his benediction with this sword. Dry your tears my beautiful maiden, a single pure drop from your charming eyes is enough to wash away the last flame of love of that unworthy man."

But Rosa could not cease to cry. The count took his leave, asking permission to revisit the fair sufferer on the following day.

The next morning as he was alone with Rosa he said: "I could not sleep the whole night, from thinking of your beauty, and affliction. You owe me a smile that my cheeks pale from want of sleep may become a little red."

"How can I smile?" said Rosa, "has not that unfaithful wretch returned me the ring?"

The count took the ring and threw it out the window. "Off with that ring!" said he, "with how much pleasure do I replace it with a handsomer one!" he put the handsomest of his rings before her on the table. "To any one of these rings," added he belongs a rich estate!"

Rosa blushed. She pushed back the costly ring. "Dont be so cruel said the count; now that I have seen you I can never forget, such transcendant beauty. If your lover has disdained you, in your turn disdain him. That is a sweet revenge. My heart and my earldom lay at your feet."

To be sure Rosa did not wish to hear all this : yet she found in her heart, that the count was in the right regarding the justice of revenge, and that the unfaithful lover was to be forgotten. They discoursed about many things. The count spoke with touching modesty and tenderness, and if he was not so handsome as the lost bridegroom, he was equally interesting. Rosa ceased to weep, and she could not but smile occasionally at the count's pleasant conversation.

The presence of that rich Lord was soon known in the whole town of Herbesheim. It also became soon a matter of talk that Rosa had received a letter through him from her fugitive bridegroom. When Elisabeth and Maria heard this, they lost no time to go, and enquire of their friend, if the noble count knew any thing of their lovers.

When Rosa enquired of the Count, he replied, that he would wait himself upon the afflicted mourners, to see if he could guess by their descriptions, whether he had seen them. She treated him now in a more kindly way, for she had considered the last night the many things he had said, and as she looked on the costly ring, she thought to herself : " here I have only to stretch out my hand and divide an earldom." She showed her parents the jewels which the Count had left upon the table, and she mentioned his honorable offer. The parents were mightily astonished at all this and could hardly bring themselves to believe it. But when on the following day the count returned, asking their leave to make a present to their daughter of a trifle for a dress, and as he drew from a costly small box, a cross of diamonds hung on a sevenfold pearl string, they gave full credit to his word. The father and mother consulted, and agreed : That the stranger would make an excellent son-in-law, and that they would do their best to gain him !

They spoke much in favor of the Count to their daughter, and left her often alone with him ; Rosa rejoiced at the prospect of being Countess of Buren, and the envy and admiration of the whole town ; she was therefore as indulgent as possible to the impetuosity of her new lover.

But he was a sly rogue. For when he came to Elisabeth he found her still more beautiful than the charming Rosa ; and when at last he saw the Maria with her long and fair locks ; the other two appeared to him almost ugly. But to each he told nearly the same story that he had found the three young men at a tavern with two young girls with whom they took unwarrantable liberties. That they all three were to march for the war in Bohemia together with those two girls as common property ; that hearing in the course of conversation, that in his journey he had to pass Herbesheim, the one had written a chit to Rosa requesting him to deliver it himself. The other two ridiculed it, saying, we

are satisfied with our jolly girls, and do not wish to write letters, to those we have left, but as you give yourself the trouble to hand the letter, say that we are going to join the war in Bohemia, because they commanded us to commit a shameful deed. They returned the bride rings instead of letters, to give them to the man whose fingers they might better fit than theirs.

Elizabeth's ring soon fitted him exactly, and Maria's was equally well suited to the wealthy stranger; he consoled each most eloquently, and enquired if a bridegroom was deserving of a single tear, who could abandon his bride so shamefully as to throw away his heart on prostitutes? He played his part with Elizabeth and Maria, as he had done with Rosa—to each he made rich presents, to each he offered his hand, his earldom; and each became accustomed to his pallid face.

However, the three friends made a secret to each other, of their connections with the Count, and their love projects. No longer did they exchange visits as formerly, it made them angry, to hear by chance, that the Count continued his acquaintance with the others. The one jealous of the other, endeavoured to outdo the rest: at first they suffered his caresses, and at last they returned them, in order to captivate him the more securely.

No one felt more joy at their mutual jealousy than the wanton Count. For by these means he gained every day greater favours from them, till they had no more to give. To be sure he swore to each, by whatever was sacred in heaven, that he found the rest, dull and ugly, but for the sake of politeness and good breeding, he could not but visit them from time to time. Even this shift would not serve him any longer. At last, as a proof of his true love each required of him, to renounce the other two entirely. He agreed that a formal betrothment and exchange of rings should be made in presence of the parents. He stipulated however, that he should be allowed to spend an hour at night with each, before the marriage took place, that he might speak undisturbedly of all his arrangements. Even to this, each of the fair ones agreed, and their consent was sealed with a kiss. But in kissing him, they none of them could help remarking, "My dear Count, but you are indeed too pale! Put off that black dress, it only serves to render you more pale. To which he always answered. I wear black to accomplish a vow. On the nuptial day, I'll appear in red and white, like your cheeks, my darling."

And it happened at the same day, that he was formally betrothed to every one of the three. In the dark night he silently slipped at successive hours into the bed-room of each. On the following morning the girls slept too long, the parents went to awake them, when each bride lay extended cold as ice in her bed, with her face twisted to her back.

Loud and desperate cries issued from the three houses. The whole populace cried murder! murder! and as suspicion fell on the Count of Buren, they assembled before the inn of the French Horn, the sergeants and town-guard entered it. There the inn-keeper lamented that his guest had disappeared with all his servants, and that nobody had seen them go away. The luggage of which there was so much, had also disappeared, and no one saw it taken; from the well closed stables, the many superb horses were all gone, and the night watch at the doors had not heard the least noise.

The whole world was terrified, and every one made a cross, and blessed himself when passing before the houses of the three unhappy brides. Therein, nothing but howling and lamentations were heard, and what must appear still more strange, the rich presents, the superb bridal-dresses, the pearl strings, the precious stones and diamond rings which the Count had given, could no where be found.

A small funeral procession only followed the biers of the three brides. And when the coffins were set down on the yard of St. Vincent's Church, and the funeral oration was about to be recited, a tall man was seen to stalk slowly away. And when the people looked after him, every one was astonished to behold that, though at first he was dressed entirely in black, by degrees he turned altogether white. And three red spots were seen on his white mantle, and the blood visibly ran down his mantle in drops. And the tall, pale man went to the flearing place.

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed the inn-keeper of the French Horn, that is the Dead Guest whom we interred there twenty-one days ago. Terror seized all who were in the Church-yard, and they ran away with horror. A hurricane accompanied with rain and snow blew after them. Three days and three nights did the coffins remain unburied at the side of the open graves!

When Government at last gave an order for their burial and a large sum of money was given to people to perform the fearful work on lifting the coffins the men found them as light as if they were empty and yet the covers were nailed down. They took courage and opened the coffins which were quite vacant!

Watteville made a pause in his story; a death like stillness prevailed in the room. The gentlemen had a serious and solemn look and the ladies who had unconsciously pressed closer together appeared to be intently listening, long after Watteville had ceased his narration. Their folded hands and pale visages revealed their feelings. "Snuff the candles!" exclaimed Mr. Guyot "and speak again my friends that human voices may be heard or else I shall leave the room. That diabolical nonsense might give any one the horrors."

The candles were snuffed, refreshments brought in and every one tried to look and speak as cheerfully as possible. But fear was on every face and the words trembled on every tongue.

After a little while however the company could not repress their anxious curiosity to hear the remainder of the tradition of the *Dead Guest*. They again sat down in a semi-circle about the narrator and requested him to finish the story.

"The present estate" continued Watteville "of M. Steiger near this town belonged formerly, as you know, to a noble family of the name of Freudenreich which has not possessed it this last hundred years. It was farmed away till about twenty years ago when in the time of the war it was purchased by the late M. Steiger. The last Baron who from time to time inhabited that Mansion with his family was a terrible spendthrift; he came here however to recruit his pecuniary affairs which he exhausted in Paris or Venice.

But even his economical recreations at this superb seat for the most part were but continuations, on a more moderate scale, of his usual expensive amusements. Even now we can perceive the wrecks of former grandeur and splendour in the extensive ruins of the castle and its side buildings all of which became a prey to the flames about seventy years ago. Near these ruins you know is the present handsome but modest building which Mr. Steiger has erected.

When for the last time the Baron visited his noble seat it happened to be in a most unusual season, and with a most unusually numerous company it was late in Autumn and he was attended by from fifteen to twenty young noblemen with their domestics. His daughter was at that time bride to the Viscount Wyttenbach a rich and amiable but hare-brained fellow who had visited the several courts of Germany with orders from the Cardinal Dubois. Dubois was the all powerful minister of the Duc of Orleans, Regent of France and Wyttenbach was his great favorite.

It may easily be supposed that Baron Von Freudenreich, spared no expense to make his guest's residence in his rural palace as agreeable as possible. The Count von Siebenthal, the son of one of the noble families of the lower Rhine was in this merry circle the master of all sports. The Baron von Freudenreich had made his acquaintance a short time before he came to Herbesheim, and he took him along with him as a real treasure. Von Siebenthal loved play and did not hesitate at the highest stakes, though he was often unfortunate. The Baron no doubt looked to him as one likely to restore his ruined finances.

The very same young rake formed the idea of giving masked balls at the approach of the winter season, and that every one might choose the handsomest without regard to rank or birth.

For indeed the company was much in want of ladies particularly in time of feasts. The young Baroness von Freudenreich and some of her friends were entirely lost amongst the number of gentlemen. "Why then" said von Siebenthal, "look at the geneological tree, when ladies are required. Beauty is found in every rank, and even amongst Grisettes there are beauties despised at no court."

Every one applauded the scheme and the Milliners and tailors of the town were set in motion to make mask dresses. The Viscount von Wyttenbach endeavoured to distinguish himself beyond every one else in the splendour of his attire and Siebenthal as usual wished to overreach him. He looked in Herbesheim for the best tailor and the most beautiful girl to lead her to the ball. He found both under the same roof. Master Schatzmann was the best tailor, who immediately understood the description of the dress of the count and his daughter Susanna was in the first bloom of her charms which soon bewitched the count.

The count seldom was absent from the house of the tailor: He had always to look after something or other, that nothing might be spoiled. In particular he had a great many things to say to Miss Susanna. Even a couple of magnificent ladies dresses he ordered to be made for the Mask ball, which Susanna not only was requested to sew herself, but the father was obliged to take the exact measure of her own body since he pretended that Susanna had actually the very same shape the same graceful figure of the noble Lady whom he was going to lead to the Ball. He was also very liberal and the presents which he occasionally made amounted to much more than the sum he had agreed for. It might easily be foreseen that he made the most select presents to Susanna, and when he met her alone he told her the most flattering things imaginable and spoke to her of his ardent love.

Susanna, to be sure, did not wish to hear any thing tender, for she was an honorable maid, and besides she was promised to one of her fathers' journey-men; but yet she could not listen with anger to all the sweet things from such a noble and bountiful Lord, for a girl can seldom get angry with the man who professes to adore her.

A few days before the Ball day—the mask dresses were all ready—Von Siebenthal entered Mr. Schatzmann's house in a dull and melancholy mood. He requested to be allowed to speak a few words in private with the Master, on which they retired to an adjoining room.

"Master" said he "I am in a dreadful embarrassment. You, if you will, can save me from the dilemma, and if you do me that favor, I will reward you better, than if I were to occupy you the whole year in sewing Ball dresses for me."

"I am your Excellency's most obedient servant! replied the tailor with a low bow and smiling countenance."

"Only think, master" continued Von Siebenthal "the Lady I was to lead to the ball has fallen sick and declines to go. Every other Gentleman has his partner, and, you well know it, for the most part, daughters of tradesmen from the town. Now I am without a partner. I might find one amongst the families of counsellors, or merchants, but whom do the ball-dresses fit? You see Master, I cannot but request you to let me escort your daughter. You yourself have taken her measure, the dresses fit her as if they were part of herself, and will they, on any one else, do credit to Mr. Schatzmann? You must let her go."

The tailor could not but see the necessity; fewer arguments might have convinced him. But he never could have expected so much honor. He made at every new argument new bows, and he could not utter a word.

"Susanna will not have cause to repent it," continued Von Siebenthal: "The dresses in which she dances will remain her own property, and I will buy for her with pleasure whatever may be necessary to appear worthy of that splendid assembly."

"Your excellency is overkind!" exclaimed Master Schatzmann: "And permit me to observe to your Excellency, that though I say it that should not, the girl dances charmingly. You ought to have seen her dance at the nuptials of my neighbour the pewterer—: and at the christening of Master Hammer the Shoemaker's eleventh child. But never mind, I beg your Excellency to remain here a little while, and I will bring the girl here. Your Excellency has only to propose it to her, and my authority shall not be wanting."

"But Master" replied Von Siebenthal "Susanna's bridegroom is perhaps jealous, for which he would be in the wrong, you must give him a good word."

"Oh!" said Master Schatzman: "that booby—will not dare to utter a sound."

He went away, soon after Susanna entered the room blushing. The count covered her hand with kisses. He confided to her his embarrassment, his desires, and he requested her to get, at his expence, whatever she considered indispensable to make her appear at least equal in dress to the first Ladies of the town. She blushed again, particularly when he whispered to her that she would be the first beauty of the ball, and when he handed her a pair of the most magnificent earrings.

This was almost too much for a wild and vain girl. Susanna represented in her mind the splendour of the feast, and in a moment she saw herself admired from head to foot; but she remained embarrassed, and said something about her father's permission.

Von Siebenthal quieted her mind on that score. And when she no longer hesitated to accept of his invitation, he pressed her in rapture in his arms and said, "Susanna wherefore shall I deny it? you, and no other Lady, were my choice from the first moment I saw you. I had selected you when your father took the measure of your fair person. I selected you then only as my dancing partner. Ah Susanna I should wish now to select you as my partner for life; for I adore you. You are not made, to be the wife of a poor tailor's assistant. You are destined for higher things. Do you, will you, understand me?"

She withdrew herself from his arms and promised to be his partner at the Ball if her father should have no objections. They both entered the workroom. Here Von Siebenthal whispered the Master in his ear. "She consents. Take care that every thing necessary be provided that she may appear with decency. Here take this for the expenses." With this he handed to Master Schatzman a whole roll of gold.

But now stormy scenes took place in the house of the tailor. For Abraham his journey-man, Susanna's bridegroom, grew almost frantic when he came to know what was going on. Neither the thousand caresses from the crying girl, nor the curses and maledictions from the father, could bring him to a sense of reason. That lasted the whole day. Susanna passed a sleepless night. She loved Abraham a great deal, but it was impossible to forego the opportunity to earn admiration at a masquerade ball. Indeed he asked almost an impossibility. Nay, she thought that he did not love her truly, since he grudged her a pleasure which was, in itself, so very innocent.

On the following day Abraham was a little more quiet, and he did not rage so tremendously; but still he repeated in a menacing way; "you shall not go to the Ball!" to which Susanna replied in an equally grumbling tone: "And go I shall!" to which the father used to add; "And she shall go, in spite of your teeth, I command it." Dancing shoes, silk stockings, fine handkerchiefs, lace of the most costly quality, ribands and heaven knows what all, were accordingly procured.

But when the ball day had arrived, Abraham seeing that she was in earnest, laced his bundle, entered perfectly ready to set out and said: "If you go, I am off also, and we are for ever separated." Susannah turned pale. The old man, who had just had a violent quarrel with Abraham, said; "Pack away, the sooner you be off the better! I wish to see who is master of us two! Susanna will get a husband every day ten times better than you."—But Susanna began to cry. At this moment a servant of the Count Von Siebenthal entered with a box which he delivered in the name of his master. It contained, said he, some

trifles for the attire of Miss Schatzmann. It was a precious veil, there were also beautiful rolls of large ribands, a rich coral string for the neck, two rings of beautiful diamonds of the first water. Susanna looked sideways at that magnificence, which her father pulled out of the box, and the diamonds glittered through her tears in multifarious colours, with still greater lustre. She was wavering between love and vanity.

"And you do not go!" said Abraham.

"And I shall go!" said Susanna with a proud resolution; "You are not worthy the tears which I shed for you; I see I threw away my affection on an ungrateful wretch. Now I perceive clearly that since you grudge me even so much honor and pleasure, you have never loved me."

"Be it so," said Abraham: "you will break a faithful heart." He threw the ring which he had received from her, at her feet and went away, never to return.

Susannah sobbed aloud and wanted to call him back; but her father comforted her. The Evening came and she dressed for the Ball. The toilette dissipated her mind and she soon forgot her run-away lover. A carriage stopped before the house Von Siebenthal came to fetch her. They rolled away. "Oh Susanna!" said he in the carriage: "how infinitely handsome you are. You are a Goddess. For such dress, not for your usual simple attire you were born!"

The feast was brilliant. Von Siebenthal and Susanna appeared in black. Both by their splendour drew the attention of all present on them. For they even exceeded the magnificence of the Viscount Wyttenbach and the young Baroness von Freudenreich, moving through the various coloured rows of masks.

"The black man is certainly the Count!" said the Viscount to his bride and partner; "Why that fool endeavours to hide his face by a mask is more than I can conceive; surely he cannot shorten his bamboo figure, by which he overtowers every man by a whole head. To make himself known, this knight of the sad figure does not require to wear his own livery, black on black, like an undertaker. But I am curious who his partner may be. Indeed a charming figure and she dances most gracefully."

"I bet," said the Baroness, "it is some common thing from town. It is visible by her stiff, uneasy gait."

"The Ball lasted until late at night before they sat down to a sumptuous meal at which of course the masks were laid aside. At the sight of so many strange and beautiful faces, an agreeable surprise was excited. It seemed that the Viscount could not satisfy his eyes in beholding the Count's fair partner. He came to sit near her and the Count took his seat at the side of the Baroness. The two gentlemen seemed to change their parts; as many flattering things which amounted almost to adulation

which the Viscount addressed to his joyful neighbour, the count said to the bride. This conversation they even continued after the supper was removed.

"Upon my honour," said the Viscount to Von Siebenthal, "I purloin your partner even at the risk of becoming your foe."

"The revenge is in my hands my dear Viscount," said Von Siebenthal. "I purloin your amiable Baroness."

"The Viscount fired by his new passion and the old wine, replied, thoughtlessly enough, without perceiving the Baroness close to him, who could well hear what he said. "A dozen of my Baroness for a single such Venus!"

"Viscount," said the Count in a stern tone, "take care of what you say. However amiable my partner may be, the first prize of beauty always belongs to the queen of the feast, your bride."

"A queen by name only!—I am for the real power!" exclaimed the Viscount. The Count in vain endeavoured to give him hints and signs to moderate himself on account of the presence of the Baroness; he at last spoke more resolutely, and commanded the Viscount not to give utterance to any further offensive language. The Baroness went away in a great passion. They then came to higher words. The Count endeavoured in vain to come to a friendly understanding. The Viscount enflamed by love, wine and anger, behaved still more indecorously. The guests gathered round them. The Count to guard against a greater uproar remained silent. But when the Viscount said, "Count, I never thought, that such a worried rake as yourself, could have the strength to feel jealousy; for impotent jealousy only speaks through you!"—then Von Siebenthal could not contain himself any longer. "Viscount!" he exclaimed, "Rake! Who dares to say so?"

"Your own pale face!" replied the Viscount laughing scornfully.

"If you are not a coward Viscount," said the Count "you'll give me to-morrow morning satisfaction for your folly. One of us must quit this house. You are a fop."

The Baron Von Frendenreich met his daughter in tears in a side room and acquainted her of the shameful behaviour of the Viscount. He looked for him, and found him in time to hear the last words of the Count. Every one present was incensed at the Viscount's conduct.

The Baron enraged seized the hand of the Viscount and lead him aside, "you have openly affronted my daughter, you despicable wretch; did we deserve this from you? you must give me satisfaction *this very moment and not by to-morrow.*" So saying they both left the Ball room. Whilst here the couples renewed their dance, to reinstate the broken harmony. The Baron

with the Viscount entered a solitary well illuminated side room. The Count followed them at their heels. He brought two swords of which he offered one to the Viscount, whilst addressing the Baron ; " Permit me Baron, to revenge the honor of the divine Baroness and my own on this worthless man !" In a rage the Viscount said. " Well then you milk coloured face, draw ! With that he drew his sword, flung away his scabbard, and attacked the Count. The Count defended himself with *sang froid*. The duel had scarcely lasted three minutes, when the small sword of the Viscount was flung from his grasp with a mighty force, so that it flew in a large side mirror which split in a thousand pieces.

" Pitiful wretch" ! exclaimed the Count : " Your life is in my power. I don't wish to defile myself with your contemptible blood. Away from this atmosphere and return not again." So saying he gave a cut over his back with the flat side of his sword, and threw him out of the door with the strength of a giant.

The same night Viscount Von Wytttenbach left the castle with all his retinue.

However deeply offended, by the Viscount's indecorous behaviour, the young Baroness conceived herself, it gave her full satisfaction to see her honor redeemed by the drawing of swords. True she never bore the Viscount any affection, but now she hated him cordially. She now found in the Count something strangely interesting, although she disliked his countenance before. There is no occasion to wonder at this sudden change. It is well known, that love makes his victims blind.

When she was told by her father of all that had taken place, she looked for the Count with a seeming anxiety which indeed was only assumed. She well knew things had terminated without bloodshed on either side.

" But my dear Count," said she " What did you do ? You are I hope not wounded ? For God sake how you have frightened me !"

" My gracious lady and if I were wounded for your sake how proud I should feel. Don't be alarmed, such a fop as the Viscount does not easily give me a wound. But should you feel some pity for me, there is room enough for it ; for I am indeed wounded, in a dangerous place—in this heart—and by you too. But for that you have no pity !"

" Trifler ! Till now none ever perceived on you such a wound." " I remained" he replied " silent and suffered, it flattered my vanity to be one of the many sacrifices of your charms. I was silent, I was happy to revenge you at the risk of my own life. I shall be silent, and be happy to die for you."

"Be silent!" said the Baroness smiling, and rewarded his flattery with a soft pressure of her hand "conduct me again to the Ball room.

They danced, both became more confidential, for that heavy confession the heaviest to all sufferers, was uttered and not rejected. When by way of jest, she called him her knight and champion, he in the manner of knights asked for his love reward. True the young Baroness refused it though it only consisted of a kiss on her glowing cheeks; but the conquest was not less dear to her.

Susanna was still more intoxicated with joy, she was an object of general admiration. So many fine things of her beauty were never told her, which she heard here from so many young noblemen. When the count reconducted her, in the morning, to her father's house and he invited her for the next ball, her extreme joy was redoubled. "Oh Susanna," he sighed. "You passed this evening so agreeably to yourself; don't you wish for such joyful moments both morning and evening? It only depends on you. As countess Von Siebenthal your whole life will be a Ball day."

She was silent. He stole a kiss from her, pressing her to his bosom, she trembled, remained silent, and suffered the second.

The count did not fail to inquire after the health of both his dancing partners and to continue his court to each, to both he made splendid presents and he inspired both maidens with vanity and love. The fathers, the tailor as well as the Baron were dazzled in nearly the same manner. The tailor thought soon to be rich enough to give up his trade, and the Baron was loud in his praises, of the most flattering kind, in favor of the count who indeed had advanced him considerable sums in times of great pecuniary embarrassments.

Von Siebenthal had no difficulty in gaining his end; he demanded Susanna's hand, and that too of the Baron's daughter, they both gave their consent, which was confirmed by their parents.

This insatiable seducer played exactly the same game in the house of Mr. Baumgartner the first musician of the town; by his artifices he succeeded in separating his daughter from her betrothed lover, and in placing himself in his stead. The betrothment with all three was formally concluded on the same day.

On the betrothment-day the Baron gave a grand dinner, ball and supper. The convulsions of nature on that day were dreadful; storm, rain and snow, were accompanied by vivid lightning, thunder and hailstones. The tiles rattled from the roofs, the largest trees broke or were plucked up from their roots, but nothing of this was perceived in the Ball room where the evening was spent in the enjoyment of love, wine and merriment.

The young Baroness adorned and dressed out in royal magnificence by the prodigal presents of her betrothed, danced

with extravagant joy and was delighted with the envious admiration of the other noble ladies, of the surrounding neighbourhood who could not but acknowledge her splendour. She made them feel that as the bride of the richest count of Germany she could no longer look upon them as her equals.

Before the Ball was ended, she was too weary to stay longer and she retired early in the morning to her sleeping room. The Count as if intoxicated with love followed her unperceived. When the count returned he found all ready for departure; the carriages one by one in rapid succession drove to and from the gate.

Early on the following day a most horrid rumour ran through the town, that the daughter of the musician Baumgartner was found dead in her bed with her neck twisted. All thronged to that unfortunate house. Doctors, Surgeons and Police Officers hurried thither, and the most pitiful cries were heard. Now the circumstance (in Advent too) which had happened a hundred years ago in Herbeshiem occurred to many. The tradition of the Dead Guest revived. Terror seized upon all.

Master Schatzmann heard of it too. He thought of Susanna with a cold shudder. But when he reflected on the Dead Guest, and according to the tradition on the tall big man with the pale face in the black dress and when he found this to be the accurate description of the Count, his hair stood an end. But yet he never gave entire credit to a tale that no reasonable man could believe. He reproached himself for his doubts, and went up to his chest to take a wine glass full of the kirshenwasser which he had received from the Count, as a cordial for his faint heart.

To his astonishment the bottle had vanished; his wonder was yet more strangely excited when looking in a different box, one thing and other and all were wanting which either he or his daughter had received from the liberality of the Count. He shook his head with horror.

His heart foreboded evil things. Alone and silent he crept into Susanna's sleeping room, that in the most dreadful case he might have no witness, and that he might not become the talk of the town. He softly opened the door. He went to the bed of the daughter, but yet he could not summon sufficient courage to open his eyes. And when at last he gave a glance there—it grew dark before his eyes—there she laid dead; her beautiful face twisted to her back. Struck as if by lightning he stood motionless. In his confusion he laid hold of the pale head of the deceased, and laid it in its natural position; without knowing what he did he hastened to the doctor and announced to him the sudden death of his child. The doctor looked on the beautiful corpse and shook his head, her head was again twisted to the back. Master Schatzmann did not wish the truth to be divulged, intreated him to say that a severe fever occasioned by the

violent storm, or the hot weather, or any thing else had killed her. The poor tailor in his grief began to howl so loud that the whole neighbourhood was alarmed.

Nothing but the misfortune of those two poor girls was heard of when a new report of the instant death of the only daughter of the Baron Von Frendenreich was promulgated. Yet the doctors who returned to town from the Baron's house, asserted that the lady had been alive this morning; an apoplexy in consequence of a cold caught at the Ball the previous night was more than sufficient to destroy her tender life: but who believed it? Every one was convinced that the young Baroness had shared the same untoward fate as the other two, and that the Baron had for honor's sake spared no money to buy the secret.

Indeed the house of the Baron, from a place of extravagant mirth was changed into a house of mourning; the unfortunate father was inconsolable. Had it been possible to aggravate his grief it would have been the discovery that all his bills of exchange, together with all his gold, necklaces, rings, jewels, &c. which the Count Von Siebenthal, had either given to the father or daughter, had disappeared with the life of the Baroness. Nay the Count himself, who was sought in all places had become invisible in the most unaccountable way. His apartments were as clean and empty as if he had never dwelt therein. His baggage, servants, horses, carriages, and all that belonged to him were gone.

Thus on one and the same day, the three unfortunate brides were conveyed to their last homes. The coffins and the mourners arrived at the same time on the burial ground before the town. The parson read the funeral service for all three; when one of the mourners wrapped up in a black mantle somewhat before the service was concluded turned sideways; scarcely at the distance of a few paces, he was seen in a changed shape, in an old and singular fashion, snow white, with a white feather in his hat; three large red spots were visible upon his person, and drops of blood were distinctly seen to drip down over his white clothes. He went toward the flaring-place, and was no longer seen. Whilst a cold shudder seized all who looked after that terrifying appearance, the bearers of the coffins were yet more dismayed in lifting them to their graves. For they found them as light as if they were empty. In their terror they hurled the empty boxes on the ground. A hurricane with rain and snow passed over the land. All fled in fear and terror towards the town. A sharp cold wind blew with fury after them.

A few days after this, the Baron Von Frendenreich left his palace in the most melancholy weather, whither he never returned. The gardens became a wilderness. The castle remained uninhabited, till heaven knows how it became a prey to the flames,

MUTUAL EXPLANATIONS.

Watteville here concluded his narration. This second part though it did not produce the same terrific effect, yet it did not fail to leave a deep impression on the assembly; for they conversed the whole evening of it, and not a few with great seriousness about the possibility of such an apparition. But no one ridiculed it so much as Mr. Guyot. His wit and mockery were however lost; for he was well known as a freethinker, and they knew too that the former old parson had distinctly aimed at him, when in his sermons he spoke of Deists, Atheists, Socinians, &c.

The powerful interest excited by Watteville's narration was very clear by the rapidity with which it circulated throughout the town and of course it was dressed up with multifarious additions. At another time it would not have attracted the attention of an evening winter party. But now when the hundred years visit of the DEAD GUEST was quite the topic of the day, it excited the curiosity of the most unbelieving and most indifferent men.

Watteville was obliged to leave Herbesheim for some time on regimental affairs. He would gladly have remained not only on account of the bad weather, but on account of Amelia and of himself; for only now when danger came on his love, did it grow to a violent passion. He did not doubt of the fidelity of her heart, nor that she would consent to the merchant-like calculated marriage plan; but his thoughts were tormented by a hundred thousand possibilities. And if they had not tormented him, yet the separation from his secretly betrothed bride, whose entire being, in the glowing of his passion, had become deified, was intolerable. But the order was strict and a military obedience was exacted.

"Amelia" said he to her, the evening before his departure, "Amelia never, never did I leave Herbesheim with such a heavy heart. And though it be but for a few weeks yet I feel as if it were for ever."

Amelia was terrified by his words. She took his hand and said: "Are you perhaps anxious about Mr. Huber that he might arrive during your absence? Or are you fearful of my firmness? Fear nothing, I entreat you; fear nothing, don't mind me, but yourself; take care of your health, of your life, for this is unwholesome weather. I do confess to you, never was I so faint hearted at our separation as now. I don't know why, but I tremble lest you may never return."

They both continued to communicate their mutual apprehensions and anxieties, and what they did not dare to do before, they took their mutual adieu with tears and kisses. Both in their extreme grief considered it their last farewell.

At night the Captain departed. The following morning Mrs. Guyot seeing the eyes of her daughter red from shedding tears inquired of her, how she was ; she then came to know how dearly she loved and was beloved by Watteville ; she concluded her consolations thus : " It could not well be otherwise. You could not help it. He is worthy of you though he does not possess what your father wants. I shall discover to your father how matters stand between you."

" For heaven's sake not yet."

" Yes Amelia, now. Had it been earlier it would have been better. I must tell it to him for I am his wife. As such I will not and dare not keep a secret from him ; never keep a secret from your future husband. The very first secret, man and wife hold from each other, even in the happiest matrimony, carries ruin to their mutual confidence ; from time to time we may act wrong but, sincerity is the best remedy and prevents misunderstandings." Thus she spoke and left her, to join Mr. Guyot at breakfast.

" What is the matter with the girl ? what does she want ?"

" Confidence for you and me out of too great love for her parents."

" That won't do, Mamma, you have again something in the back ground. Yesterday she had a headache, to-day no confidence, and to-morrow—."

" She is afraid to give you pain."

" Nonsense."

" She is afraid that you will force Von Huber upon her, even if she should not wish to have him."

" She has not yet seen him."

" She would rather not see him at all. Her heart has already decided. She and Watteville are attached to each other. You might have perceived that long ago."

" Stop !" said Mr. Guyot and set down the coffee cup ; he reflected for a moment and again he lifted it up and said : " What more ?"

" What more ! That you should be careful, and not hasten with the betrothment if you don't wish to cause some misfortune. It is possible that Amelia may find Von Huber very agreeable, if she be certain that he will not be forced on her. It is possible that the Captain may be removed to another garrison, and that separation may produce more effect than force."

" True, I will write to his general. He must send him to another garrison. By all the powers ! Amelia does not surely wish to become a captain's wife ? I'll write by the first post day. These are sad times."

Mr. Guyot in his fashion stormed a little, but at the end he saw that Mrs. Guyot was in the right. When Amelia came up,

JANUARY 1830.

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to him he said: "you are a reasonable girl and you should not throw yourself away like a goose. You may love each other as much as you please, only don't think of marriage. Make yourself acquainted with Von Huber, should he not suit you, away with him, I force you not; do you in your turn not force me."

Thus the peace of the family was restored by the prudent conduct of Mrs. Guyot.

THE SURPRIZE.

"But only see Mamma" said Amelia "how the wind blows! how black the heavens are! only observe the rain, snow and hailstones!"

Mrs. G. smiled, for she had an idea which she did not know at first, whether she ought to communicate. At last she said: "Amelia do you know? To-day is the first Advent day, when the reign of the Dead Guest is to begin. The black prince as it should seem always announces himself by a violent storm."

"I am quite sure Mamma, this storm throws the inhabitants of Herbesheim in great terror!"

At this moment Mr. Guyot in a great hurry entered the room with a loud but yet somewhat singular laughter; it was not clear whether it was natural or forced.

"Foolish things and no end!" cried Mr. G. "go into the kitchen Mamma, and set the house maids in order, else they will throw the meat into the soup and the soup into the sauce."

"What can the matter be," asked the astonished Mrs. Guyot.

"How! you know nothing? The whole town says that the Dead Guest is arrived. Two laborers of the Fabric enter my room from the street out of breath and as wet as poodledogs, to relate what they heard in ten different places. I don't wish to hear of that diabolical nonsense. I pass near the kitchen the maids are all in alarm. I thrust my head in, to see what was the matter, when those foolish things, at the sight of my black wig, cry a loud and run about taking me to be the Dead Guest. Are you all mad? cried I? Oh! exclaimed Ann "I will not deny it, Mr. Guyot, I am abominably frightened. My knees are in a tremor. And I need not be ashamed that I gave my word to the chimney sweeper Muller. But now as it happens so, I wish I had not seen Muller in all my born days." Thus cried Ann, and as she was going to wipe her tears she lets the pan with the eggs fall from her hand. Grittle behind the hearth weeps in her apron. The old one eyed Gattung, with her sixty years, is quite confounded and cuts her finger with the kitchen knife when wiping it."

"Did I not say so" said Amelia laughing.

"Put order in the kitchen Mamma!" continued Mr. Guyot: "else the effect of this will be that we must starve this blessed Sunday."

Amelia jumped out of the room with laughter, saying. "It shall not be so bad as all that."

"These are" said Mr. G. "the fine fruits of superstition. All are full of superstition from the beggar to the first Minister, schoolboys and parsons, midwives and professors all inveigh against information, say that it brings insubordination, irreligion, revolution. They will scarcely lay out a kreutzer for the improvement of schools, but millions for the building of churches chapels and private houses; the mouths of reasonable people are kept shut by force, but if a man praises nonsense and servitude he is rewarded with titles and situations."

"Papa" said Mrs. Guyot with a smile "the affair is not deserving of such violent animadversion."

"Good heavens you yourself are attacked with superstitious belief! Do you take superstition under protection? When I die I will leave ten thousand gilders for the salary of a man who is to teach nothing else but common sense. He who can suffer such mad ideas of ghosts and apparitions must wish the whole world to be a mad house."

"But Papa, my dear Papa, whither do you wander in your zeal?"

"Cursed be all superstition! but I see you are too deeply rooted in that cursed doctrine. Go on so and you'll be just as the English wish you to be; the more stupid a nation is, with greater facility they can ruin them. You will not improve, till a second Bonaparte comes with an iron rod to beat sense into you."

Whilst Mr. Guyot continued in full zeal to thunder away in this manner his Book keeper entered the room.

"It is correct Mr. Guyot."

"What is correct?"

"He is arrived. He lodges at the black cross."

"Who lodges at the black cross?"

"The Dead Guest."

"What folly! You a reasonable man! must you too believe all the old women tell you?"

"My eyes are not old women! I stepped out of curiosity into the black cross; Mr. Stuber the notary, was my companion. We found him sitting in the large room."

"Absurd!"

"I knew him immediately. The inn-keeper appears to know him too."

"Stuff!"

"The guard-master at the door of the town, recognized him on the spot, and gave information of it to the Police."

"The guard-master is a superstitious fool; he ought to be ashamed of himself."

"Very well; but if it be not the Dead Guest, it must be his twin-brother. A pale face, from head to foot, in black. A figure of about four or five ells. A three-folded golden chain over the breast. On all his fingers, sparkling diamond rings. Beautiful equipages! A numerous train of servants."

Mr. Guyot stared for a long time at the book-keeper, with a look which betrayed utter astonishment; at last he broke into a loud laugh.

"Will then the devil have his sport with us that that fellow must just arrive on the first day of Advent?"

"And just at the time when the people came from the Church, and ran over the street, when wind and weather stormed with the greatest violence."

"But what may be the name of the stranger?"

"I don't know, but this man calls himself just as he likes. Sometimes he is Von Buren, at other times Count Von Siebenthal. It is also singular that he took his residence at the black cross, as if he had been attracted by that name."

Mr. G. remained a long time silent and in thought. At last he said, "Chance, nothing but chance. Only don't think of the Dead Guest. But a most singular accident it is. Just on Advent Sunday, during the most abominable weather, tall, black, pale, the rings, his equipages, &c. &c."

"I should not believe a single word, if you were not a reasonable man book-keeper. But don't take it in bad part; you heard the tale of the Dead Guest, you saw a stranger dressed in black; suddenly the devil plays one of his pranks with your imagination, and adds what is wanting to turn your brains."

THE APPARITION.

The Dead Guest was the only topic of conversation. All were anxious to hear more of him, and to obtain more accurate information of the stranger at the evening party at the Burgomaster's. Mrs. Burgomaster kept an uninterrupted day and night Chronicle of Herbesheim. The ladies assembled early. Mr. Guyot promised to go in the dusk of the evening. He had to settle some business with his people which he used to do on the afternoons of Sunday.

He was just on the point of dispatching the last of his people, and setting out to join the evening party, when he was startled by a piercing female shriek.

Mr. Guyot and his journeyman were violently alarmed. There was a deep silence.

"Go and see Peter what this can be," said Mr. G. to his labourer. He was absent but a short time and then returned, with a wild look, and could scarcely give utterance to a few

words, with a tremulous, and almost inaudibly slow voice. Some one said he, at length, desires to speak to you."

"Let him come in," said Mr. G. angrily. Peter opened the door, and a stranger walked slowly in. It was a thin, tall man, dressed in black, with a handsome but pale face. His black neckcloth increased his paleness, which was indeed death-like. His elegant dress, and his rich ornaments, and diamond rings sparkling from his finger, with the dignity of his manners, made it evident that he was a man of high rank and fashion.

Mr. G. stared at the stranger; he saw the Dead Guest before his eyes! he collected himself as well as he could and said to his labourer, "Peter you remain here! I have to tell you something afterwards."

"I feel happy Mr. G. to make your acquaintance!" said the stranger slowly, and in a low voice: "I should have waited on you this morning, had I not been greatly in want of repose from my journey, and fearful to intrude on your family immediately after my arrival."

"You do me honor, Sir!" replied Mr. G. with some hesitation. But an involuntary shudder seized him. He could not trust his eyes. He drew a chair for the stranger, but secretly wished him a hundred miles off.

The stranger bowed slowly, took his seat and said: "You don't know me; but without doubt you guess who I am?"

Mr. G. felt as if his hair under his wig stood an end. He shook his head, with anxiety and politeness, and said with a forced smile: "I have not the honor to recognize you."

"I am Huber, the son of your old friend!" said the Dead Guest, with a hollow voice, and with a cold smile that froze the old man's heart.

"You have no letter from my old friend?" asked Mr. G. The stranger unfolded a beautiful letter portfolio, and handed a chit. It only contained a few lines of recommendation. The handwriting was indeed something similar to that of the old Banker; but still, there was something strange about it.

Mr. G. read the letter a long time, and read it over again, only to gain time, and to reflect. As an enlightened man, in spite of his involuntary terror, he did not wish to believe that the renowned *Dead Guest* was before him; but as little could or would he convince himself, that the son of his friend should so exactly resemble, in figure and shape, the ill-famed apparition. Here was no probability of a trick of a bewildered brain, nor of chance. He jumped from his seat, begged pardon, that he was obliged to look for his spectacles, as his eyes were somewhat dim, and went away only to have an opportunity to collect himself. When Mr. G. went into the side room, Peter immediately seized the lock of the door. The Dead Guest slowly turned him-

self toward him, when Peter, with a jump, trembling in all his limbs, flew out of the room, and he did not venture back till he heard Mr. G. returning from the side room.

Mr. G. indeed had considered in haste, and in haste he took a desperate resolution. Still uncertain what kind of guest he had before him, he could not hand over his poor Amelia to a doubtful being. Not without violent heart-beating he approached him, and said in a doleful voice. "Hear me, my dearest Von Huber, I have the highest opinion of you. However, strange things, very strange indeed, have happened here which I could not foresee. I would that you had only done us the honor to come earlier. There has been a love affair between my daughter, and the Commandant of the town. Betrothment and so on. I only knew this a few days ago. The Captain was my ward. What could I do. *Nolens volens* I was obliged to consent, I had proposed to write to-morrow to your father to acquaint him with all those contradictory events, and to request him not to give you any trouble. I am very sorry for it. What will my old friend think of me?"

Further Mr. Guyot could not speak, excessive horror made his voice give way. The guest seated opposite to him, against every expectation had not only listened to him coolly and quietly, but his look at first gloomy, cleared up at the words, "love affair," "betrothment," as if he was particularly desirous to get a girl whose hand and heart was given away to another man. But it did not escape Mr. G.'s observation, that the pale face, as if it had betrayed itself, endeavoured to compose itself again to its former sternness as if displeased with itself.

"Give yourself no concern about it!" said Von Huber, "neither for my father's sake nor my own."

Mr. G. thought to himself, "I understand you but too well!" But now he endeavoured to redouble his efforts to keep away for ever from Amelia, that well known, terrible seducer.

"I ought not to let you lodge at the inn, and should request of you to make my house your own. But the circumstance of the affair between my daughter and the Commandant—you may conceive—a second bridegroom in the absence of another, and then you understand, people of such a small town say more than they know. Besides my daughter.....!"

"May I beg, no excuses! I am not ill served at the hotel. I understand you. If you will only allow me to wait on Miss Guyot."

"But you.——"

"For to have gone to Herbesheim, and not to have seen the bride that was destined for me, it would never do."

"Very true, but you.——"

"I envy the Commandant from all that I have heard of the beauty and the amiability of your daughter."

"You are very kind."

"It would have been the greatest honor to me to have become a member of your excellent family. My father never mentioned you, but with the highest respect."

"Your humble servant."

"May I beg to be introduced to your daughter?"

"I am very sorry, very sorry indeed. But for this evening she is in a large party, and where it is a law not to introduce a stranger under any pretext whatever. Therefore.——"

"Indeed I don't care much about this evening, I still feel fatigued, nor do I wish to see her in a large assembly where one is always more or less constrained, I should prefer seeing her in domestic society."

"Mr. Guyot made a mute bow."

"I should still more like, and you will be kind enough to give me leave to see Miss Guyot confidentially, I have many things which I wish to communicate to her privately."

Mr. G. felt terrified. He thought to himself: "There we have it—that fellow marches in a straight line toward his end!" He cleared his throat.

The stranger was now silent, and waited to hear what Mr. G. was about to say, but he kept silent, and continued. "I trust that my communications to Miss G. will give her consolation on several points, for which she will not withhold from me her esteem, which under present circumstances is far from indifferent to me."

Mr. G. endeavoured to put in many *buts* and *ifs*, to prevent that confidential tête à tête. In his anxiety he spoke much, and from politeness confusedly. The Dead Guest understood him not at all, or seemed not to wish to understand him, and he became more and more importunate. Mr. G.'s situation became still more painful, he already saw his beautiful and dear child embraced by this apparition, and her face twisted to her back.

Under this conversation which lasted a long while, it grew dark, and as the guest made no motion to go. Mr. G. suddenly started up and said, that unavoidable affairs obliged him to be rude enough to quit him. Thus he forced his leave. The guest in somewhat an ill humour departed, asking permission to renew his visit.

Mr. G. hurried toward the Burgomaster's house where the evening party was assembled; he was unusually taciturn. They spoke of nothing else but the Dead Guest. They asserted that he carried a large heavy box, filled with gold; that already the knew all the brides in town, that he was a very agreeable man, but that some smell of the grave could be perceived. What-

ever was said here, did for the most part only too well coincide with what Mr. G. had remarked in him in the assumed shape of the rich banker.

As soon as Mr. G. had arrived home again with his wife and daughter, he related the visit from the Dead Guest and that he hoped to have done with him. The ladies were at first greatly astonished or rather frightened ; but when they heard the name of the proposed bridegroom, they could not help smiling.

When they heard that the father had declared Watteville to be the betrothed bridegroom. Amelia fell round his neck and said, " Oh Papa, sweet Papa, do keep your word."

" By heavens !" said the old man, " I shall certainly keep my word."

The story appeared to the Ladies somewhat incredible, but they were rather inclined to believe that from his own fancy he had made some additions, or that chance had made a singular joke, than to doubt the personality of Von Huber. This stubbornness of the mother and daughter in not believing his assertions, rendered Mr. Guyot still more anxious.

" Just so it was to come ! just so !" exclaimed Mr. G. angrily and faint hearted. " He has you already both in his clutches, he has already stunned you. I am not credulous indeed, nor am I superstitious but what actually happened to me, has happened. It is a devilish trick which might drive me mad. Reason cannot conceive it. But there may be many things which to reason are incomprehensible. I shall lock you up in the cellar, that you may have no communications with that infernal Ghost."

" Dearest Papa ! May the Dead Guest be Von Huber or not, I swear to you not to love him and never to forget Watteville. But in return give me your word as a father, that you will not separate me from Watteville, be it the Dead Guest or Von Huber that sues for my hand, and then you need not lock me up."

" Truly I would rather give you to the poorest beggar in the street who is at least a living being !—than to a Ghost !"

GOOD AND BAD CONSEQUENCES.

Amelia had the most charming dreams, but Mr. Guyot passed a sleepless disturbed night. That pale figure, whose white face appeared more terrific from his black hair and beard was visible to him even with closed eyes. Amelia had the most grateful sentiments towards that ghost-like stranger who had so suddenly converted her father, and brought her nearer to her dear Watteville.

The following morning as soon as Mr. G. had taken his breakfast with his family, he went to the burgomaster. It was the

result of his reflections during the preceding night, and requested of him to adopt against the unknown stranger such police proceedings as might effectually compel him to leave the town. He now related frankly what had happened yesterday in his house before he joined his evening party, and that his wife and daughter were already benumbed in their senses; that they looked upon the Dead Guest as the real son of the Banker Huber, though it is reasonable to suppose, young Huber in his part as bridegroom, would not have chosen the exterior shape of that known Guest, and that he could not possibly have designed to play this trick out of frolick.

The burgomaster shook his head at so delicate an affair. He did not know what to say; but he assured him he would make the strictest enquiries, for the whole town was in anxiety about this disagreeable apparition.

When Mr. G. after some hours returned home, (having also consulted the police lieutenant and some other friends) he by chance looked through a glass window of his house, and beheld the horrible guest, as it appeared to him, in a tender conversation with Amelia. The girl smiled on him very amicably, and did not appear to say any thing against it when he took up her hand, kissed and pressed it to his lips. Mr. G. could not believe his own eyes. All the surrounding objects seemed to tremble, or rather he trembled himself. At first he wanted to enter abruptly and drive that insatiable seducer from the house; then he considered the evil consequences which such a step might have for Amelia and himself. He thought too of the dual betwixt the Count Von Siebenthal and the Viscount Von Wyttenbach only a hundred years ago. He ran as pale as death into his wife's apartment, who was terrified by his look.

When she heard the cause of his condition, she endeavoured to console him; assured him that the supposed ghost was really the expected bridegroom, an amiable modest man, with whom Amelia and herself had a long conversation.

"I believe Mamma, to your eye this man is very modest. But go and see, how far he has brought it with Amelia. They kiss each other."

"That's impossible, Papa!"

"Here, here, accuse these my eyes of falsehood. He has her in his clutches, she is lost! Why are they alone—your brains are bewildered already, else you would not have left them alone."

"Dear Papa, he asked permission to explain himself to her alone. How is it possible that you, an enlightened man ridiculing whatever smells of superstition, should let your mind be turned, and suddenly become the most bigotted of all men?"

"Superstitious, bigotted! no, call it prudent, careful, against this diabolical delusion! Be it, whatever it may, we must arm ourselves against being cheated. The girl is too dear to me. I order her for once, and for ever to cut all intercourse with that soi disant Von Huber."

"But what will his father say?"

"Oh, the old man will say nothing. And how should he? And in the name of God! let him say whatever he likes. Go, I intreat you, and send away that cursed seducer!"

Mrs. Guyot then went up to him, laid her hand in a friendly manner on his shoulder, and spoke softly in an intreating tone; "My dear husband, consider what you are doing in your idle fear! Because he has a pale face and a black coat, a stranger is not therefore a ghost. But if you order it, persist in it, and if it serves your peace of mind, I shall obey you. Yet consider, Amelia and I have invited him already to dinner."

"It is enough to strike a man with apoplexy!" cried Mr. Guyot. "To dinner! It will drive me mad! He must possess the magic art and has enchanted you like the rattle-snake does the small birds, who must fly into his jaw nolens volens. Off off! I will have nothing to do with him!"

At this moment Amelia in a cheerful humor came in. "Where is Von Huber," asked Mrs. G.

"For a moment only he went to his lodging. Truly he is a worthy excellent man!"

"There you hear it!" cried Mr. G. "In a quarter of an hour she knows that he is a worthy and excellent man. You love Watteville! Oh if Watteville were here? But I will fear no more; countermand your invitation. Tell him a lie, an honest shift, that I was suddenly seized with sickness, that we are extremely sorry, and that we cannot receive him to-day."

Amelia was frightened by the violence of her father. "Hear me papa, you shall hear what he has told me. He certainly is an excellent man, and you will——"

"Stop! I will hear nothing, I have already heard too much. Let me have my own will. Call it singularity, call it by whatever name you like; only hear me. Should Von Huber resemble the Dead Guest, or the Dead Guest Von Huber it is all the same devil. If you can bring your good, excellent Von Devil to leave Herbesheim to-day and for ever, I give you my word of honor, that you may stick to and marry Watteville, even should the real son of my old friend arrive. I promise to write immediately to his father, to relate to him all and to cancel all previous engagement as soon as I know that Satan is off. Here is my hand, now tell me can you persuade him to pack, and be off?"

"Well said Amelia overjoyed; it shall succeed, only allow me to speak to him alone."

"There we have it again! No, no, off with him! Write to him a few lines. Off, off with him!"

No contradiction was of avail. But the price offered to Amelia was too precious. She wrote to the young Banker, she was sorry to be obliged to countermand the invitation to dinner on account of the sudden illness of her father, she even requested him, if he had any esteem or friendship for her to leave town as soon as possible, for all her future fortune and the peace of the house depended altogether on his immediate removal; she promised to write to him in a few days and to explain to him in a letter the singular causes, of her singular request.

CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEAD GUEST.

A servant took Amelia's letter to the inn and inquired for Von Huber; the fellow went with pleasure, for he was in hopes of seeing that famous and much dreaded Dead Guest. But when he opened the door of the apartment of the Banker, he suddenly shuddered when he saw that tall, black and pale gentleman coming upon him, and heard him say in a hollow voice: "What do you want?" The figure seemed to him much taller, blacker and paler than he had had heard it was.

"May your excellency pardon me," said the terrified man, with a face in which mortal anxiety was expressed? "I did not wish to interrupt your excellency, I only asked for the Banker Von Huber."

"I am the person."

"Yourself?" said the poor man trembling all over, and he felt as if his soles were nailed to the ground: "For God's sake, let me go!"

"I do not hold you. Who has sent you?"

"Miss Guyot."

"Wherefore?"

"That letter, you are...." With this unconcluded sentence, because the banker advanced a step towards him, he threw the letter at his feet, and ran off as if he was pursued!

Mr. Huber read Amelia's letter, frowned darkly and walked violently up and down the room.

Meanwhile he heard another knock at the door. The inn-keeper entered timorously, respectfully holding his cap in his hands and with a great many bows—"You come in due time Mr. Host; is dinner ready?" said the black Gentleman—"The dinner here is not good enough for your Excellency."

"Quite so; the things are well cooked."

"At the Golden Angel they could cook much better."

"I will hear nothing of the Angel, I remain here at the Black Cross; you are the most modest innkeeper I ever met with in my life. Let the table be covered."

The innkeeper rubbed his cap in his hands and appeared embarrassed how to express what seemed to lie on his heart.

The black Gentleman did not at first observe it, as absorbed in thought, he hastily walked up and down the room. But whenever he approached too near the innkeeper, mine host carefully retired for four full steps.

"Do you want any thing else?" enquired the Dead Guest.

"Alas, yea! your excellency will be so good as not to take it amiss."

"By no means, out with what you have to say!" said the Dead Guest stretching out his arm to tap the innkeeper on the shoulder in a friendly manner. But he understood the motion differently and fancied the Dead Guest wished to make an experiment of his head and nape. Believing himself to be in this fearful danger, with the quickness of lightning he bent himself to the ground, made half a revolution with his body, took a desperate leap which carried him through the door and to the bottom of the stairs.

Von Huber, however annoyed he must have felt at such conduct, could not help laughing. He had observed this singular shyness from all the inmates of the house; it, struck him particularly since the morning.

Again a knock at his door; it was only half and slowly opened; a martial head with a large Roman nose and large mustaches appeared with the question, "Am I right? Von Huber?"

"Certainly."

A big man in the Police livery now came into the room. "The burgomaster requests your Excellency to repair for a moment to him."

"To repair to him? that sounds somewhat in the Police style. Where does he live?"

"At the end of the street, Your Excellency, in the large corner house with the balcony. I shall have the honor to conduct you thither."

"That may not be necessary my good friend. I like neither military nor police escorts."

"The burgomaster has ordered it so."

"Well, and you obey unconditionally. Haven't you been in the army?"

"In the seventh regiment of Hussars."

"In which battle did you get that fine scar on your forehead?"

"In a battle with my comrades for a pretty girl!"

“Then your wife won't like to see that scar, unless she be herself that pretty girl?”

“I have no wife.”

“No matter, your sweet heart then. For whoever can show such an honorable mark for the fair sex, cannot remain insensible. But is it not so?”

The man with the mustaches frowned his brow. It amused the querist to read in the looks of this hero a kind of confirmation of his supposition; he therefore continued; “You must not lose courage, your scar ought to be a proof to your sweet heart, what you would hazard for a single look of her large black eyes, nay for a lock of her brown hair.”

The police sergeant changed colour and widely opened his eyes. “Your Excellency” he stammered, “knows the girl already?”

“Why not? it is the prettiest girl in the whole town!” replied Von Huber smiling; whom it rejoiced to come at the love affairs of the police man by his bold and accidental questions. The policeman was not at all pleased; particularly with the roguish smile of that pale death-like face that appeared to have something ghastly and malicious about it.

“Your Excellency knows her already? How is that possible? only yesterday you came here? I have scarcely quitted the gate of the Milliner, and when I was not there another had to look out for me. In a visible way you could not have entered the house.”

“My good friend, houses are sometimes provided with back doors.”

The man with the mustaches was thunderstruck, since he indeed recollected a back door. Von Huber by the embarrassment of the police man was made more wanton, and he endeavoured to make him jealous; he said to him, “so she has become somewhat cold to your carresses? I thought so! the scar! the scar!”

“No my lord, not the scar. But, don't get angry, yourself!”

“What, I? Don't you dream of that, you are of course not jealous. Let us enter into an alliance together, you understand....”

“I understand you but too well. No alliance. God beware!”

“You introduce me to your handsome bride, and I will reconcile her to your scar.”

The police sergeant made a motion as if seized with a cold shudder. Then he invited Von Huber in a dry official tone to follow him to the Burgomaster.

“I shall go, but I positively decline your company through the town.”

“My order is so.”

"And I order the contrary. Therefore go and inform the Burg-master. If you make the least hesitation; you may consider your bride as lost to you."

"My lord for heaven sake!" said the honest sergeant in great anxiety! "I obey; but I entreat your Excellency for God's sake, let the poor girl live!"

"I hope you don't suppose that I will eat the girl out of pure love?"

"Your word of honor my Lord, that you will spare the poor child; then I shall do for you whatever you may be pleased to order, should it even be my own death."

"Quiet yourself. I give you my word of honor, I will let the poor child live. But tell me how is it that in your fear, you suppose such a thing possible? who in this world can have the wish to kill a handsome girl?"

"You have given me your word of honor my Lord. I am content. How can it interest you to twist the neck of my poor Betty? I go and leave you alone, even fiends must keep their word."

With this the poor fellow left the room; behind him he heard the Dead Guest laugh aloud. It seemed to him to be a laugh of satanic scorn, and it came cutting through his ears and heart. He ran to the Burgomaster and related to his astonishment the whole story.

THE EXAMINATION.

Von Huber took his stick and hat and went off. Still he smiled at the terror of the police sergeant whose jealousy he thought to have excited.

As he crossed the street, he soon saw that he was in a small town in which every stranger is gazed at as if he were a wild beast, and where in greeting and returning the compliment a dozen hats are worn out in a year. Wherever he came people most politely receded on his approach with a low bow. Even from a great distance all uncovered their heads. More respect could not have been shown to royalty. To the right and left of the houses, as he passed by, he saw a number of curious heads looking after him through the glass windows.

But the worst happened to him when he came near the house with the balcony pointed out to him. Not far from that house in a square there is a fountain, the water of which, through seven pipes, gushed out into a large stone-bason. Round the fountain there stood a number of servant maids with buckets and tubs, busily chattering. Some scraped fish, others were washing salad, some placed their empty pails under the pipes, others carried the bucket already filled, on their heads. Von Huber, to be more certain of the house of the Burgomaster, stepped aside, to inquire of one of those busy maidens, who in the vivacity of their conversa-

tion did not at first perceive him. But as he opened his mouth, and all turned their eyes on him—help good Lord! what a loud outcry! what a confusion! all rebounded with terror. The one lets her fish drop into the water bason, the other casts her washed salad on the ground, the water tub which the third carried on her head, tumbled down, and the water dripped on the sixth as if she had been in a bath. All ran away pale and breathless, except an old woman whose feet would not obey her any longer; she edged backward against the high fountain pillar as if she wished to push it down; crossed herself with her withered hand as fast as she could move it; opened her pale lips and stared at him with eyes full of despair, whilst her thinly scattered hair stood an end.

Displeased with these foolish people Von Huber proceeded directly to the house with the balcony. He was at the right place. The Burgomaster a short and well bred man, received him very politely and conducted him to a private apartment.

“You have sent for me” said Von Huber “and indeed I come with pleasure, for I hope to clear up many riddles through you. Only yesterday I arrived in your town, and I confess, have experienced here more adventures than on all my former travels.”

“I believe it!” said the Burgomaster smiling: I heard of it and of something quite incredible. You are Von Huber son of the banker in the capital: you have connection with the house of Guyot and Co of this town; you came since Miss Guyot.....”

“All correct. Shall I legitimate myself to you Mr. Burgomaster?” Von Huber with these words took some papers out of his portfolio. The Burgomaster did not decline to glance over them, but he immediately returned them with very obliging expressions of his satisfaction.

“Having told all Mr. Burgomaster that you could wish to be informed of. I now must request of you some explanation of the various singularities of your town. Herbesheim is yet not so far separated from the remaining world, that sometimes a stranger may happen to pass it; by what chance am I....”

“I know what you are going to say Sir. You shall know all, if you will only have the goodness to answer a few questions.

“I am at your command.”

“Meanwhile, add my questions to the singularities of Herbesheim that struck you, afterward you will explain to yourself all without much difficulty. Do you dress yourself usually in black?”

“I am in mourning for one of my aunts.”

“Were you never before in Herbesheim?”

“Never.”

"Have you formed acquaintances with persons of this town, or did you by chance ever hear or read of the traditions of Herbesheim."

"Personally I knew no body of Herbesheim and I knew nothing else of the town than that there was that house of Guyot and Co. and that Miss Guyot was an extremely amiable girl which I can confirm with pleasure."

"Did you never hear or read of the story of the Dead Guest?"

"The history of Herbesheim, especially the old one is, I must confess it to my shame, Mr. Burgomaster, as strange to me as the topography of the kingdom of Siam, and the Burmese empire."—

"Well Sir, your adventures in this town, which I rather guess than know, originate from our old traditions."

"What can I have to do with your old stories? such strange things never happened to me before."

The Burgomaster smiled and said: "You are taken here for the Dead Guest, a ghost in our popular traditions and however ridiculous the idea of our burghers may be, I cannot—do not take my sincerity amiss—I cannot conceal my surprise to see that you have a most striking resemblance to the hero of that horrid tale. Supposing you do not wish to continue an old joke, that you are totally ignorant of the story of the Dead Guest, I will relate it to you just as I heard it from several persons."

Von Huber testified the most anxious curiosity. The Burgomaster said "It may be the first time that a nursery story was ever related officially" and smiling, he told, from beginning to the end, the story of the Dead Guest.

"Now I can explain the whole mystery!" said Von Huber laughing, when the story was ended: "The fair sex of Herbesheim are anxious about their necks."

"Joking aside Sir, I am yet in the dark about several things. I believe in the most singular cases of chance; but here the Goddess of fate plays her jokes so strikingly that I cannot but entertain some suspicion of you."

"How, Mr Burgomaster, you certainly are not of opinion, that I am the hero of your fable who visits Herbesheim every hundredth year to butcher poor virgins?"

"Certainly not! But accidentally you might have heard something of that ghost-story and have taken advantage of your figure to enjoy the terror of the fair in Herbesheim. Why did you just chose the first Advent sunday for your arrival, and just the moment of the most violent storm and rain, if you knew nothing of that fable."

"You are right. Mr. Burgomaster, this accident is striking. I am surprised myself. However I can assure you that I so

rarely look in the Almanac that I only now have the pleasure to learn that I arrived on the first Advent. I also am ready to testify on oath that I did not give any orders for rain or storm to heaven ; on the contrary I should have liked to countermand the rain and the storm, as that weather very ill suits my present state of health."

" But how Sir, can you explain the grasp which you made wantonly this morning toward the nape of your landlord ?"

Von Huber, laughed aloud : " Hah, hah ! therefore did that poor devil make a bow to the ground and give such a violent leap ; the landlord thought my innocent motion of the hand suspicious. I merely wanted to tap him on the shoulder."

" One thing more, Sir, do you know Miss Cow ?"

" Many Cows Mr. Burgomaster, but no Miss that bears that handsome name."

" Yet it is positively asserted, that you not only know her, but that you know even the back door of her house."

" The back door of Miss Cow's house ! Oh now I understand. At the back door I recognise the goddess of the Police sergeant. Now the words and entreaties of that man are clear to me."

" I have something else to say Sir ; you will observe that I am informed of all your doings and of every step, and that the Police of Herbesheim, may be put on a par with that of Paris even in the time of Fouché and Savary. Till now I may explain every thing in the course of nature without having any suspicion that you endeavoured to bring terror on our pious Burghers. If you had indeed no wish to act the part of the Dead Guest, how comes it to pass that in a very few minutes only, you became so intimate with Miss Guyot."

" Then you are informed of that too ?" said Von Huber, perplexed, and a blush came over his pale face which could not escape the keen eye of the Burgomaster.

" Again I beg your pardon for my curiosity" added the Burgomaster : You know officers of the Police and medical men have the privilege to put indiscreet questions. It is known to you that the Dead Guest has especially the reputation to charm the ladies with the quickness of lightning ; an art which I think you to possess without considering you dead."

Von Huber, was silent for a moment, and then said :

" Mr. Burgomaster I begin to be more afraid of you than all your hon'ble citizens are of my black coat. The walls must tattle to you ; for this morning only I was with the amiable Miss Guyot, and that for a very short time, if you allude to that when you talk of *intimacy*. But permit me to remain silent on that point. Either your walls have told you our whole conversation, and you know it, or if you do not, it does not become me to withdraw the veil ; unless Miss Guyot, herself will do it of her own accord."

The Burgomaster, signified with a gentle nod of the head that he did not wish to press any more on him, and he changed the conversation : " Do you intend to remain here a long time ? "

" To-morrow I shall depart. My affairs here are done and truly it is not very pleasant to be obliged to act the part of a ghost. "

The announcement of the sudden departure was welcome news to the Burgomaster. He did not say a word more about it and conversed with him on different subjects. At last he took his leave.

The Burgomaster found the case very singular. For to hold as the meeting of fortuitous circumstances that which stamped the pretended Von Huber the Dead Guest seemed unreasonable. There was too much in all this for the natural order of things. On the other hand, there was no reason to doubt the veracity of the stranger. The Burgomaster considered the case in all its bearings, whilst he looked on the street through the open window. He stepped to that window, as soon as his visitor had left the room, to observe in what manner the people in the street would look on the Dead Guest. But to his great astonishment he did not quit the house. He waited a long time ; a quarter of an hour had passed, but he waited in vain. He rung the bell. The servant came and was questioned by the Burgomaster. The servant swore to have stood a whole hour before the house gate, but that he had not seen the Gentleman in the black dress go out of the house.

The servant was dismissed : " That looks very ghost like ! " hummed the Burgomaster, and again he took his place by the window, after some time the servant entered uncalled and informed him, that the chambermaid was as pale as death, and crying, and told him, that the Dead Guest was with his daughter alone in a room. That the young lady was as familiar with that horrid figure, as an old acquaintance ; that the Dead Guest had given the lady a pair of beautiful bracelets, and spoken to her in a whisper. That the chambermaid had seen all, but understood nothing ; and that after a short time the lady had sent the chambermaid out of the room.

The Burgomaster laughed at first ; but every inclination to laugh vanished at the mention of bracelets, of the whisper, and the chambermaid being sent away. In a rough manner he told the servant to be gone : " Bracelets ? whispers with my Sophy ? How comes he to know her ? Good God ! How does my child become so soon acquainted with him ? Verily this man acts the part of the Dead Guest, too naturally ? " This he spoke to himself. Sometimes he ran to the door of his apartment opened it and was going to surprise the stranger with his daughter, but he thought of the duel between the Count Von Siebenthal and the Viscount ; he was also ashamed of his superstitious belief ; he therefore put a bridle on his anxiety. But another quarter of an

hour passed. At last he found the time too long. He wildly ran into his daughter's apartment. She was alone admiring the beautiful bracelets.

"What have you got there Sophy?" he asked in a tremendous voice. Sophia answered frankly: "A present from Von Huber for Amelia Guyot. He is going away to-morrow morning, and he has his reasons for not entering Mr. Guyot's house any more. It is incomprehensible to me; a Bridegroom, and so soon off!"

"And how do you know him, or he you?"

"This morning when I was with Amelia and her mother, we became acquainted. He certainly terrified me when I saw him for the first time. The actual Dead Guest! But he is a very good man. As he went away from you, I just left my apartment; we recognised each other, and he immediately produced those presents."

Sophy related this so artlessly that all things appeared clear to the Burgomaster, except some few trivial matters. But on the following morning the Police Serjeant was sent to see if the stranger agreeably to his word, had actually left Hebersheim.

NEW TERROR.

The Burgomaster, a man free from superstition and bigotry, had yet passed a sleepless night. But at night by the light of the moon or stars, not only the exterior figure of the world but also the interior world of mankind has a different aspect. One is more religious; more inclined to the belief of unusual and wondrous adventures, and miracles, whatever prudent reason may oppose to it. When the Burgomaster recalled to his mind the whole history of the Dead Guest and compared the time and hour when Von Huber made his appearance, his figure, his pale face, his entire black dress, the profuse and costly presents, his sudden acquaintance and intimacy with three brides—for Sophia too was on the point of being betrothed, and the story of Miss Cow, he became suspicious.—Miss Cow had indeed confessed to the Police sergeant that the Dead Guest had been in her shop, that he had made some purchases; but that he had only appeared once; but she would know nothing of that notorious backdoor. The Burgomaster had heard this from the Police Sergeant, and it gave him anxious thoughts.

He could not look upon that tall pale Gentleman as a mere wag, he was too serious for that. Again his presents were too precious for a mere joke on the fair sex of Hebersheim. Mr. Guyot always a mortal enemy of all superstitious belief, had related and complained to him of so many singular accidents, that reflection on all these things, was enough to give him a sleepless night.

Before the Police Sergeant had reached the Black Cross, the people related to him in the street that the Dead Guest with his servants had suddenly disappeared. He had taken neither the Mail Coach nor horses, and that he did not go out through any of the gates of the town. The deposition of the innkeeper only confirmed what he had already heard, and he conducted the Police sergeant to the apartments of the pretended Von Huber. There all things were in the best order, as if no one had dwelt there, the beds untouched, the chairs were all in their places, no trunk, no garment, not the smallest piece of cloth or paper; nothing was left, not a vestige! Only on the table there was the full pay of his reckoning in hard Thalers, but which he prudently did not touch.

"Let any one who wishes take away this devil's money!" said the innkeeper. "It is well known there comes no blessing with it. If I were to put it in my chest, it would turn out stinking filth. I will make a present of it to the poor in the hospital; as for me, I will not have it!" He handed the Thalers to the Police Sergeant to give them to the Director of the Hospital.

The report of the sudden disappearance of the Dead Guest was soon known throughout the town of Herbesheim. Mr. and Mrs. Guyot were informed of it by their maid servant, as soon as they got up from bed; immediately after they heard it from the book-keepers and from the treasurer.

"Wonderful!" said Mr. Guyot to his wife: "Well what do you say to that? I am glad he is off. You must surely believe that all this did not happen in the natural course of things? I tell you, that never was the son of my old and esteemed friend Huber. Who would have believed such mad stories? if he had not been witness to their truth with his own eyes!"

Mrs. Guyot made some modest objections to the declaration of the informants. The book keeper was sent to the Black Cross, but he soon returned with a full confirmation of the details. Mrs. G. smiled at those reports, but did not know what to say against them.

All at once Mr. Guyot started up with a truly death-like terror and he turned so pale that Mrs. Guyot became alarmed. For a long time he could not speak.

At last he exclaimed in a slow and tremulous voice, "Mother, if the one thing is true the other may be so also."

"What then for God sake!"

"Do you think Amelia is asleep? We were for a long time awake in bed, did you hear in the side room even the least tone, or a step, or the moving of a chair?"

"Speak out Papa, surely you will not suppose that the child is dead!"

"But if the one thing be true the other may be true also.—Oh it would be horrible! Mamma I have not the courage to look after her."

"How so? Do you fear she . . ."

"Oh! God!"

With these words the old man tortured with the wildest forebodings, started for the sleeping room of Amelia. Mrs. Guyot with anxiety went after him. He put his trembling hand on the lock of the door; slowly he opened it; scarcely did he venture to breathe, and as no voice met his ear, for a long time he could not find the heart to glance towards her bed. "Look then Mamma, I dare not!" said he with a mortal anxiety.

"She sleeps quite gently!" said Mrs. G. He turned his eyes in that direction. There laid Amelia harmless, the handsome face was still in the right place. "But is she alive?" asked Mr. G. and distrustful, he conceived the rising and falling of her breast as a deception of the eyes. Only when he touched her warm hand he found himself better, and still better when she opened her eyes, with a friendly, yet wondrous smile. Mamma, explained the purport of the visit, and related the secret disappearance of Von Huber and the consequent new terror of the Papa. But now they were all pleased and happy.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

They were still more happy and contented, when on the same evening, at supper, a carriage rattled through the paved streets and stopped before the house.

Amelia attentive, jumped up and exclaimed: "It is Watteville!" It was he. All hastened to meet him. Father Guyot pressed him in his arms much more heartily than he had ever done before. A thousand things were to be asked. Father Guyot at last made an end to those troublesome inquiries and placed the Captain next to him at table. The frolicksome joyous conversation began anew: "And only consider my dearest Captain," said Mr. Guyot: "we have had that devilish fellow, the Dead Guest in Herbesheim, in our own house. What do you say to that? Yes, what will you say, within twenty-four hours he fished out his three brides; in the first place that girl there Amelia, then the Burgomaster's Sophy, and the third Miss Cow at the milliner's. We were as frightened in this town as little children."

But the Captain laughed heartily and said: "I have dined with him to-day in Murten at the Crown; you mean surely Von Huber, and no one else?"

Mr. G. smiled in an angry mood: "Von Huber here or Von Huber there! Be he whatever he will, it was the Dead Guest in body, and that fellow shall not get my Amelia, even

if he were Von Huber. For I should not like to have a cold shudder seize me whenever I saw my son in law. Had he actually been the son of my friend, so much the worse for him, for he really looked exactly like the Dead Guest as you have described him."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Captain, "as to that he is very innocent. When on that evening I was obliged to relate the story of the Dead Guest, and as I was to describe his figure, in my haste I found no original but just that Von Huber. His appearance struck me, as he was particularly disagreeable to me. When I was ordered to Herbesheim with my Company, and as I was only a few miles distant from the Capital, on my march I made the short journey thither. Dining at the King of England with a great number of guests the unusual height of Von Huber struck me; he overtopped every mortal man by a whole head, and his black hair, his pale face, his black dress, which he wore in mourning for a rich aunt, all made an impression that could never be obliterated. I was informed that he was the son of the famous banker. He was a very indifferent personage to me at that time, yet I could not forget his figure; and I could still less forget him when he ceased to be an indifferent individual, since he—you will permit me to express it—since he sued for Amelia."

"Donner!" exclaimed Mr. Guyot laughing, and he rubbed and slapped his forehead: "A fancy trick from a rival! Nothing else! That this entered no one's brain, not even into that of the prudent Burgomaster and his Parisian Police! That I could not guess, as soon as I saw Von Huber, that that roguish Commandant might have known him and formed the Dead Guest of him? We old men remain, in spite of our grey hair, simple children—But Mr. Commandant you are the cause of these fatal stories! young Huber must be terribly angry; he will curse and swear at the manner in which he was treated here; he will call me an old idiot."

"Not so Papa!" said Watteville. He is on the contrary well pleased with the turn that things have taken. He desired me to give his compliments to you, Mrs. G. and Miss Amelia. To day he and I became really good friends. For we naturally disclosed to one another the secrets of our hearts. At first, he and I were alone at supper; we were very cold. He was gloomy and silent though he did not know me, I was gloomy and silent, just because I knew him, and thought him to be on his bridal journey to Herbesheim. Out of politeness we exchanged a few words and by chance I was informed that he came from Herbesheim and that he was on his journey home. A pardonable curiosity burned in me to hear more. Of course I could not deny that I was

well acquainted with the town, and that I was the Commandant of it. Hah! hah! said he laughing, and shook hands with me over the table. "My lucky rival, to whom I must be under obligation for his own good fortune!" Thus acquaintance was made, and frankness was the order of the day. Only think Papa, he declared that Miss Amelia herself told him that she was promised to me, and that she begged of him not to render her and me unhappy; on which he seized her hand pressed it to his lips and said that he had been obliged to obey his father's will unconditionally, to visit Herbersheim, and court Amelia; but that he had hoped to change affairs to his purpose for that he loved, and secretly had made promise to the daughter of a Professor at the university, who besides her mental treasures had few earthly ones, which to an old Banker was horror and abomination. The old Gentleman under the penalty of disinheritance, had interdicted him every thought of the professor's daughter, that the young gentleman had sworn fidelity to her, and that he was firmly resolved to marry her after his father's death."

"How?" said Mr. G. "You Amelia knew all that from him?" "Children, children, I really think you have played the fool with your father! How is it you did not tell me a word, not a syllable?"

Amelia kissed her father's hand and said, "Remember, my dear Papa, before you reproach your Amelia, that when I returned so gaily from Von Huber and went up to you to speak in his praise, and as I was going to relate every particular, how angry you grew; you know that you forbade me to speak, and that in recompense for my silent obedience you promised to substitute Watteville for Von Huber?"

"So? Have I done so?—Nothing in the world outdoes obedience, when one wishes to connect it with a little advantage!"

"Was I not obliged to obey? Did you not threaten to lock up dear Mamma and me in the cellar, if * * *"

"Very well you prating gossip! Don't recall my sins."

"But since you chattered with young Huber could not you have told him, what a singular prejudice existed against him? He surely would have been able to convince us that he was not the Dead Guest described by his roguish rival. At least you might have given a more reasonable cause for our foolish behavior!"

"That I did. As soon as he knew that there was no spare place in my heart, he was happy and related to me the story of his own heart; soon after Mamma and I invited him to dinner, but....."

"Be silent! Captain go on with your tale! He then was not in a rage with us? What must he think of the honorable citi-

zens of Herbesheim ! Did he not think that he had entered a madhouse, when he arrived in our town ?”

“ Something similar he thought indeed. The behaviour of all the inhabitants must have struck him, for he related to me the most laughable and whimsical scenes occasioned by the general fear. But when the story of the Dead Guest was related to him, and he was informed that they did him the honor to take him for the Winter King, who was reported to have been so violently sent from this world two hundred years ago, he rejoiced at the terror which he innocently caused by his person.”

“ And of which you, with your wicked story, are solely the cause” said Amelia—Who before that evening party knew how the Dead Guest looked ? The following day the children in the street related it to one another.

“ Well, I was honest enough to confess my whole sin to Von Huber, as soon as I had recovered the use of my voice after a full quarter of an hour’s laughing. That a foolish fancy just painted his figure to my imagination, was pardonable. But at that moment I should sooner have thought of the falling of the heavens than such a consequence of my story. Von Huber laughed with me till his sides were sore. He related to me that in order to terrify the more enlightened inhabitants of Herbesheim and to strengthen them in their pious belief, he played a number of tricks in the fashion of the Dead Guest. To plague a police sergeant, he visited his bride the milliner ; to put his landlord in greater fear and astonishment, he asserted that he wished to go to bed early to set out early on the next day, but that as soon as it was dark he had his baggage removed by his own servants ; that by the moonlight he had taken a walk to the next village and that from thence only he had taken horses to the next station after a night’s rest there. Never have two men in this world so well imitated the unextinguishable laughter of the Gods of Homer about the activity of Vulcan, than we both with our convulsive laughter at the activity of the inhabitants of Herbesheim with the Dead Guest. Over a bottle of Champaign, we banished rivalry, made ourselves excellent friends and parted later than we first expected when we sat down to dinner.”

Father Guyot though he smiled as Watteville went on with his tale yet seemed to be at war with himself. Chagrin and gladness were singularly mingled on his countenance. Amelia coaxed him with greater tenderness for she well saw what passed within him and smoothed the contractions of his brow with kisses as often as they made their appearance.

“ Children,” said Mr. Guyot ; “ you now see what a train of folly and nonsense, superstition carries along with it, and even

I, old philosopher as I am, was obliged to wear the foolscap and to swim with the stream. I wish I could be ashamed but yet I find it ridiculous to be ashamed of our poor human nature. Then it is certain let no one think himself too high, firm or strong on his feet, but let him look well that he may not stumble. Mamma order a bowl of Punch that we may get cheerful with our Captain. I say we, that is to say my own little self : for you mamma, you have carried the palm of victory and require no such auxiliary to become cheerful, and as for you Amelia, it is clear that you are not very sorrowful near Watteville through whose means you have gained the object you most desired."

Mamma took the Captain's hand with a kindly and truly motherly smile and said ; " Did you well understand the last words of Papa ?"

" No," said Watteville blushing and embarrassed, but I wish almost to be indiscreet enough to understand them."

" Mamma let the punch be served ; let all this idle talk be put aside. We must banish with punch that infernal story from our memory. Even the strongest and most courageous man who has heard with coolness a hundred bullets whistle about his ears has his run-away moments ; the circumnavigator who can trace his way through the wide ocean, may lose his path on a promenade ; the most pious and purest bride of heaven has once a moment like other daughters of Eve."

" Do begin to speak of something else Papa," said Amelia coaxingly.

" Bye the by, Captain" continued Mr. Guyot, " do you know that I have sold you ? For the prize of getting rid of the Dead Guest I have sold you to Amelia. Don't take it amiss that without your consent, I have disposed of you in your absence. As your former tutor I have assumed that right. Here Amelia take him. Be happy together !"

Both sprung from their seats and embraced him.

" Captain !" said he, " put away your uniform !"

" It shall be off !" said the Captain with tears of joy in his eyes.

" And quit the military Service" continued Guyot. For Amelia is to live with her parents, and I have given you away to her, not her to you."

" To-morrow I shall resign my commission !"

" Children" said father Guyot, " my joy is too oppressive ; I can hardly speak,—give me a glass of Punch—may you be happy and wise, and never tremble at such superstitious fears as those which made a fool of an old Philosopher, and turned the son of a rich banker into a DEAD GUEST."

V. R.

SONNETS.

BY CAPTAIN R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

1.

It was a Turret high, that once had been
 Most fair within that gardened space,—and frowned,
 Beetling in grandeur o'er the deep moat's bound,
 With spires and bastions towering o'er the scene :
 The steps that led to it were broken now,
 And threatened danger to th' intruder there ;
 And, as I sought the battlement's steep brow,
 My steps shrunk, trembling, back ; yet did I dare
 To climb the dark ascent. The hall I gained,—
 Its walls yet bright with specks of blue and gold ;
 And, browsing in that desolate spot, behold !
 A solitary Goat !—how it attained
 That perilous place I know not ; but it fed
 Quietly there,—starting to hear my tread.

2.

Sweet, peaceful creature !—love'st thou too to trace
 The haunts where grandeur once held revels loud ?
 Where devastation boldly now takes place
 Of wassail-triumph,—and the sensual crowd
 Of pleasure's vassals ?—here no longer sounds
 The laugh of frivolous mirth ; nor meets the ear
 The tone of soft kitar, or lute ; for here
 Afrits and spectres walk their dismal rounds !
 Oh man ! dost thou not shudder thus to see
 Thy noblest works o'erthrown ?—and dost thou dare
 To lift in pride thy recreant head, and bear
 The mien of one all potent ?—yonder tree
 Hath flourished there for ages,—they are dust
 Who planted it !—be humble, holy, just !

ON POETRY

AND THE SUPPOSED UNSOCIABILITY OF POETS.

THERE is perhaps no man so little understood, or so ill appreciated in general society, as the Poet. He is unintelligible and even repulsive, to all but those who think and feel like himself, or who have an especial partiality for the same pursuits. While his heart overflows with social love, he is apparently the most unsocial of human beings. He is silent and reserved in crowds, and has an appearance of pride and coldness that are the very reverse of his natural disposition. One of the most essential attributes of the true poet is a profound sympathy with human nature, and with the whole external world. It is the very depth and intensity of his emotions that compels him "to wreak himself on expression," and appeal to the hearts of his fellow creatures. He is only indifferent to indifferent things: and when his companions are struck with his seeming apathy, his soul is perhaps tossed upon a sea of thought, and his whole being is involved in a tempest of wild and incommunicable dreams. At such a time it could no more be expected that he should be interested by ordinary affairs, than that a man should occupy his mind with the frivolities of fashion in a storm on the Atlantic ocean, when the elements appear to threaten the dissolution of a world.

It may be said that no human being could be continually in a state like this, and that the poet must have intervals of calm, when he should be alive to the influences of things around him. That the poet is always in such a condition of extraordinary excitement, we by no means maintain, but his thoughts and emotions, come and go, "when no one knoweth", and therefore is it unreasonable in the man of the world, to accuse the poet of a deficiency of social feeling, when he is unable to draw the curtain of the poet's heart. The man of genius is as incapable as other men of regulating his moods of mind, and he is sometimes melancholy in the gayest scenes, and cheerful in the dreariest. It is often the strong contrast of the state of the external world, with that of his inner soul, that makes him shrink into himself, and appear unsocial. But it is the world, and not the poet that is cold, and unsympathetic. If the poet were always sure that his emotions would be understood and shared in by his companions, he would not hesitate to reveal his soul, but the expression of deep feelings whether of joy or sorrow, to those whose minds are of a sterner temperament, and cannot vibrate with the same delicacy of tone,

appears absurd and unaccountable. His enthusiasm is received with a cold smile, and his grief with wonder and contemptuous pity. To add bitterness to these mortifications he is often considered either affected or insane. Even sensible and well meaning people are sometimes utterly unable to appreciate a man of genius. How frequently are the acquaintances of celebrated men, astounded at their success ! The annals of Literary Biography teem with the mistaken notions of the early friends and companions of the master-spirits of mankind. We rarely indeed meet with the near relative, or intimate associate of a poet, who does not speak of him with irreverence, or what is still more intolerable an air of indulgent patronage. Is it then to be wondered at if with "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," and unparticipated feelings, he shrouds himself in a world of his own, and is solitary in the midst of crowds ? From being thus checked in society, and unappreciated in personal intercourse, the poet devotes himself more exclusively to the cultivation of his divine art, by which he is enabled as it were in his deep retirement, to touch the general pulse with the magic of his appeal. But his love of mankind is still conspicuous. He clings to the sympathies of humanity, and rejoices in stirring with kindred feelings the breasts of thousands to whom he is personally unknown.

He feeds his inmost spirit with the manna of praise, and lives upon the public breath. When he fails to give delight, he is incapable of receiving it. His existence is inseparably connected with that of his fellow creatures, and a mental isolation would be worse than death. His pride and happiness consist in the power he possesses over the human heart. How glorious is the poet who thus shrouded in personal obscurity, causes the waves of human passion to rise and fall at his command ; who warms countless multitudes with his own enthusiasm, and stamps immortality on every burning word !

It is the fashion of the day to disparage both Poetry and Poets, and the Utilitarians would persuade their disciples that to unfold the profoundest secrets of the human heart, and to thrill, refine and elevate the soul, with

"Those thoughts, that wander through eternity,"

is an idle and profitless amusement, and unworthy the attention of a man of sense. The blind, cold and grovelling spirit, of this novel doctrine is one of the signs of the times that is far from gratifying to a truly philosophical observer. It has become an inexcusable heresy to speak of the *utility* of such men as Shakespeare and Milton, who are actually degraded in the scale of writers below Jeremy Bentham and Mr. Mill ! These sages would make man a mere automaton, a mechanical machine, whose motions are regulated by unalterable rules. Every thing approaching to enthusiasm,

and intensity of sensation is regarded by the new school of philosophy as an evidence of morbid irritability, and is treated as a disease. If poets have hitherto been reserved in society how much more so, must they become in proportion to the prevalence of these opinions. When they find themselves characterized as insignificant triflers, and their art considered an ingenious jugglery, they will speedily shrink from all personal contact with the world. It is the aim of the new sect to erect an eternal barrier between Poetry and Philosophy. They speak of the first as a fable, and of the second as "the only true thing." But while the Muse is represented as a painted and frivolous coquet, Philosophy is a coarse, and sensual being, who can scarcely see a yard before her, and who must touch every thing she hears of before she is convinced of its existence. Her eyes are ever bent upon the ground, her voice is exerted in endless complaints of the extravagance of the world, and her soul is rapt in paltry calculations. She is, in fact, a selfish and narrow-minded economist. If Poetry present her with the crystals of Castalian streams, her first and last question is how much they will produce, and to what account they can be turned. She has not even the dignity of a merchant, but is a petty retail dealer in the meanest wares. This degrading and disgusting spirit has seized for a while upon the public mind, but it cannot possibly continue unless the very elements of our human nature are decomposed by the chemistry of utilitarianism. While there is beauty in the universe, and it is acknowledged to be the production of a beneficent Power, who gives us nothing that is useless, Poetry, who bathes herself in the light and loveliness of nature, will never wholly cease to enchant and refine the heart of man.

We entertain a somewhat higher opinion not only of Poetry but of Philosophy, than the Utilitarians appear to do, and presume that those divine spirits were meant to be companions and not rivals of each other.

The word *utility* is one of the rocks on which the Benthamites have been wrecked. Now it is admitted, nothing is *useful* but as it contributes more or less to the happiness of mankind. The Benthamites maintain that happiness consists in sensual enjoyments—in eating and drinking—in good clothes and comfortable houses. The poets do not deny the value of these things, in their way, but maintain that the cultivation of the heart and mind is more essential, when it is considered that we have something superior to mere animal existence. To this the Benthamites rejoin that before we can exert the mental faculties we must support life. We must live before we can think. Therefore it is of more consequence to live than to think, and therefore those articles that support life are more useful than poetry. Would not the

same style of argument prove the inutility of virtue? If the happiness of human life resembled the happiness of brutes, the Benthamites would have the best of the controversy. It may be urged that we are caricaturing the Utilitarians, and we do not mean to assert that the entire philosophy of these people is compressed into our rapid statement, but that we have given a fair representation of the case between Poetry and Utilitarianism. We see nothing objectionable in the opposition of the Benthamites to the common systems of education, by which boys are taught words instead of things, and every language but their own:—nor are we disposed to question the truth of the celebrated doctrine respecting the “greatest happiness of the greatest number.” We think the Utilitarians have argued on these points with great acuteness and sagacity, and are likely to benefit mankind by their labours. It is against their views of the effects of the Fine Arts and Poetry, and the elegancies and refinements of life, that we are desirous to make a stand, and we feel the more inclined to do so, because we find persons on all sides of us, whose talents demand our esteem, who have not escaped the contagion of the new mania, and who actually talk with indifference and contempt of those very accomplishments which have elevated their characters, and made them what they are.

If the word *Utility*, has been used with no definite meaning, that of *Poetry*, has been still more vaguely understood. Many tolerably educated people can discover no difference between the Rhymester and the Poet, and when they hear Poetry spoken of as one of the loftiest exertions of the human intellect, they are very apt to cast up their eyes in amazement. This confounding of the *mechanism* of Poetry with the *spirit*, is one of the chief causes of the little estimation, in which the “art divine” is too often held, even by persons of liberal views, and superier understanding. But, if Poetry be so mean a thing as to consist in the mere jingling of rhymes, how is that there are so few genuine Poets, and so many pretenders, and that the notion has so long prevailed, that *Poeta Nascitur, non fit*. It is generally allowed that no art or labour will make a Poet, though mere industry and good sense may accomplish almost every other attainment. The fact is that genius of the highest order is essential to the true Poet, and it is on his knowledge of the human heart, and his exquisite sense of moral and external beauty, that he must depend for success in the cultivation of his art. We shall conclude our remarks, with quoting a few words on the same subject, by one of the most profound and original-minded men of the present age—William Wordsworth.

“There are people,” says he, “who talk of Poetry as of a matter of amusement and idle pleasure; who will converse with us as gravely

about a *taste* for Poetry, as they express it, as if it were as in different a thing as a taste for rope-dancing, or Frontignac or Sherry. Aristotle, hath said, that *Poetry is the most philosophical of all writing*; it is so: it's object is *truth*, not individual and local, but general and operative; not standing upon external testimony but carried alive into the heart by passion, truth which is its own testimony, which gives strength and divinity to the tribunal to which it appeals, and receives them from the same tribunal. *Poetry is the image of man and nature.* The obstacles which stand in the way of the fidelity of the Biographer and Historian, and of their consequent *utility*, are incalculably greater than those which are to be encountered by the Poet who has an adequate notion of the dignity of his art. The Poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of giving immediate pleasure to a human being possessed of that information which may be expected from him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer or a Natural Philosopher, *but as a Man!*

"The knowledge both of the Poet and the man of Science, is pleasure, but the knowledge of the one clings to us as a necessary part of our existence, our natural and unalienable inheritance; the other is a personal and individual acquisition, slow to come to us and by no habitual and direct sympathy connecting us with our fellow-beings.*** *Poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of Science.***** The objects of the Poet's thoughts are every-where; though the eyes and senses of man, are, it is true, his favorite guides, yet he will follow wherever he can find an atmosphere of sensation in which to move his wings. Poetry is the first and last of all knowledge—it is an immortal as the heart of man!"

R.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN! and the red sun thro' mottled clouds,
 Like fire bark thro' blue waves, his passage cleaves;
 In yellow raiment all the orchard shrouds,
 And gilds with glory all the saffron sheaves.
 The wind, fleet handmaid of the harvest field,
 Curling the golden tresses of the corn,
 Brings on the breaking silence of the morn
 The reapers' song—Lo! where they gaily wield
 Their gleaming sickles, brandished high in air
 Ere they begin their merry toil!—and now
 The sun, advancing from his Eastern lair,
 Chases from sootiest hearts sad dreams of night—
 For darkest waters will reflect his light!

R. C. C.

ON THE ABOLITION OF SUTTEE.

"In a just Government the life of the meanest subject is held precious."—*Montesquieu*.

THE surest tests of civilization are the value of human life, and the treatment of women. Where life is held so cheap, that little repugnance is felt at taking it by violence; and where woman is less the companion and the friend of man than his slave—we need look no further to be convinced that civilization amongst a people exhibiting these conclusive signs must be very imperfect.

There is a certain principle of destructiveness, so to express it, that pervades no less a state of society perfectly barbarous than a state of society even considerably advanced in civilization.—In the first; it is the effect of necessity.—In the second it is a custom derived perhaps from the barbarous precedent of the first.

Thus the Cannibal has not the slightest repugnance to killing, and devouring his neighbour, whom in fact he considers as little better than so much walking '*provan*'—nor does his conscience give him the slightest whisper that he is doing wrong. He must eat his neighbour or starve. Let this Cannibal again—have plenty of fish and the flesh of sheep, goats, &c. and a few esculent roots or vegetables, and he will no longer attack his neighbour to eat him. The barbarism of necessity now at an end—next comes the barbarism of custom. Cannibals familiar with the sight of human beings slaughtered for food—have a certain yearning for the pomp and circumstance of the thing—though no longer impelled to it by hunger. Accordingly, when one tribe beats another in battle, some of the prisoners are made slaves, as a kind of festival in honour of the event; a festival rendered perhaps the more acceptable inasmuch as both tribes may happen to be some days journey from their goats or hogs, and esculent roots. Some bright genius of a chief accordingly, proposes that they should slaughter and cook a few of their prisoners. In process of time however they are weaned from anthropophagy entirely, but still a hankering for slaughter remains, and a religious character is given to what formerly was a mere *Cannibal* festival, and the prisoners are offered up, as victims on the altars of their gods, or as sacrifices to the manes of their deceased friends.

The principle of destructiveness being now associated with religion or the doctrine of the soul's immortality falsely understood; leads as it has done in many quarters of the world to frequent suicide, mutilation, and murder.

In some places, the worst effects of the principle having disappeared before the ameliorating light of gradual civilization, its traces are to be found in certain cuttings and maimings, and savage austerities and penances. At this stage of society, however, the effects of the principle are personal not relative, and the individual is contented in his gloomy and superstitious notions of the most merciful and compassionate creator of the Universe, with executing such penance or punishment upon himself alone.

Connect this destructive principle in some way, not only with the superstitions, but the self-interest, or emolument of individuals, and then the difficulty of reforming it, becomes much increased.

Even in Great Britain now so polished, history informs us, that Cannibalism once prevailed; and after its disappearance followed the human sacrifices of the Druids, a people considerably advanced in civilization, and gentle traces of whose system are still very perceptible in those parts of the country where the tide of commerce, with the manners it induces, has not swept away all the ancient land marks. Amongst the natives of Otaheite too when our navigators became first acquainted with them, human sacrifices, and child murder, were common, but both in Britain and Otaheite the detestable practices alluded to, were abolished by the pious and persevering exertions of the Christian missionaries, who inculcated a system of revelation and mercy before which the other vanished,

‘As Etna’s fires grow dim before the rising day.’

It would be in vain to enquire how the practice of Suttee first arose. The custom itself betrays in its hideous features, that it is the offspring of barbarity and superstition. It prevails we believe more in Bengal than in any other part of India, and Kali too, has more worshippers in Bengal than any where else, so far as we are aware of, and there can be little doubt we believe, that human victims were once offered up on the altars of this goddess.

Amongst our countrymen at home, and indeed in Europe generally, the Hindoos are considered as a humane, polite, and highly civilised people. We by no means deny that they generally are so, nor will it be unaccountable to a close observer of human nature, that a people extremely scrupulous about the life of an insect, or a reptile, should under certain circumstances not only be careless of human life, but absolutely claim it as a privilege, to cast their children to the sharks. Extraordinary as it may appear it may still be philosophically accounted for, how a man that would shudder at killing a calf, will, without compunction, give his assistance in having his aged mother roasted alive,

JANUARY 1830.

I

Here then we have a very revolting illustration of the operation of that principle of destructiveness to which we have referred and upon which we could expatiate at greater length, but that we scarcely deem it necessary. Here we have the terrible reaction previous to perfect civilization of the last workings of evil and oppression upon the weaker vessel, while man himself strong in his selfish decrees and immunities, sacrifices nothing whatever, no, not even his convenience. Here we see the most helpless and destitute of human beings, a widowed woman, perhaps the mother of a weak and forlorn family, called from their soft endearments, and the genial influences of nature, (never so precious as when we are to be torn from them abruptly, and forever,) to be consigned to a sudden and terrible death.

We cannot, however say, that we feel any surprise at absurdities however monstrous of which Superstition is the mother and self-interest and wordly emolument, are the sponsors! We are not astonished at any horrid or barbarous anomalies among a people where women are almost nonentities, or have no palpable weight in the moral scale.

Certainly nothing is further from our intentions than to allude in the slightest degree, disrespectfully, to the Religion of the Hindoos, or that of any other people on the face of the earth. So long as such religion does not sanction crimes incompatible with public justice, and in violation of the express law of nature as respects human life, the Government have nothing to do with it, but to tolerate it. When however, it passes the proper, the eternal bounds of justice and humanity, we would say to it in the sublime words of the sacred oracles. "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be staid."

Once more to refer to this destructive principle of human nature, we may state that it was an old custom with some of the natives of the Eastern Archipelago to waylay some of their own countrymen and Europeans, for the purpose of cutting their heads off, to be used *secundum artem* in some superstitious ceremony. When the British Government had a more extensive connexion with the Indian Archipelago than it has at present, the practice in question was found to be a dreadful evil, especially, as the heads of Europeans happened to be more in request than those of Natives. What did the British Authorities to the Eastward do under these circumstances? Did they permit this pretty system of assassination to proceed, because forsooth the Malays urged that the practice had a religious source? No, they put it down in every instance by bringing the decapitators to trial for the *murder*, and if found guilty, they were executed.

Formerly the Natives of Bengal had a fancy for throwing their children into the sea at Sauger point, and leaving them to be devoured by the sharks and alligators, and all on the score of religion. It is useless to argue with the ignorant and the superstitiously besotted ;—but will not the better informed even for a moment reflect, how unlikely it is, that the wanton and cruel sacrifice of life, should be acceptable to the most beneficent author of life, or that if he required it he would not have unequivocally manifested his desire, instead of leaving it to nature to outrage itself on the plea of propitiating him ?

That atrocity was put down at once, by a decree of the Government, by in short, the justice and the fearlessness of the Marquess of Wellesley, and what was the result, Bigots grumbled a little at first, but the body of the people and even the Kali worshippers in Bengal not being wholly alien to the filial influence of mother nature, were soon reconciled to an order to desist from a practice that those feelings which may sleep, but are never eradicated, told them was wrong, in the utmost degree. The custom now is only a matter of history, and some of the natives hesitate not to say that such a monstrous abuse could never have existed. The very enactment of a law however, proves the crime to have existed even in the absence of more positive proof, and we trust the time is not far distant, when, the majority will doubt that there ever was such a thing as Suttee.

When Suttee was first permitted by the British ruling power it certainly was upon the express understanding that the practice was not only peremptorily enjoined in the shasters, but that the sacrifice should be perfectly voluntary, and in no way, either directly or indirectly enforced by other parties.

For a long time the anomaly went on without, perhaps attracting so much notice as it ought to have done. Murmurs not loud, but deep, were heard against the custom as well in India itself as in different parts of Europe. At length out of the very body of the Hindoos themselves stepped forward an enlightened, and intrepid assertor of the laws of nature and humanity. This was not however a mere well meaning, but ignorant zealot. No, the person in question was a man of extraordinary talents, and endowments, and of a benevolence equal to his intellect. He was too, a Brahmin, a learned Brahmin, and he proclaimed it to his deluded countrymen that Suttee was no where enjoined in the shasters ! We are too much accustomed in the wordliness of daily *parlance* to attribute many things to chance or mere human ability. We must confess, that to us it appears, that the finger of providence was visible in a proceeding, which out of the very ranks of bigotry and superstition, called forth a powerful and enlightened advocate for the interests of truth, nature, humanity and true religion.

Add to this, that it was proved beyond doubt that in many instances the sacrifice was by no means voluntary, but that scenes of undisguised, and wanton atrocity took place; and that numbers of intelligent natives expressed their surprise that the British Government did not put the practice down, seeing that it was little better than a local abuse of which the great body of the people did not approve. Nay with an adroit stroke of sophistry, the advocates of Suttee turned round upon us, shifting the arms of barbarity from their own shoulders to those of their masters, and argued because the British magistrate came to see that the woman herself desired to burn, that it was British authority that kept up the custom of Suttee and not themselves! Here then was a practice in its mildest form, culpable in the extreme; but in its worst perfectly horrid, and forming a foul blot on the annals of British connexion with India. What a debt of gratitude then do we not all, as well as the natives themselves owe to that distinguished member of an illustrious House, that truly *English* statesman who has stretched forth his arm strong in justice, and while he bestowed a meed of measureless mercy for which thousands still unborn will yet bless his memory; cleared the British name from the stain that so long has unhappily tarnished it!

Much delusion mixed itself up for years with the Suttee question, producing a difference of opinion respecting the expediency of what all were agreed upon as to the abstract principle. Accordingly there were, and for ought we know, are Europeans, who supposed that any interference of authority with the practice would only increase an evil that it was so desirable to put an end to altogether. The fallacy of this objection is perceptible at a glance. It was as much as to say that our hands were not strong enough to put down a system of murder, a position which if it were true would prove that the British were unfit to Govern India, for if authority is not strong enough to protect the weak against the strong, even when backed by the demon of superstition, it is strong for nothing.

By the repeal of the Suttee, which formed no canon of the Hindoo religion, and which even if it had ought not to be permitted by any Government, since toleration then would become cruelty; and it is an axiom of all Governments that crime in the subject must not be permitted to go unpunished. By the abolition of this abhorred practice we say, that the toleration most wisely and properly extended by the British Government to the Hindoo religion remains perfectly untrenched upon.

A Government may tolerate much, but to expect that it should continue to tolerate the destruction of human life under its very eyes, no matter on what pretext, is too absurd to any mind, but one besotted by prejudice, ignorance or superstition. After the

information that accumulated on the subject, and the awful circumstances that were distinctly developed, the only course left, and the only one worthy of a great and just power to pursue, was, since Suttee had been so abused, since it had advanced from its first less revolting position of suicide, to abolish the practice in toto.

That *all* the Hindoos will approve of the abolition is not to be expected. There are two leading reasons why some of them wont like it. These are, the objection of prejudice, and the objection of interest.

Montesquieu in philosophising on national characteristics, attributes to delicacy of organization, some Eastern peculiarities. 'If, he says, to that delicacy of organs which renders the Eastern nations so susceptible of every impression, you add likewise a sort of indolence of mind, naturally connected with that of the body, by means of which they grow incapable of any exertion or effort; it is easy to comprehend that when once the soul has received an impression she cannot change it. This is the reason that the laws, manners, and customs, even those which seem quite indifferent, such as their modes of dress, are the same to this very day in Eastern countries as they were a thousand years ago.*

As to the objection of interest, it is not one of the least extraordinary features of the practice of Suttee, that it came to be regarded as a measure of domestic economy! What says the philo-suttee, is the use of a widow, especially an old one? She only incurs expence, 'come my worthy good woman, you surely cannot be so lost to the honour of your family as to survive your dearly beloved husband, even though he did occasionally give you a beating.' The poor creature thus appealed to cannot resist, and fanaticism or drugs, finish the good work, and thus a burden is got rid of! We grant that many through the sorcery of delusion, might be actuated by more exalted motives, but it will be impracticable for the stoutest advocate for the burning system to deny that it was to a certain extent felt to be economical.

A great and just principle is not to be eventually kept down by such objections, any more than the stone rolling down the mountain's side, is to be turned from its course by a few mice running against it! There are certain things that cannot be permitted to be merely conventional. One of these is the preservation of human life. The abolition measure has therefore vindicated the cause of humanity, justice, and good Government, for as our motto, irrefragably proclaims.

IN A JUST GOVERNMENT, THE LIFE OF THE MEANEST SUBJECT IS PRECIOUS. J.

* Spirit of Laws, Book xiv. chap. v.

LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

LADY—though no poetic fire
 Breathe in my verse—no Muse inspire
 My soul with that resplendent lore
 That glitters in the page of MOORE—
 With WORDSWORTH's sentiment profound—
 Or BYRON's storm of thought and sound—
 Or classic CAMPBELL's patriot glow—
 Or SCOTT's free strain, whose numbers flow
 As wildly as the wandering rills
 Mid Scotia's proud romantic hills—
 The state, the tenderness, and power
 Of SOUTHEY in his happier hour—
 The gentle truth, and visions bold,
 Of him* the "*Tale of Love*" that told—
 Or SHELLEY's wilderness of dreams,
 His thunder clouds, and meteor-gleams—
 Though powers like these alone are given
 To spirits touched with light from heaven,
 Who seem upon this earth to wave
 Celestial wands—and thousands crave
 A spark of their immortal flame,
 To cheer them on the path of fame,
 Yet crave in vain—and mid the throng
 E'en I have dared an idle song—
 Though barren rhymes my labours raise,
 Poor shrubs on which the sun of praise
 But seldom beams,—I do not fear
 Fair LADY! thine indulgent ear;
 For promptly at thy soft command—
 And who could check his heart or hand
 At Beauty's call—I've framed a lay
 Whose sound perchance some future day
 May bid thee hail with kind regard
 The memory of thy friend and bard.

But turning to my task and theme,
 What rays of glory round me stream!
 The dazzling gems these leaves enclose—
 The various spells that Genius throws
 On every page—the flow'rets rare
 Transplanted in this bright Parterre—
 Strike dumb the faint descriptive muse,
 As sun-beams mock the painter's hues;—
 Nor need these simple verses tell
 The hand of TASTE hath chosen well.

D. L. R.

* Coleridge.

THE VICTIM.

A FRAGMENT OF AN EASTERN TALE.

* * * * The voice came through the thick darkness deep and thrilling as the note of the Abyssinian trumpet, but solemn and sweet as the call of the moollah when it floats over the sleeping city on the breath of the grey morning. "Where my star rests there is the victim; thrice must the blow be struck ere the portals of my glory yield entrance to my worshippers; be firm! be fortunate!" A noise like the far off muttering of receding thunder was heard, the darkness cleared away, the bright moon lighted up the frost fogs and the mists of the valley. Amurath stood alone in the shadow of the terrible Dewalaghiri, above him hung those awful summits of eternal snow, around him was the silence of death.

* * * * * There was stillness in the palace of the great merchant Kara Mostapha, the bridal feast was over, and nothing broke the quiet of the marble halls but the murmuring of the soft night wind amongst the branches of the jassamin and rose trees, and the plash of the numerous fountains as their silver waters glittering in the moonlight fell back like showers of pearls into their basons of jasper and agate.

Mourad the brave soldier who rescued Kara Mostapha from the Bedouins, who had made the Koords tremble before the banner of the crescent, who at the risk of his own life saved the only daughter of the great merchant, when her boat sunk in the rapid waters of the Tigris, has this day espoused her, the beautiful, the rose of Bagdad—the pearl of terrestrial loveliness. "Do you see that dim purple light like a star that seems to hover over the house of Kara Mostapha?" said a solitary passenger in the still and deserted street to a soldier of the night watch. I do, replied the soldier, and now the moon has set, it seems brighter; may the prophet avert evil omens! See it sinks into the gilt roof of the Harem, now it is gone; how fast the black clouds are gathering, the big rain drops are beginning to fall heavy and frequent, and hark to the thunder growling a far off—salaam salaam shikoom; I must reach the caravanserai ere the storm comes on. There was a scream louder than the howling of the tempest, another and another, a scream of death from the haram of the palace of the rich merchant; lamps and torches blazed and gleamed with a dusky flame in the white glare of the ceaseless lightning, and glanced upon spears and flashing scimitars and the unturbaned heads of men who had risen and grasped their arms

in wild haste. Shouts, execrations and threats of vengeance were mingled with the roar of the increasing storm, and the ceaseless cry of despairing women—the bride lay murdered on the bridal couch, where was the bridegroom ?

* * * * *

The sun was sinking in all the glory of a Persian summer evening—the hills, the woods, appeared as if viewed through a transparent dew of gold, far in the distance arose the vast peak of Demawend reflecting back from its summit of eternal snow the crimson radiance of the western sky, but with a softer hue, like that rosy light which fills the fourth heaven ; nearer were the white slender Meenars of the modest village musjeed, rising above the dark tamarind foliage which encompassed them like columns of pearl in the green caves of the ocean. The purple mist was gathering in the vallies and there was no sound to break the deep tranquillity of the hour save the long solemn call of the Mezzouin to evening devotion. Amurath gazed upon the scene before him and for a moment the visions of revenge, and the remembrance of past glory, faded from his mind, his head drooped, he covered his face with his hand and sighed deeply, the sound aroused the little Yousef, who was reclined contentedly on the flowery bank, his head resting on the knees of his friend, and his eyes fixed upon the beautiful clouds which floated around the setting sun. Alas you are unhappy ! said the affectionate child, removing Amurath's hand from his face, and gazing with kind earnestness upon the noble but wasted features of the exiled prince, you are unhappy Mourad, how shall I please you ? Dear Mourad how shall I make you happy ? shall I climb those trees over the stream for a cool pomgranate to refresh you ? shall I bring your kullean ? shall I tell the tale poor Leila taught me ? what shall I do to make you look less sadly ?—nothing, nothing my excellent child answered Amurath, kissing his snowy forehead, it is sunset, my strength is scarce equal to the fast our faith enjoins, but the evening meal will restore me—well, cried the delighted boy, how glad, how glad I shall be, there are the beautiful grapes my uncle Mostapha has sent, and I have gathered some fresh oranges, and my mother has prepared a wheaten cake, and then my uncle you know sups with us, and, added he laughing and clapping his little hands, he has ever a flask of sheeraz wine and that shall restore you Mourad. But you forget my dear Yousef, said Amurath, in a melancholy tone, you forget in anticipating the pleasures of our feast that it is to be the last we shall partake together. Alas alas ! cried the child, why did you remind me of that, unkind Mourad ; as I rested with my head upon your knee and watched the beautiful sky, I ceased to think upon the miserable tomorrow. Oh Mourad, Mourad ! do not say that we part to meet

no more, tell me that you will come to me in Missr; I shall be a great man, my uncle says I shall—I shall have camels and horses and slaves and gold, but I will give all to you; and then I will cool your sherbet, and bring your kullian, and twine my fingers in this beautiful hair, and kiss you, as I do now—nay Mourad do not speak sadly, do not look sorrowfully upon me, but call me your own Yousef, your little brother—and bid Allah bless me as you did that night when I found you lying by the side of the swollen stream, worn out by the storm, fainting with hunger and fatigue; and warmed your cold hands and gave you beed mushk. The obdurate heart of the Prince was touched—with a trembling voice and downcast eye he called upon Allah to bless his little preserver, whilst the tears coursed down his cheeks and he pressed the innocent to his breast. But stay, cried the child, suddenly breaking away from him, I have heard Fakeer Moolah say that when our hearts wish for happiness, we should pray to God and his Prophet who are alone able to grant it to us—hark to the Allah Hu! it is the hour of the evening Numaz. I will pray Mourad that we may meet again, do thou pray with me and I know that Allah will give us what we ask, I know he will not refuse you any thing for I am sure I could not—with these words he turned his face to the South and prostrated himself in humble adoration before the Eternal. His prayers ascended to the seventh Heaven with the incense of the sweet flowers around him, an offering not more pure than that of his simple and loving heart—Amurath who had been much affected by the whole of the child's behaviour viewed him with humid eyes and with a fondness which he had not imagined he could have felt again towards any human being. If ever I am restored to Empire, said he internally, and his eye was brighter with the thought; that boy shall be high among the highest, but poor Yousef I will not hurt thy gentle heart even now—my prayers!—poor child! he little knows that while my head bows my heart cannot bend: but no matter I will not deny him all the gratification an empty ceremony can afford to his innocent mind. Making these reflections Amurath stepped towards his little friend with an intention of prostrating himself by his side; but he was spared this mockery of adoration. On a sudden he stopped like one frozen by the breath of the Sassir, his face became livid, large drops of agony trembled on his forehead, his features were convulsed, he stared wildly for a moment and beheld—Merciful Allah!—over the head of the kind hearted, the innocent, the gentle Yousef hovered the still solitary violet star which called for his destruction. At first the wretched Amurath desired to doubt the evidence of his senses, he struck his eyes violently with his clenched hand as if to

JANUARY 1830. K

blind them to the fatal object, but the star remained burning dimly and silently over the devoted victim. Amurath's breath came thick, the original black drop that poisoned his heart's blood spread like fire through every vein, yet still he hesitated to execute the dreadful office he had bound himself to perform. Curses on my hesitation, muttered he convulsively—is it thus I prove myself worthy of the aid of the inflexible and mighty being who only asks this poor sacrifice in return? is it thus I prove myself worthy of empire, of revenge—have the young and the brave fallen beneath my sabre, has my dagger drank the blood of the grey-haired and the beautiful, and am I to be baulked when on the very threshold of my glory by compassion for a foolish child? Curses on my woman's heart, but curses on ye, ye fiends who exact this sacrifice. Come round abhorred, despised, spirits of murder and of darkness; guide my steel, receive your victim. He advanced with a noiseless but unsteady step towards the prostrate infant, again he paused for the sweet accents of the little Yusef's childish Namaz came upon his ear like a fresh breeze upon the brow of a fainting traveller. "Spare Mourad," prayed the unsuspecting child, "Spare him Gracious Allah until I am rich and great, and can make him happy." Amurath had not lost all human feeling and affections—his heart was hard, but it was not of steel or of marble; for a moment the struggle was dreadful within him, his breast was torn and his frame was shaken by a thousand contending feelings, his good genius appeared for a single instant to triumph; Empire, revenge, all were forgotten; Amurath might still have lived to repent—slowly then was he sheathing his half drawn dagger, while a tear he endeavoured in vain to repress trembled on his cheek, his purpose was given up, and he turned to fly from the dangerous spot, when suddenly a light scornful burst of laughter floated in the air above him, like the hum of bees when there is the silence of hot noon in the still valleys of Sylhet—Amurath started, he glanced wildly and savagely around, his fierce and indignant spirit appeared to blaze in every feature of his face, his teeth were set—his eyes flashed fire, he grasped his dagger and the next moment it was buried to the very hilt in his preserver's body. No scream, no struggle announced the sensations of his innocent victim; the stroke was sure as it was sudden, the luckless Yusef fell upon his face without a groan and yielded up his holy and spotless soul to Azrael the Angel of Death.

THE ANNUALS FOR MDCCCXXX.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING—FORGET-ME-NOT—BENGAL ANNUAL.

We have been favored with the proof sheets and engravings of the *Friendship's Offering* for 1830, and as we have reason to believe that we possess the only copy of the work in this country it affords us great pleasure to be able to make liberal extracts from its pages for the amusement of our Readers. It is really surprising to observe the rapidity with which the *Annals* are now prepared for publication. The present work must have been nearly finished in the early part of August, and Ackermann's *Forget-me-Not*, was ready perhaps a month before. We hear that the latter publication has also been received in this country, and will be exposed for sale, perhaps before the appearance of our Magazine. Should we be fortunate enough to procure a copy in sufficient time we shall give our Readers some account, with a few specimens, of its contents.

The FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING for 1830 will support, but not increase the reputation, of this pleasing and elegant publication. We believe it is still edited by Mr. Thomas Pringle, though as our copy is defective in the title page and preface, which were not printed at the time the book was sent us, we cannot be sure that we owe the selection and arrangement of the articles and engravings to his acknowledged taste and experience. Whoever may be the Editor, however, the work will reflect credit on his name. It opens with the following very pleasant prologue in which, as the talkative little Book is represented as of the feminine gender, we can excuse an air of good humoured vanity, and a slight touch of jealousy and pretension.

PROLOGUE.

(*Liber Loquutus.*)

KIND Reader—here thine ear incline :
 I am the SEVENTH of my line ;
 Before me six fair sisters passed,
 Each sweet one lovelier than the last ;
 With charms to win both ear and eye,
 They came—they conquered—and swam by.
 'Tis now my turn—and I am told—
 (For though I blush to seem so bold—
 So vainly vaunting of my beauty,
 I must, you know, perform my duty)
 I'm told that I shall far outshine
 The elder sisters of my line ;

That the first talents of the land
 Have in my training had a hand ;
 That money has been freely spent
 In giving me accomplishment ;
 And nought, in short, has been awaiting
 To make me perfectly enchanting.

Nay more : my kind admirers hint
 (Though I dare say there's nothing in't)
 That even the brilliant SOUVENIR
 Will be eclipsed when I appear ;
 That the meek, prudish AMULET
 With bitter jealousy will fret ;
 That KEEPSAKE, GEM, FORGET-ME-NOT,
 And some whose names I have forgot,
 Who dress themselves in silk attire,
 For very envy will expire.

I mention this by way of jest—
 Not that I credit it the least.
 Comparisons might seem invidious—
 I just shall hint—I'm not *quite* bideous :
 We ALL, I trust, shall lovers gain,
 For men by diverse charms are ta'en ;
 Some fancy looks demure and grave,
 Such as my serious cousins have,
 OFFERING and AMULET, dear creatures ;
 Some like the more coquettish features
 Of KEEPSAKE, that court-loving dame,
 Who sets all Bond-street in a flame ;
 Some doat on pretty BIJOU ; many
 Prefer sweet SOUVENIR to any ;
 Others, again, have ne'er forgot
 Their dear first love, FORGET-ME-NOT ;
 Still, on the whole—if friends don't flatter—
 I bear the bell. But that's no matter ;
 We are a band of bright compeers—
 Why should we pull each others' ears ?
 Our competition brings much good,
 If followed in a generous mood.
 'Tis owned that our own glorious land
 Alone can boast so fair a band :
 Then, let our jealousy be shewn
 How best to keep that boast our own ;
 And teach our offspring to inherit
 The noble RIVALSHIP OF MERIT.

Oct. 1829.

F. O.

The next article is a poem entitled "*A Cry from South Africa.*"
 by James Montgomery, the celebrated Bard of Sheffield. It con-

tains perhaps more religion and philanthropy than good poetry though even as a literary composition it is by no means discreditable to his genius.

The next article that attracts our notice is *The outline of a Life* by William Kennedy, the author of a little volume of Poetry, entitled: "Fitful Fancies." There is considerable power and condensation in this story, but it is too desperately sad, and there is occasionally a visible hankering after startling effects. These faults are also observable in the Author's Poetry, which with some energy and spirit, is a little melo-dramatic, and betrays at times the "toil and trouble" of the author, and his determination to be outrageously wretched. He is capable of better things, and if he would only look on the sunny side of the moral and external world, he would be a happier man, and a more useful and agreeable writer.

We think it one of the greatest objections to our Literary Annuals that so many murky and miserable narratives are allowed to darken their pages and invest them with a character of gloom, that is utterly at variance with the nature of a Keepsake, which should rather inspire gladness and merriment, than tears and horror. If these melancholy contributions are encouraged and increase upon us, a Literary Annual, will eventually resemble Pandora's box, and be the last thing in the world that we should offer to a friend. What often renders these horrible stories, the more objectionable, is that they have no moral end in view, and gratuitously harrow up the reader's mind for no better purpose than to prove the author's power of inflicting pain.

On the whole however the prose compositions in the volume before us, though too often imbued with the melancholy, we have just reprobated, are more able and spirited than the poetical. The reverse is usually the case in the other Annuals. There are nevertheless many very beautiful verses, scattered through the work, and a few of them we must lay before our readers. The following little poem entitled "*The Song of the Forsaken Maid*" is full of simple pathos.

SONG OF THE FORSAKEN MAID.

I.

OH, weel I mind! the moon shang bricht
 Upon the wave her quivering flame;
 The birds sang love frae houe and heicht,—
 An' ane was by I daurna name.
 The fields are mute, the sangsters flown;
 The leaves hae left the silent tree;
 In haste awa the Spring has stown;
 An' my fause love's forsaken me.

II.

Forgotten is that minstrel strain,
 Sae loved an' lost; without regret
 The wave in darkness sleeps again—
 An' why maun I remember yet?
 Oh, gin that lesson I could wrest
 Frae thy deep heart, thou darksome sea!
 An' whare suld I sae saftly rest,
 Sin' my fause love's forsaken me?

Some "Lines to the Redbreast," by John Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, though rather too long for extract have much of the tenderness and truth of Burns. The Stanzas entitled "The Hills and Freedom," by C. Redding, the acting, though not ostensible Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, have spirit and animation.

This gentleman has lately published a volume of Martial Songs, and though it has not yet reached India, as we had formerly the pleasure of perusing it in manuscript we can testify to the energy and fervour of its contents.

The following are the Stanzas we have just alluded to, and though they are by no means equal to some of the Author's collected Songs, they exhibit his love of Freedom, and deserve the praise we have awarded them.

THE HILLS AND FREEDOM.

BY C. REDDING.

THE hills, the hills, eternal hills!
 O for the hills on high!
 Their dizzy steep that fear instils,
 Their wild blast's hollow sigh.
 The hills, the hills, the eternal hills!
 O for the hills, again!
 Their name the soul with freedom fills—
 The slave dwells on the plain!
 The eternal hills that prop the sky!
 Their mane of rolling cloud,
 The lightning their red canopy,
 Their music thunder loud;
 Or clad in purple robes that vie
 With Tyrian colour bright,
 Proud of their brave regality,
 Encrowned with starry light.
 Dark forests on their shaggy side,
 And heaths of rich perfume,
 Tall brows of adamant pride
 Frowning o'er dells of gloom,
 Where mountain nymphs in robes of blue]
 Confess love's genial tie,
 And nurse a hardy race, and true
 To deathless liberty.

The hills, the hills, the eternal hills !
 O for their shades once more !
 Their breath of life, their heaven-fed rills,
 Their torrents' dashing roar :
 Leave slaves their plain and Capuan ease,
 The stagnant waters home,
 Me, the eternal mountains please,
 And cataracts wild in foam.

Our next extract is a Sonnet of much elegance and beauty.

LAKE SCENERY.

A LINE of glorious light upon the hills
 Edged the horizon. All the landscape lay
 In deepest shadow ; but the living rills,
 Like veins amid the mountains, lapsed away
 Through the purpled garment of the day,
 Sparkling in silvery beauty. At my feet,
 Clad in a garb of twilight-tintured grey,
 The stirless lake reposed in slumber sweet ;
 And in its waveless mirror were enshrined
 The sun-tipt mountains and the laughing streams
 And shadowy landscape—perfectly defined,
 As childhood's visions are in after dreams.
 Above the sky was beautifully blue,—
 And one fair star beamed tremulously through.

R. F. H.

The next is almost as good though its merit is of a different character.

SONNET.

DEATH AND TIME.

TIME, taunting, said to Man with anstere brow,
 "Thou fool to pile up monuments of fame ;
 Thy lesser works are durable as thou—
 The pyramids bear not the builders' name."
 Death, Time's dark page, to Man in triumph said,
 "Thy mighty schemes of little power resign,
 Millions, whence thou art sprung, are with the dead,
 Canst thou escape ? even Time himself is mine."
 Then Man looked round with a despairing eye,
 And asked his heart and heaven, 'if this were so ?'
 Straight from the blooming earth, and glorious sky,
 And from the soul, came the full answer—"No !"—
 Immortal hope then raised Man's brow sublime,—
 And from him shrunk the Conquerors, Death and Time !

The following "Lines written in an Album," are by Mr. Thomas Pringle, and are creditable to that accomplished and interesting writer.

THIS fair Volume to our eye
Human life may typify.
View the new-born infant's face
Ere yet Mind hath stamped its trace,
Or the young brain begun to think—
'Tis like this book ere touched by ink.
Look again: As time flows by
Expression kindles in the eye,
And dawning Intellect appears
Gleaming through its smiles and tears;
Lightening up the living clay,
Year by year, and day by day;
While the Passions, as they change,
Write inscriptions deep and strange;
Telling to observant eyes
Life's eventful histories.

Lady, even so thy book
By degrees shall change its look,
As each following leaf is fraught
With some penned or pictured thought,
Or admits the treasured claims
Of endeared and honoured names;
While gleams of genius and of grace,
Like fine expression in a face,
Lend even to what is dark or dull
Some bright tinge of the beautiful.

Farther still in graver mood
Trace we the similitude?
Apt'er yet the emblem grows
As we trace it to a close.
Life, with all its freaks and follies,
Mummeries and melancholies,
Fond conceits, ill-sorted matches,
Is—a book of shreds and patches;
Stained, alas! with many a blot,
And many a word we wish forgot,
And vain repinings for the past:
While Time, who turns the leaves so fast,
(The hour-glass in his other hand
With its ever-oozing sand,)
Presents full soon the final page
To the failing eye of Age,
Scribbled closely to the end—
Without a space to mar or mend.

We have now perhaps extracted enough of the Poetry, and must proceed to a further notice of the prose and make a few selections from this department of the book. The prose piece, entitled "*Reading the News*" by Charles Knight, and which was written to illustrate an engraving of a picture after Wilkie, is one of the most meagre productions we have seen for a long time, and is wholly unworthy of the subject.

"*The Voyage Out*," by Mrs. Bowdich, is not much better. The circumstances that occasionally happen on a sea-voyage are not naturally introduced, but are forcibly crowded together, like beasts in a menagerie, for mere show. We are surprized at this want of tact and verisimilitude, in a talented and experienced writer like Mrs. Bowdich. These faults however, are perhaps partly to be attributed to the confined limits permitted to a story-teller in the London Annuals. When materials which would form a volume, are to be condensed into eight or ten pages, it is not easy to preserve nature and consistency, and writers in such cases, anxious to omit nothing, which they deem characteristic or important, fill the space allotted them with more than it can fairly hold. The consequence is a want of harmony and connection that is destructive of all effect.

The story of "*The Cobbler over the Way*," by Miss Mitford, though a little too puerile, is told in the easy and pleasant manner, which characterizes that popular writer. "*The Lover's Leap, a Highland Legend*," by Leitch Ritchie, is an extremely powerful and well wrought narrative, but would be more to our taste, if its conclusion were less distressing. "*The White Bristol*," the production of one of "the O'Hara Family," is lively and clever. But we are weary of particularizing every separate article, and suspect our weariness may be contagious. We shall therefore proceed at once to our extracts. Our first shall be a graphic Irish sketch, by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

LARRY MOORE.

"THINK of to-morrow!"—that is what no Irish peasant ever did yet, with a view of providing for it: at least no one I have had an opportunity of being acquainted with. He will think of any thing—of every thing but that. There is Larry Moore, for example: who, that has ever visited my own pastoral village of Bannow, is unacquainted with Larry, the Bannow boatman—the invaluable Larry—who, tipsy or sober, asleep or awake, rows his boat with undeviating power and precision?—He, alas! is a strong proof of the truth of my observation. Look at him on a fine sunny day in June. The cliffs that skirt the shore where his boat is moored are crowned with wild furze; while, here and there, a turf of white or yellow broom sprouting a little above the bluish green of its prickly neighbour, waves its blossoms, and flings its fragrance to the passing breeze. Down to the very edge of the rippling waves is almost one unbroken bed of purple thyme, glowing and beautiful;—and there Larry's goat, with her two sportive kids—sly, cunning rogues!—find rich pasture—now nibbling the broom blossoms, now sporting amid the furze, and making the scenery re-echo with their musical bleating. The little island opposite Larry considers his own particular property; not that a single sod of its bright greenery belongs to him—but, to use his own words—"sure it's all as

bow my own—don't I see it—don't I walk upon it—and the very water that it's set in is my own; for sorra' a one can put foot on it widout me and the coble, that have been hand and glove as good as forty years." But look, I pray you, upon Larry:—there he lies, stretched in the sun-light, at full length, on the firm sand, like a man-porpoise—sometimes on his back—then slowly turning on his side—but his most usual attitude is a sort of reclining position against that flat grey stone—just at high water mark: he selects it as his constant resting-place, because (again to use his own words) "the tide, bad cess to it, was apt to come fast in upon a body, and there was a dale of throuble in moving; but even if one chanced to fall asleep, sorra' a mortal of harm the salt water could do ye on the grey stone, where a living mer-woman sat every new year's night combing her black hair, and making beautiful music to the wild waves,—who, consequently, traded her sate wid grate respect.—Why not?"—There, then, is Larry—his chest leaning on the mer-maid's stone, as we call it—his long bare legs stretched out behind—kicking occasionally, as a gad-fly or merry-hopper skips about, what he naturally considers lawful prey:—his lower garments have evidently once been trowsers—blue trowsers; but as Larry, when in motion, is amphibious, they have experienced the decaying effects of salt water, and now only descend to the knee, where they terminate in unequal fringes. Indeed his frieze jacket is no great thing, being much rubbed at the elbows—and no wonder for Larry, when awake, is ever employed, either in pelting the sea-gulls (who, to confess the truth, treat him with very little respect), rowing his boat, or watching the circles which the large and small pebbles he throws in form on the surface of the palm waters—and as Larry, of course, rests his arm, while he performs the above-named exploits—the sleeves must wear, for frieze is not 'impenetrable stuff.' His hat is a natural curiosity—composed of sun-burnt straw, banded by a misshapen sea-fibbon, and garnished by 'delisk, red and green—his cutty pipe, stuck through a slit in the brim, which bends it directly over the left eye, and keeps it "quite handy widout any trouble." His bushy reddish hair persists in obstinately pushing its way out of every hole in his extraordinary hat, or clusters strangely over his Herculean shoulders—and a low furrowed brow, very unpromising in the eye of a phreologist:—in truth, Larry has somewhat of a dogged expression of countenance, which is relieved, at times, by the humorous twinkling of his little grey eyes—pretty much in the manner that a star or two illumine the dreary blank of a cloudy November night. The most conspicuous part of his attire, however, is an undressed wide leather belt, that passes over one shoulder, and then under another strap of the same material that encircles his waist: from this depends a rough wooden case, containing his whisky bottle; a long narrow knife; pieces of rope of various length and thickness; and a pouch which contains the money he earns in his 'vocation.'

"Good morrow Larry!"—

"Good morrow kindly, my lady! may be ye'r going across?"—

"No thank ye, Larry—but there is a silver sixpence for good luck."

"Ough! God's blessing be about ye.—I said so to my woman this morning, and she bothering the sowl out o' me for money, as if I could make myself into silver, let alone brass:—ay, says I, what trouble ye takes; sure we had a good dinner yesterday; and more by tokens the grawls were so played wid the mite, the creature! sorra' a morsel o' pratee they'd put into their mouths;—and we'll have as good a one to-day."

"The ferry is absolutely filled with fish, Larry—if you would only take the trouble to catch it!"—

"Is it fish! Ough! Sorra' fancy I have for fasting-mate—besides it's mighty watry, and a dale of trouble to catch. A grate baste of a cod leapt into my boat yesterday, and I lying just here, and the boat close up; I thought it would ha' staid asy while I holloded to Tom, who was near breaking his neck after the amphire for the quality, the gomersal!—but, my jawil! it was whip and a way wid it all in a minit—back to the water.—Small loss!"

"But Larry, it would have made an excellent dinner."

"Sure I'm after telling y'er ladyship that we had a rale mate dinner by good luck yesterday."

Boat.

"But to-day, by your own confession, you had nothing."

"Sure you've just given me sixpence."—

"But suppose I had not!"

"Where's the good of thinking that, now?"

"Oh Larry, I'm afraid you never think of to-morrow!"

"There's not a man in the whole parish of Bannow thinks more of it nor I do," responded Larry, raising himself up; "and to prove it to ye, madam dear, we'll have a wet night—I see the sign of it for all the sun's so bright—both in the air and the water."

"Then Larry, take my advice, go home and mend the great hole that is in the hatch of your cabin."

"Is it the hole! where's the good of losing time about it now, when the weather's so fine?"—

"But when the rain comes?"—

"Lord bless ye, my lady, sure I can't hinder the rain!—and sure it's fitter for me to stand under the roof in a dry spot, than to go out in the teams to stop up a taste of a hole.—Sorra's a drop comes through it in dry weather."

"Larry, you truly need not waste so much time: it is ten chances to one if you get a single fare to-day—and here you stay doing nothing. You might usefully employ yourself by a little foresight."

"Would ye have me desert my trust! Sure I must mind the boat. But God bless ye, ma'm darlint, don't be so hard intirely upon me; for I get a dale o' blame I don't; by no manner of means deserve.—My wife turns at me as wicked as a weazel because I gave my consent to our Nancy's marrying Matty Quough; and she says they were bad to come together on account that they had'n't enough to pay the priest; and the upshot of the matter is, that the girl and a grand-child is come back upon us; and the husband is off—God knows where."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Larry; but your son James, by this time, must be able to assist you."

"These it is again, my lady! James was never very bright—and his mother was always at him, plaguing his life out to go to Mister Bes's school and saving, a dale about the time to come; but I didn't care to bother the cratur—and I'm sorry to say he's turned out rather obstinate, and even the priest says it's because I never think of to-morrow."

"I'm glad to find the priest is of my opinion: but tell me, have you fitted the pig Mr. Herriott gave you?"

"Oh! my bitter curse (axing ye'r pardon, my lady) be upon all the pigs in and out of Ireland—that pig has been the ruin of me,—it has such a taste for biting young ducks as never was in the world; and I always tether him by the leg when I'm going out;—but he's so cute now, he cuts the tether."

"Why not confine him in a sty—you are close to the quarry, and could build one in half an hour?"

"Is it a sty for the likes of him!—cock him up with a sty! Ogh Musha! Musha! the tether keeps him say for the day!"—

"But not for the morrow, Larry."

"Now ye'r at me again—you that always stood my friend. Meal-a-murder, if there isn't Rashleigh Jones making signs for the boat! Oh! ye'r in a hurry are ye!—well, ye' must wait till ye'r hurry is over—I am not going to hurry myself, and whiskey in my bottle, and sixpence in my pocket, for priest or minister."

"But the more you earn, the better Larry."

"Sure I've enough for to-day."

"But not for to-morrow, Larry."

"True for ye, ma'm dear—though people takes a dale o' trouble, I'm thinking, when they've full and plenty at the same time; and I don't like bothering about it then—and it'll be all the same in a hundred years. Sure I see ye plain enough Master Rashleigh.—God help me—I broke the oar yesterday—and never thought to get it mended—and my head's splitting open with the pain—I took a sleep too much last night and that makes me fit for nothing."

"On the morrow, Larry!"

"Faith! ma'm dear, you're too bad. Oh dear! If I'd had the sense to set the lobster pots last night, what a power I'd ha' caught; they're dancing the hays merrily down there, the cowardly blackguards—but I did not think——"

"Of the morrow, Larry."

"Oh then let me alone, lady dear! What will I do wid the car! Jim Connor gave me a beautiful piece of strong rope yesterday, but I did n't want it—and---I believe one of the childre got hold of it---I did n't think——"

"Of the morrow, Larry!"

"By dad I have it!--I can poke the coble on with this ould pitch fork; there's not much good in it; but never heed---it's the master's; and he's too much of a jontleman to mind trifles; though I'm thinking times an't as good wid him now as they tined to be; for Barney Clarey tould Nelly Parell, who tould Tom Lavery---, who tould it out forenent me and a dale more genteel men who were taking a drop o' comfort at St. Patrick's---as how they bottle the whisky and salt the mate at the big house; and if that isn't a bad sign, I don't know what is---though we may thank the English housekeeper for it, I'm thinking wid her beaver bonnet and her yellow silk shawl, that my wife (who knows the differ) says, afterall, is only calico-cotton."

"What do you mean by bottling the whisky and salting the meat, Larry!"

"Now, don't be coming over us after that fashion; may be ye don't know, indeed! Sure the right way, my lady is to have the whisky upon draught; and then it's so refreshing of a hot summer's day to take a good hearty awig;—and in winter—by the powers! Ma'm, honey—let me just take the liberty of advising you never to desert the whisky; it'll always keep the ould out of y'er heart, and the trouble from y'er eye.—Sure the clargy take to it—and the lawyers take to it, far before new milk;—and his holiness the Pope—God bless him—to say nothing of the king (who's the first king of heart of hearts we ever had)—drinks nothing but Innishown—which, to my taste, hasn't half the fire of the rale Potteen. It's next to a deadly sin to bottle whisky in a jontleman's house:—and as to salting mate!—sure the ancient Irish fashion—the fashion of the good ould times is just to kill the baste, and thin hang it by the legs in a convenient place; and, to be sure, every one can take a part of what they like best."

"But do you know that the English think of to-morrow, Larry!"

"Ay, the tame negress! that's the way they get rich, and sniff at the world, my jewil; and they no oulder in it than Henry the Second; for sure if there had been English before his time, its long sorry they'd ha' been to let Ireland alone."

"Do you think so, indeed, Larry?"

"I'll prove it to ye, my lady, if ye'll jist wait till I bring over that impatient chap, Rashleigh Jones, who's ever running after the day, as if he hadn't a bit to eat:---there, d'ye see him! he's dancing mad---he may just as well take it say. It's such as him give people the fever. There's that devil of a goat grinning at me; gorra! a drop of milk can we get from her, for she won't stand quiet for a body to catch her; and my wife's not able, and I'm not willing, to go capering over the cliffs. Never mind! sure whisky is better nor milk."

At last Larry and his boat are off, by the assistance of the pitchfork, and most certainly he does not hurry himself; but where is Rashleigh going to? Aal live! he has got into Mr. Dorkin's pleasure boat, that has just turned the corner of the island, and will be at this side before Larry gets to the other. Larry will not easily pardon this encroachment; not because of the money, but because of his privilege. I have heard it rumoured that if Larry does not become more active he will lose his situation; but I cannot believe it: he is, when fairly on the water, the most careful boatman in the county; and permit me to mention, in *sotto voce*.---(I would not have it repeated for the world)---that his master could not possibly dismiss him on the charge of heedlessness, because he himself once possessed *unincumbered* property by field and flood,---wooded hills, verdant vales, and pure-gushing rivers. Those fair heritages are, however, unfortunately passing into the hands of other proprietors; and the hair of the generous good-natured landlord has become white, and sorrow has furrowed his brow, long before sixty summers have glowed upon his head. His children, too, do not hold that station in society to which their birth entitles them; and latterly he has not been so often on the grand jury, nor at the new Member's dinners. The poor love him as well as ever; but the rich have

neglected, in a great degree, his always hospitable board. Rats, it is said, desert a falling house: have nobles, then, the same propensity. Be it as it may the parish priest told me, in confidence, that all the change originated in our excellent friend's never thinking of TO-MORROW.

Our next and last prose extract from the volume is a very eloquent and striking Italian Story, by Mr. J. A. St. John.

LUCIFER.

IN ancient chronicle of Arezzo, which still remains in manuscript in the church of St. Angelo, in that city*, there is found the following very extraordinary story of the painter Spinello Aretino, to which Lanzi alludes briefly, in his History of Painting in Italy. No farther notice has, I believe, been taken of it by any other writer whatever, although it appears to me to be singularly well calculated to gratify or to excite the curiosity of those who love to pry into the mysteries of human nature, and to mark the strange avenues by which mortals sometimes approach the gates of death. Though I was not permitted, while at Arezzo, to copy any portion of the manuscript, the adventures, if they may be so called, of this unfortunate artist, made so profound an impression upon me, that they frequently present themselves to my memory when I least desire it, and float in long and fearful procession before my inward sight saddening and harrowing up my soul. However desirous, therefore, I may be to banish such unpleasant images, forgetfulness is altogether out of the question; and, indeed, I have generally remarked, that when once a disagreeable idea has got footing in the mind, no effort of the will is capable of driving back the unwelcome intruder into oblivion. Perhaps by clothing the vision with words I may in some measure vulgarize it, transform it into a mere tale that is told, and thus prevent it from tormenting me any further; as persons sometimes get rid of a ghost by pointing him out to another.

When Spinello first arrived at Arezzo, he took lodgings in the house of an artist, who, although he possessed no great share of genius, had contrived to amass considerable wealth. This artist was no other than Bernardo Daddi, whose son, also named Bernardo, afterwards became the pupil of Spinello, and almost eclipsed his father's reputation. Besides this son, Bernardo had several other children, and among the rest a daughter named Beatrice, then just verging upon womanhood. With this daughter it was to be expected that Spinello would immediately be in love; but our young artist had left behind him, in his native village, a charming girl, to whom he was in a manner betrothed; and he was the last man in the world to look upon another with a wandering heart. He, therefore, lived in the same house, and ate at the same table with Beatrice, without even discovering that she was beautiful; while they who merely caught a glance of her at church, or as she moved, like a vision, along the public walk, pretended to be consumed with passion.

Fathers, whether their children are beautiful or not, are often desirous of preserving an image of them during their golden age, when time, like the summer sun, is only ripening the fruit he will afterwards wither, and cause to drop from the bough. Bernardo was possessed by this desire; and as he never dreamed that any pencil in Arezzo, but his own, could reproduce upon canvass the lovely countenance of Beatrice, he spent, as from his opulence he could now afford to do, a considerable portion of his time in painting her portrait. The girl, however, who was not greatly addicted to meditation, and could not read, for books had not then come into fashion, grew melancholy during these long sittings, and her father perceived it. At first no remedy presented itself. He endeavoured, indeed, to converse with her a little in his uncouth way; but he had not cultivated the art of talking and quickly exhausted his topics. He next introduced his son Bernardo, the junior of Beatrice by one year, whose efforts at creating amusement, being constrained and unnatural, for he came against his will, were little more successful than his own. At length the idea of engaging the services of his lodger, with whom he had observed that Beatrice sometimes laughed and chatted of an evening, occurred to him, and he forthwith mentioned the subject to Spinello. The young man entertained a very strong affection for Bernardo, who, if

* Vide Catal. Manuscript. Samet. Ang. No. 817. 4to. Rom. 1538.

he wanted; ~~gains~~, was far from being destitute of amiable and endearing qualities; and therefore, notwithstanding that he felt it would greatly interfere with his studies, and trench upon his time, he immediately determined to comply with the old man's desires.

The next morning saw Spinello installed in his new office. Beatrice was seated like a statue in an antique chair, with her arms crossed upon her bosom, her eyes fixed upon vacancy, and her features screwed, in spite of herself, into an expression of weariness and impatience. By degrees, however, as Spinello conversed with her, now of one trifle, then of another, her eyes, involuntarily wandered to that portion of the room in which the young dialectician sat involved in shadow, and exerting all his eloquence and ingenuity to awaken her attention. The experiment succeeded. Spinello was entreated to be present the next day; the day following, and, in fact, every day, until the portrait was completed, or, at least, nearly so. By this means the young man was led to gaze for whole hours together upon the face of Beatrice; until at length, feeling from a distance, as it were, the influence of beauty, he was enabled to explain as well as the old philosopher, why Cupid is painted with arrows. He gazed, as I have said, upon the face of Beatrice, and would sometimes spend a moment in examining the inanimate representation of it, and in instituting a comparison between it and the original; and one day, forgetting in his idolatry of loveliness the respect due to old age, he snatched the pencil from the hand of Bernardo, and with singular ardour and impatience exclaimed—"Let me finish it!" Without uttering a word, the old man, awed by the vehemence of his manner, yielded up the pencil; and Spinello proceeded, as if in a dream, to embody upon the canvass the ideas of beauty which inhabited his soul. When his fit of enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, he perceived what he had done, and began with many blushes, to apologise for his extravagance: but the old man, charmed with the delicacy and freedom of his touches, declared that he alone was competent to represent the charms of Beatrice, and that to him he yielded up the honour.

Spinello, thus entrapped by his own enthusiasm, could do no other than proceed with the portrait. Though infinitely desirous not to wound the feelings of Daddi, he perceived at once that it would be necessary to recast the whole design of the piece, to change the style of colouring—in a word, to paint a new picture. Daddi, who loved his child still more than his art, and wished to preserve and transmit to posterity a likeness of her, by whomsoever painted, was not offended, though he was a little hurt by this freedom, and without murmur or objection allowed Spinello to accomplish his undertaking in whatever manner he pleased. The young man went to work with a satisfaction and alacrity he had never before experienced; and the image of Beatrice, passing into his soul, to be thence reflected, as from one mirror, upon another, on the canvass, shed the slight of paradise over his fancy—as the musk-deer perfumes the thicket in which it plunders.

Though this picture is greatly celebrated in Italy and especially at Arezzo, I shall not pause to describe it minutely, or dwell upon the effect which it produced upon my imagination when I first beheld it. Perhaps, as I knew the story of the artist, my feelings might be traced to another source; but I well remember how strongly I was moved on first beholding the pale and thoughtful countenance of Beatrice. She is represented reclining, in a chaste and thoughtful attitude, on an antique couch at the foot of a pillar: flowers and flowering shrubs appear to shed their perfume all round; and a spreading tree, with a vine loaded with grapes climbing up its trunk and branches, stretches over her. In the back-ground the sky only, and a few dusky trees, appear. The design, it will be perceived, is meagre enough, but the execution is incomparably beautiful; and it may be safely affirmed, that if immortality upon earth was all that Bernardo coveted for his child, his prayer has been granted. A thousand pens have been employed in celebrating this picture, and Italian literature must perish ere Beatrice be forgotten.

It were as easy to count the billows which roll before the breath of the tempest over the wintry sea, as to describe that series of signs by which the soul reveals through the countenance the changes which take place in its condition; and therefore I shall not pretend to say by what means, since it was not by words, Spinello discovered that he was beloved by Beatrice: but assuredly the discovery gave him considerable pain; for he was not one of those vulgar men, who, like the pagans of old, can pass with unscathed from the worship of one idol to another. The

woman, whose image he had first set up in his heart, though the image only had lately been visible to him, was still the deity of the shrine, and he neither dared nor wished to bend the knee to a new object. Still the form of Beatrice would rise up both in his sleeping and waking dreams before his fancy, among his most cherished associations; and her features, although he observed it not, mingled themselves, as it were, with the elements of every picture he painted.

While this was the state of his mind and feelings, Spinello was engaged to paint his famous picture of the 'Fall of the Angels,' for the church of St. Angelo at Arezzo. The design of this great work, which has been celebrated by Vasari, Morelli, and other writers on Italian Art, was at once magnificent and original; and the countenance and figure of Lucifer, upon which the artist appeared to have concentrated all the rays, as it were, of his genius, were conceived in a manner fearful, fully sublime. Spinello disdained the vulgar method of binding together, by an arbitrary link, all the attributes of ugliness, which artists have generally pursued when they would represent the greatest of the fallen angels; and, after meditating long upon the best mode of embodying the principle of evil, determined to clothe it with a certain form of beauty, though of a kind not calculated to delight, but on the contrary to awaken in the soul all those feelings of uneasiness, anxiety, apprehension and terror, which usually lumber in the abysses of our nature, and are disturbed only on very extraordinary occasions. In short, the beauty of Spinello's Lucifer was that of the lightning, dazzling, pale, and fearful, such as it appears, to the benighted traveller on some unknown and unsheltered heath, when the bright streaks, as they pass, appear to be the arrows of death, and himself the quarry of which they are successively darted.

From the moment in which he began to delineate this miraculous figure, a singular change seemed to have taken place in his whole nature. His imagination, like a sea put in motion by the wind, appeared to be in perpetual agitation. He was restless and uneasy when any other occupation kept him away from his picture; and when he returned to it the motions of his mind, far from subsiding into that delicious tranquillity which generally accompanies the performance of a beloved task, only grew more violent and untractable. As his health was good, and his frame vigorous though susceptible, this state of excitement was at first rather pleasing than otherwise. He indulged himself, therefore, with those agitating visions, as they may be called, which the contemplation or recollection of his Lucifer called up before his mind; as daring and ostentatious men sometimes sport upon the edge of a precipice. At length, however, the idea of the mighty fallen angel, whose form he had delighted to clothe with terror and sublimity, began to present itself under a new character to his mind; and instead of being a subject to be fondled, as it were, and caressed by the imagination, seemed as it approached maturity to manifest certain mysterious qualities, which, like the carnivorous propensities of the lion reared in domesticity, were altogether unexpected by the fosterer, and engendered terror and apprehension rather than delight.

Spinello's studio now began to be a place of torture to him, and he turned his eyes towards the amusements of the world, which he had hitherto shunned and scorned. He frequented the society of other young artists, with whom he often strolled into the woods, or rather groves, for which this portion of Etruria was always remarkable, sometimes traversing or descending the Val d'Arno, at others roaming about the ruins, or visiting the site of Pliny's Tuscan Villa. On returning in high spirits from one of these excursions, he learned by the letter of a friend that the object of his first loves had proved unfaithful, and been united in marriage to another. This event, though it had no connexion whatever with his former cause of uneasiness, threw a new gloom over his imagination, in the midst of which the figure of Lucifer, dilating like an image in the mists of the desert, to superhuman dimensions, stood up to scare and torment him wretch.

The unhappy young man, wounded in his feelings, and haunted by the shadow of his own idea, now fled to Beatrice for relief; and her tone of thinking, which had in it something of the Stoic cast, united with a manner at once playful and dignified, delighted him exceedingly. They conversed together on many occasions for whole hours; and the trains of thought which at such times swept like glorious pyramids through his mind, followed each other so rapidly as to allow of the existence of no interval. Scarcely, indeed, Spinello would observe that when engaged in conversation,

rather than in passion, upon the face of Beatrice, a certain something, like a ray of light, or a spark of fire falling upon an altar, would penetrate his soul, and kindle a sudden and fierce pain; but it usually passed quickly away, and was forgotten. By degrees, however, its recurrence became more frequent, and the pain it inflicted more intense; and consequently there soon mingled a considerable portion of uneasiness in his intercourse with his fair and beautiful friend. The existence of this strange feeling, however, appeared to him so extraordinary and inexplicable, that he now began to feel extremely desirous of tracing it to its source, to discover whether it indicated any hateful or abominable quality in the cause of it, or was merely the result of some peculiarity in his own organization. He meditated on the subject in vain. Beatrice always came out of the furnace of examination more bright and pure than ever; and the perplexed, irritated, and unhappy artist, unable to account for the phenomena by which he was tormented, gradually learned to consider them as some of those mysteries of nature, which, however we may scrutinize them, we can never penetrate.

At length the picture was completed, and placed in the church of St. Angelo, above the altar; and Spinello felt relieved, as if the weight of the whole universe had been removed from his spirit. He now chatted with Bernardo, or with his pupil, and the other young artists of Arezzo; or enjoyed the passionate and almost solemn converse of Beatrice, who from a lively, laughing girl, had now been transformed, by some hidden process of nature, into a lofty-minded, commanding woman.

His constant and almost devotional application to his great picture had considerably shattered his nerves, and he felt his natural susceptibility so much increased, that although it was now summer, and the earth covered with glorious verdure, and the air peopled with balmy breezes, which seemed to have dipped their wings in all the spices and perfumes of the East, the horrible idea which had so long haunted him soon returned; and a cloud spread itself over his imagination, which all the hurricanes that vex the ocean could not have blown away. To dissipate this unaccountable sadness, he wandered forth alone, or with Beatrice, over the sunny fields; but he felt, as he wandered, that his heart was a fountain which sent forth two streams, ---the one cool, delicious, healing, as the rivers of Paradise; the other dark, bitter, and burning, like the waters of hell: and they gushed forth alternately, accordingly as his thoughts communicated with the recollection of his own picture, or with the landscapes around him, painted in celestial colours by the hand of God. Beatrice, who walked by his side, was herself a mystery. To feel the pressure of her hand, to hear her breathe, to listen to the music of her voice, was a bliss unspeakable; and there was a sovereign beauty in her countenance which seemed to cast forth rays of joy and gladness upon every thing around her, as the sun lights up with smiles the cool waves of the morning. Yet Spinello felt that as often as this fragment of Paradise, as it might justly be termed, was turned towards him, lightnings appeared to gleam from it which dismayed and withered his soul. At such moments a piercing cold darted through his frame; and when it passed away, a tremor and shivering succeeded, which withered all his energies. In fact, whether in the society of Beatrice or not, Spinello now found that the terrible form of Lucifer, which his genius had created, was ever present with him, standing, as it were, like a mighty shadow, between him and the external world, and eclipsing the glory of earth and heaven. And when in the gloom of the evening he sometimes instinctively closed his eyes, as if to shut out some corporeal sight, he discovered that, like the image of the Oriental lover, the abhorred figure had taken up its abode between his eyelids and his eyes, and was not to be shunned.

The summer passed away in this manner, and autumn drew near; and as the glories of the sun became dimmer, the figure of Lucifer appeared to increase in dimensions and brilliancy, and acquired more power over the imagination of Spinello. The apparition usually made choice of the night for its most awful visits; and when the unhappy artist lay down to court slumber upon his couch, the Lord of Lost Spirits seemed to lie down beside him, in all his fearful beauty, to project himself into the sphere of his sleeping fancy, and to envelop himself in all the folds of his dreams.

Tortured by an enemy who appeared to have passed by some dreadful process into the very core of his being, Spinello felt his energies and his health departing from him; while his imagination, into which every faculty of his mind appeared to be fast melting, increased in force and volume, as a wintry torrent, is increased by the wetness

of every neighbouring streamlet. At length it occurred to him that perhaps this demon of his fancy, which he was well convinced was an unreal phantom, yet could not banish, might possess no resemblance to the figure his pencil had produced; and might disappear, or at least be reduced to the condition of ordinary ideas, by a comparison with the bodily representative of his original conception. This thought presented itself to his mind one night in October, as he lay tossing about in sleepless agony upon his bed. He instantly started up, dressed, threw on his cloak, which the coolness of the night, windy and dark, rendered necessary; and seizing a lighted torch, issued forth towards the church.

The holy edifice stood in those days, when Arezzo was but a small place, at some little distance from the dwellings of the citizens, and was surrounded by a thick grove of cypresses mingled with pine trees. The townsfolk had long retired to rest, and the streets were empty and desolate. Not even the shadow of a monk fitted by him as he passed, with his torch flaring in the wind, and casting an awful and almost magical light upon the houses, painted according to the fashion of the time and country, in broad stripes of deep red and white. As he approached the church, the wind, whistling through the pine branches, which swung to and fro, and flapped against each other, like the wings of the fabled Simoorgh, or of some mighty demon struggling with the blast, sounded like numerous voices issuing from the black roof of clouds above him, and shrieking as he passed. At length he entered the church, which in those times stood open day and night to the piety of the people, and drew near the altar. Upon the walls on both sides were suspended rude images of the Saviour carved in wood, and blackened by time, and numerous antique scripture-pieces by Giotto, Cimabue, and other fathers of the art, which seemed to start into momentary existence as Spinello's torch cast its red light upon them. At every step, his heart beat violently against his side, and appeared as if it would mount into his throat and choke him. But his courage did not fail, and he ascended the Mosaic steps of the chancel, and, with his torch in one hand, climbed up upon the altar and lifted his eyes towards the picture. As he stood on tip-toe on the altar and passed his torch along the wall, the mighty ranks of the fallen angels, in headlong flight before the thunderbolts of heaven, seemed to emerge from the darkness, with the awful form of Lucifer in the extreme rear reluctantly yielding even to Omnipotence itself, while blasting lightnings played about his brow and eyes, that flashed with the fires of inextinguishable fury. On first casting his eyes over his picture, a feeling of self-complacency and pride stole over the soul of the artist. No one had ever before succeeded, as no one but Milton has since, in delineating that tremendous majesty which sits upon the throne of hell. But as he continued to gaze with a kind of idolatry at the work of his own hands, his imagination became excited by degrees, and life appeared to be infused into the figure of the gigantic demon. In spite of the singular beauty of the features, which looked like those of an arch-angel, the face before him appeared to be but a mask, beneath which all the passions of hell were struggling, gnawing, and stinging, and devouring the heart of their possessor. "The baleful eyes, that witnessed huge affliction and dismay," appeared to flame in the obscure light, like the fabled carbuncle of the Kaianian king; and the mighty limbs seemed to make an effort to free themselves from the canvass, and spring forth upon the floor of God's temple. As this idea rushed upon the mind of Spinello, the wind, moaning through the aisles, and multiplied by the echoes, sounded like the voices of wailing and desolation, which, the imagination may suppose, mingled in dismal concert when the spirits fell from heaven; and the artist, overpowered by the crowd of horrors which fastened like hungry vultures upon his fancy, sprang from the altar, and, stumbling in his haste, extinguished his torch. His imagination, now wrought up to a frenzied pitch by the awful scene, distinguished in every mean of the blast the shrieks of a fallen spirit; and the wind, as if to increase his misery, raised its voice and swept through the sacred building with tremendous power, howling, and shrieking, and gibbering as it passed. The demonic excitement of the moment now became too great to be endured. Spinello sank upon the ground, struck his forehead against an angle of the altar, and fainted away. How long he remained in this condition, he could never conjecture; but when he recovered his senses, all around him appeared like the illusion of a dream. The wind had died away, the darkness had disappeared, the moon had risen, and was now throwing in its mild and beautiful light through the long win-

dows upon the chequered pavement ; and, rising from the ground, he crawled out of the church and reached his lodgings.

The next day he was too unwell to leave his bed ; and Bernardo, with his whole family who loved the young man, and were anxious to discover and remove the cause of his misery, came to see and console him. Beatrice was the first who entered ; and when Spinello heard the sound of her footsteps, which he could most accurately distinguish, a beam of joy visited his heart, a tear of delight trembled in his eye, and he blessed her fervently. When he lifted his eyes to her countenance, however, the vision of the preceding night seemed to be renewed, and the hated form of Lucifer, with all his infernal legions, swept before his fancy. Ignorant of what was passing through his mind and with a heart yearning towards him with more than a sister's love, Beatrice approached his bed, and, kneeling down beside it took hold of his hand which was stretched out languidly towards her. She felt that it was burning with fever, and that his whole frame was at that moment agitated in a fearful manner. He spoke not a word ; but turned away his face, as if by a desperate effort to recover his composure, while he held her hand with a convulsive grasp. She saw his chest heave, and his eyes roll awfully as he gradually turned towards her. And at length, finding it was vain to struggle any longer to conceal his feelings, he threw himself upon his face, pressed her trembling hand to his lips, and burst into a passionate and uncontrollable flood of tears. Beatrice, surprised and overcome by the scene, hid her own face in the clothes and wept with him ; while her father, her mother, and the whole family, stood motionless upon the floor of the apartment, transfixed with sorrow and oblivious of every other consideration.

By degrees the young man recovered his composure, as persons generally do after shedding tears, and his heart-seemed to be relieved. Beatrice also experienced the same change ; and her father a humane and compassionate old man, supposing that love might have some share in the misery of his lodger, after motioning his whole family to leave the room, drew near the bed, and inquired of Spinello whether his affection for Beatrice had any share in his present unhappiness ; and whether her hand, for her heart he perceived was already his, would make any change in the state of his mind. At this new proof of the old man's love, Spinello could scarcely contain himself. For the moment Lucifer left him, while visions of delight and joy painted themselves upon his fancy. To reveal to Bernardo, however, or to any other human being, the real cause of his misery, would he was fully persuaded, expose him to the suspicion of insanity ; and that we can, on such occasions, conceal what passes within us, is an advantage, the full value of which is not always understood by the vulgar. His expressions of gratitude, though few and brief, were vehement and sincere ; and his mind becoming wholly occupied with this new idea, his fever soon left him ; and in a few days he was again able to breathe the balmy air, with his future bride by his side.

His health still appeared, however, to be but feeble ; and the benefit of change of residence being understood in those times as well as in our own, Spinello was counselled to remove for a season to some sea-port town on the coast of Naples. Through mere chance, and not from any classical predilection, he chose Gaëta, anciently Cajeta, whither Lælius and Scipio used to retire from the politics of Rome to amuse themselves with picking up shells upon the sand. To render the excursion more pleasant and profitable, Bernardo determined to accompany his intended son-in-law, and to make Beatrice also a partner of the journey ; and their preparations being soon completed, they departed in good spirits, and in due time arrived at the place of their destination.

Lodgings were taken in the neighbourhood of the town, near the beach ; and the lovers now comparatively happy, daily strolled together along the margin of the Tyrrhene sea, which, rolling its blue waves in tranquil succession towards the shore, broke in soft murmurs at their feet. For a time the mighty demon of his imagination seemed to have deserted him for ever, while Love, with his playful mien and celestial countenance, sported in his stead in the warm recesses of his fancy. He now began to experience a secret exultation, in his delivery from his inexorable enemy ; and as he walked with Beatrice along the sand, or sat down on some wave-worn rock beside the waters, he would gaze with inexpressible triumph and delight upon the glorious form of his mistress, as the wind lifted her heavy golden tresses

from her shoulders which sparkled like alabaster in the sun. Ever and anon, however, when the beautiful creature suddenly turned her dark eyes upon him, a sharp pang would dart through his frame, and throw him into momentary but fearful perturbation. But these fits were not of frequent recurrence, and all his endeavours to discover their mysterious cause were vain and fruitless.

They had now been some months at Gaëta, when Beatrice was suddenly called home by her mother who had been seized with a dangerous illness. Her father of course accompanied her on her return; but Spinello in spite of his entreaties and remonstrances, was compelled to remain where he was; as Beatrice, who feared that Areszo might recall all his gloomy ideas, peremptorily insisted that he should never return, but settle at Gaëta, or remove to Naples. He therefore submitted but with a heavy heart; and saw his guardians, as it were, depart from him, and leave him to himself.

What he seemed to fear when they left him, soon came to pass. With solitude Lucifer returned; and he now presented himself so frequently, and in such awful colours to Spinello's mind, that the little fabric of health which had been reared with so much care was quickly thrown down while visions of horror swept over the ruins. It should here be observed, that Spinello had now learned to associate every hateful, and abominable idea with this tremendous demon of his imagination; and they who know that countless hosts of phantoms can be drawn from the regions of fear, and marshalled in terrible array by the fancy, will not greatly wonder at the effect which the fearful vision that perpetually floated before the eyes of the artist at length produced upon his mind and body.

His health which now declined more rapidly than ever, was soon irrecoverably destroyed; his frame wasted visibly away; and as his body grew weaker, his visions increased in horror, until at length the intellect tottered upon its basis, and almost gave way beneath their intolerable pressure. In a few weeks he was shrunk to a skeleton while his eyes shone with preternatural brilliancy; so that the people of the house where he lodged, were terrified at his appearance and avoided his looks. For his own part he was scarcely conscious of the existence of the external world, every thing around him appearing like the creations of a dream---mere shadows with whom he could have no sympathy. There seemed, in fact, to be but two beings in the universe---himself and Lucifer; and he felt that he was engaged in a struggle which must terminate the existence of the one or the other. When he succeeded in freeing himself for a moment from the fangs of this vision and could repel it to some little distance from his mental eye, he perceived, as distinctly as possible its illusory nature, and wondered at the power it exerted over his imagination. If, however, he obtained a momentary respite of this kind, it was not, as in the case of Prometheus (whose vulture was of the same brood as his demon,) by night, but at sun-rise, when the God of the Magi stepped, as it were, upon his throne to receive the homage of the earth. The hour of repose, as night is to the fortunate and the happy, was to him the hour of torture; and he daily lingered about the sea-shore, anxiously watching the setting sun, and trembling more and more as the glorious luminary approached the termination of his career and disappeared behind the purple waves. As soon as darkness descended upon the earth, Lucifer, if absent before, invariably alighted with it, and stood beside his victim, who, clapping his hands upon his eyes, would fly with a howl or a shriek towards the habitations of men.

At length he became convinced that his last hour drew near; and he blessed God that his struggle was about to terminate. As soon as this idea took possession of his mind, he grew a little more tranquil; and excepting when he thought of Beatrice, awaited the final hour with a kind of satisfaction. In this pious mood of mind he one evening wandered to his usual haunt on the sea-side. The sun had set---the moon and all the stars were in heaven---and the earth and the sea were sleeping in the silver light. He sat him down on a lofty rock overhanging the sea, which was deep and still in that part; and with the waves on his left, and the earth in all its loveliness on his right, he raised his eyes towards heaven and was absorbed in devotion. At that moment a face of unutterable beauty presented itself in the bright moonlight before him. With a single glance, he discovered it was that of Lucifer, but softened to angelic loveliness. Uttering a wild and piercing shriek he started from it towards the edge of the precipice. Beatrice--- for it was she---instantly caught him

by the hand to drag him back ; and pronounced his name. The words and the touch dissipated his illusion ; and with the rapidity of lightning revealed to his mind the fatal secret of his misery. He now saw that, having been occupied with thoughts of her when he painted his picture he had lent a portion of her beauty to the fallen arch angel ; and hence the pain her looks had, occasionally inflicted on him. While this conviction darted into his mind, he was already falling over the precipice ; but he still grappled at the rock, and made desperate efforts to recover himself. Beatrice, also, finding that he was going and drawing her after him, for she still held him by the hand, caught hold of a tuft of grass which grew on the edge of the cliff and grasped it convulsively. In this situation they hung for an instant, suspended over the abyss ; but the grass-tuft by which she clung gradually gave way ; and in another instant, a sullen plunge in the deep waters below told that the loves and miseries of Spinello and Beatrice were ended.

We have now to give some account of the engravings of the *Friendship's Offering*, but as we have already occupied so much space with the Literary department of this publication, we must be brief in our remarks on the embellishments. The best of these is a brilliant line engraving by E. Goodall from a Painting by G. Arnold, entitled "Echo." This is one of the most poetical compositions we have met with for some years. Echo is personified in a light, and aerial female form, floating over a still secluded lake.—The portrait of a beautiful female, with an open and lively expression of countenance, painted by a promising young artist of the name of Wood, and engraved by Edwards, is a very exquisite production. The engraving is clear, sharp and sparkling.—"Mary Queen of Scots, presenting her son to the Church Commissioners" painted by Stephanoff and engraved by R. Baker, is interesting and well designed, but there is that dwarf-like appearance about the figures observable in the works of Hans Holbein, and the engraving has too much colour in some parts and too little in others. The child has the face of an old woman. We recognize however that air of theatrical elegance about the costume and manner of the Queen, which Stephanoff usually throws around his female figures, some of which are the perfection of loveliness, and refinement.—"Catherine of Arragon," painted by Leslie and engraved by Humphreys is a very superior production, though the drapery is somewhat hard and heavy. In other respects great taste and spirit are exhibited both by the painter and engraver.—"The Spae Wife" by Stothard, has his usual stiffness and mannerism.—A little child gazing on a Dead Bird, from its plainness, and want of proportion, and the peculiar shape of its hands, we should take to be Westall's, though the impression before us is a proof before the letter, and no artist's name is attached. A sketch of "Spoleto" is very beautiful as a landscape, but the engraving is feeble and cold. "Vesuvius" though we object to the hacknied nature of the subject is admirably handled by Turner, the first of our living Landscape Painters.—"The Masquerade" after Kidd, engraved by Armstrong is coarse and com-

mon-place.—“Reading the News” a picture by Wilkie engraved by H. Robinson, is interesting from the name of the Painter, for who does not prize every production, however humble, of the immortal Wilkie. It has much of his peculiar humour and simple nature, but the engraver has scarcely done justice to the original.—“Lyra,” painted by Wood, is very sweet in the facial expression, and the engraving is excellent of its kind, though being stippled, it does not seem in its place among so many highly finished line engravings.—We have now gone rapidly over all the embellishments, and may be thought not to have spoken of them in a very enthusiastic way, but to confess the truth, we expected something better. They are very beautiful, and even superior perhaps to those of the last year, but the great efforts now making in the departments of the Fine Arts for the London Annuals, are apt to excite our expectations of almost absolute perfection, and as they fall short of this standard we feel proportionably disappointed; nevertheless it is but bare justice to acknowledge that there are very few similar publications that afford a stronger display of either Artistical or Literary Talent than the *Friendship's Offering* for 1830.

FORGET-ME-NOT, FOR MDCCCXXX.

We had almost despaired of being able to gratify our readers with specimens of the *Forget-me-Not* in this month's Magazine; but a copy having just reached us we hasten to give a hurried notice of its contents, and to select a few brief specimens in prose and verse. The Literary department contains many excellent articles by writers whose names and talents are familiar to the public. The first prose composition in the book is entitled “A quarter of an Hour too soon,” and is a very clever and amusing production. The writer commences by quoting Lord Nelson's remark that “if he had ever done any thing worth talking of in the world, it was by being always a quarter of an Hour before his time,” and proceeds to show that this saying might be reasonable enough in the hero of Trafalgar, but it could not be rendered applicable to common mortals. He illustrates his position with his own history, in which every untoward accident that befalls him is attributed to his having been fifteen minutes too soon. If we recollect rightly, an article written in a similar style appeared in the last *Forget-me-Not*, entitled “An hour too many.” “The quarter of an Hour too soon,” is too long for an entire extract, but we give a brief specimen of it. Our author had obtained an Ensign's Commission in one of the King's regiments, with which he had just embarked for the continent. He

had not been long at sea before he experienced the inconveniences of a gale of wind.

"Our ship still lay a hundred yards from the shore; and the waves which had brought her so far were not yet tired of playing the same antics with her as they had done for some time past; she pitched and rolled hideously. Before me lay the pleasant land of the canteen, the coffeehouse, and the hotel. A crowd of jovial-looking *militaires* had already gathered on the beach to welcome us home, and were roaring with laughter at our unwilling manœuvres. "Flesh and blood can bear this no longer," said I to the colonel, who, without boots, epaulettes, or stomach, was clinging for his life to the juremast of our dancing ship. The words were no sooner pronounced than I jumped overboard, and was, like Cæsar, "buffeting the waters with fierce controversy." The waters took their revenge: I was the last of their victims, and they determined to make me remember them. The billows did with me just as they liked. When I was within ten yards of the shore on the back of one, the next conveyed me fifty yards to sea. No boat was at hand to determine "the controversy," and, in as few minutes as possible, a huge hill of foam, tumbling back from the beach, carried me with it, insensible, down Channel.

I awoke in the hands of a committee of country surgeons, at the critical moment when the men of science were on the point of carrying it against the philanthropists, and I was about to be consigned to the forceps of a fashionable lecturer on the post mortem peculiarities of man. Here, perhaps, I began to breathe fifteen minutes too soon; for *one quarter of an hour more* was the time in which the philanthropists had agreed to give up the experiment of my recovery. Less promptitude on my part would have saved me a good deal of after-trouble.

But I was fated to disappoint every one; and I disappointed the men of science of their prize, jumped into a post-chaise, and flew back to quarters. The first man whom I met in the streets of Portsmouth was my friend Jack, taking a tranquil saunter among the print-shops. He was goodnaturedly glad to see me. "But you were unlucky," said he, "in venturing to swim from the vessel. The tide was going down; in *another quarter of an hour* she was lying high and dry, and you might have landed in a cabriolet."

"But the regiment, where is it to be found?"

"You have nothing to do with it now; you were returned drowned, for every ensign in the corps would have pledged every thing but his epaulette, that you were gone to the bottom. Your commission is given away, and now you have only to go to town and fight them out of another, if they will take your own word at the Horse-Guards for your being alive."

"But what are you doing in Portsmouth, Jack?"

"My duty. I have been gazetted to the regiment; and have the honour to be at this moment lieutenant in the company you left behind, when you were in such a hurry to see service."

I cursed the fifteen minutes in the depths of my soul."

Mr. Shoberl, the Editor of the *Forget-me-Not* has published, as he supposes, a very early production of Lord Byron, but we can hardly think it genuine, and if it is, it reflects no great honor upon his Lordship's Juvenile Muse. It is a very poor imitation of Shenstone. We extract it, however, as a curiosity.

TO MY DEAR MARY ANNE.

BY LORD BYRON.

The lines addressed "To my dear Mary Anne" were written about a year or less before my marriage, and when Lord Byron left Annealey.—MARY ANNE MUSTERS.

ADIEU to sweet Mary for ever!

From her I must quickly depart.

Though the fates us from each other sever,

Still her image will dwell in my heart.

The flame that within my breast burns
Is unlike what in lovers' hearts glows ;
The love which for Mary I feel
Is far purer than Cupid bestows.

I wish not your peace to disturb,
I wish not your joys to molest :
Mistake not my passion for love,
'Tis your friendship alone I request.

Not ten thousand lovers could feel
The friendship my bosom contains ;
It will ever within my heart dwell,
While the warm blood flows through my veins.

May the Ruler of Heaven look down,
And my Mary from evil defend !
May she ne'er know adversity's frown,
May her happiness ne'er have an end !

Once more, my sweet Mary, adieu !
Farwell ! I with anguish repeat—
For ever I'll think upon you,
While this heart in my bosom shall beat.

Our next poetical extract shall consist of some very sweet and touching verses by Miss Emma Roberts.

SONG.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

UPON the Ganges' regal stream,
The sun's bright splendours rest ;
And gorgeously the noon-tide beam
Reposes on its breast :
But in a small secluded nook,
Beyond the western sea,
There rippling glides a narrow brook,
That's dearer far to me.

The lory perches on my hand,
Caressing to be fed,
And spreads its plumes at my command,
And stoops its purple head ;
But where the robin, humble guest,
Comes flying from the tree,
Which bears its unpretending nest,
Alas ! I'd rather be.

The fire-fly flashes through the sky,
 A meteor swift and bright;
 And the wide space around, on high,
 Gleams with its emerald light;
 Though glory tracts that shooting star,
 And bright its splendours shine,
 The glow-worm's lamp is dearer far
 To this sad heart of mine.

Throughout the summer year, the flowers
 In all the flush of bloom,
 Clustering around the forest bowers,
 Exhale their rich perfume.
 The daisy, and the primrose pale,
 Though scentless they may be,
 That gem a far, far distant vale,
 Are much more prized by me.

The lotus opes its chalices,
 Upon the tank's broad lake,
 Where India's stately palaces
 Their ample mirrors make:
 But reckless of each tower and dome,
 The splendid and the grand,
 I languish for a cottage home,
 Within my native land.

Miss Mitford has given an historical sketch of the Trial of Charles the First, but she has very feebly handled so fine a subject. The simplest prose narration of the circumstances attending this important event would be more interesting than any ordinary writer could ever hope to render it in declamatory blank-verse. We have no wish to speak disrespectfully of Miss Mitford's powers generally, but certainly in this instance her nerveless versification, is peculiarly ineffective. The prose story of the Exile, by Mr. W. H. Harrison is clever and agreeable. We can afford room for a brief specimen of it.

"I would inquire after certain of our friends in Flanders. How is Frank Sackville? The king promised to take care of his fortune."

"And has kept his word most royally, to the last stiver of it," was the answer.

"And where is poor Frank now?"

"In a garret at Brussels," said Pierrepoint, "of such circumscribed dimensions, that he cannot stretch himself without flinging open the window for elbowroom."

"And does he haunt it as bravely as ever?" pursued the querist.

"Alas, no!" was the reply. "Poverty is now his only tailor, and has slashed his doublet sadly. He told me, with tears in his eyes, that the last of his shirts he had six different ways of getting into, until, on undressing himself one night, he missed it altogether, and at last found its melancholy remains confined in his boot."

"Has he recourse to the wine-bash as frequently as was his wont, drowning his cares after the manner of Clarence!" said Winterton.

"Oh, no?" rejoined the other; "he has descended to the alcohol, which he obtains as he can; begs, borrows, or perhaps steals it, as did Prometheus fire of another sort, and like him; suffers for it in his liver."

"And how fares it with old Sir John—absent Jack as we used to style him? Is he still subject to those fits of abstraction, under the influence of which he was accustomed to forget his meals?"

"Fortunately for him, as much so as ever," replied Pierrepont; "a circumstance that administers marvellously to his convenience, seeing that his dinner is frequently as absent as himself."

"He had a turn for poetry, had he not?" said Winterton.

"Call it a twist," replied the incorrigible Pierrepont; "for nothing could be more foreign to his nature. He had a fancy for bell-ringing, you will remember; and when he gave that up, he took to jingling of another sort, and nick-named it poetry."

"Gliding, by a natural transition, from poetry to music, I would inquire how goes the world with my friend Dick Crotchot; is he as indefatigable a scraper as ever?"

"Confound him! yes," said Pierrepont; "he lodged in the next room to me, where he fiddled from morning till night, and taught me, by sad experience, that the punishment of the bow-string is not confined to Turkey."

The lines on *The Stolen Kiss*, by Captain McNaghten, have all the spirit and fervour that the subject required.

Barry Cornwall's verses on the Place de Jeanne D'Arc, at Rouen, and addressed to Prout the Painter, are replete with his worst faults. It is strange that this Poet who has a great deal of fancy and delicacy of feeling, should deform his productions with so much affectation, bad taste and absurdity.

His present Poem for instance commences in this fantastical manner.

Oh thou brave Art of Painting! with what skill, &c. &c.
and proceeds with such stuff as the following:—

Oh! a brave Painter art thou, Samuel Prout:
By Jupiter! I would not live without
A Dr. wing from thy Pen, though I should feed
To-morrow on Chamelions!

* * * * *
Oh! were I you, friend Artist, I would roam, &c. &c.

We shall now extract some pretty verses by Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayly, the author of the popular Song of "Oh! no we never mention her."

SONG.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY, ESQ.

Oh! does he think, when I assume
This cold unmeaning smile,
That I forget his vows of love?—
That I forgive his guile?

'Twas he that left Remorse to pine
Where Peace was wont to dwell;
And shall the trampled foot forget?—

Oh, I remember well!

I sought him not :—my mother's love
 Then left me nought to seek ;
 My heart was gay, my step was light,
 And health was on my cheek.
 He came, and bought the simple wreaths
 My mother used to sell ;
 He whisper'd praises in my ear—
 Oh, I remember well !

He linger'd near my village home,
 And said 't was for *my* sake ;
 He deign'd to be my partner, too,
 At harvest-home and wake :
 He placed a ring upon my hand ;
 And could I then repel
 The token of a blameless love ?—
 Oh, I remember well !

The summer pass'd—he came no more—
 I thought I should have died.
 When next we met, a noble dame
 Was smiling at his side.
 He saw me—but his guilty eyes
 Abash'd before me fell ;
 The lady soothed him, and he smiled—
 Oh, I remember well !

They told me 't was his wedding day,
 They bore me to the church ;
 And pale, and cold, and statue-like,
 I linger'd in the porch :
 I heard his wedding peal—I *felt*
 The beating of the bell ;
 I saw him kiss his lovely bride—
 Oh, I remember well !

And I have met him in the world,
 And I have heard him speak,
 And madly forced a smile to light
 My flush'd and feverish cheek :
 Do I *forget* ? No ; let him wait
 Until he hears my knell ;
 For till I rest beneath the turf
 I shall remember well !

Our next and last extract shall be a very good story entitled

THE RED MAN.

It was at the hour of nine, in an August evening, that a solitary horseman arrived at the Black Swan, a country-inn about nine miles from the town of Leicester.

ter. He was mounted on a large fiery charger, as black as jet, and had behind him a portmanteau attached to the croup of his saddle. A black travelling cloak, which not only covered his own person, but the greater part of his steed, was thrown around him. On his head he wore a broad-brimmed hat, with an uncommonly low crown. His legs were cased in top-boots, to which were attached spurs of an extraordinary length; and in his hands he carried a whip, with a thong three yards long, and a handle which might have levelled Goliath himself.

On arriving at the inn, he calmly dismounted, and called upon the ostler by name.

"Frank!" said he, "take my horse to the stable; rub him down thoroughly; and, when he is well cooled, step in and let me know." And taking hold of his portmanteau, he entered the kitchen, followed by the obsequious landlord, who had come out a minute before, on hearing of his arrival. There were several persons present, engaged in nearly the same occupation. At one side of the fire sat the village school master—a thin, pale, peak-nosed little man, with a powdered periwig, terminating behind in a long queue, and an expression of self-conceit strongly depicted upon his countenance. He was amusing himself with a pipe, from which he threw forth volumes of smoke with an air of great satisfaction. Opposite to him sat the parson of the parish—a fat, bald-headed personage, dressed in a rusty suit of black, and having his shoes adorned with immense silver buckles. Between these two characters sat the exciseman, with a pipe in one hand, and a tankard in the other. To complete the group, nothing is wanted but to mention the landlady, a plump, rosy dame of thirty-five, who was seated by the school-master's side, apparently listening to some sage remarks which that little gentleman was throwing out for her edification.

But to return to the stranger. No sooner had he entered the kitchen, followed by the landlord, than the eyes of the company were directed upon him. His hat was so broad in the brim, his spurs were so long, his stature so great, and his face so totally hid by the collar of his immense black cloak, that he instantly attracted the attention of every person present. His voice, when he desired the master of the house to help him off with his mantle, was likewise so harsh that they all heard it with sudden curiosity. Nor did this abate when the cloak was removed, and his hat laid aside. A tall, athletic, red-haired man, of the middle age, was then made manifest. He had on a red frock coat, a red vest, and a red neckcloth; nay, his gloves were red! What was more extraordinary, when the overalls which covered his thighs were unbuttoned, it was discovered that his small-clothes were red likewise.

"All red!" ejaculated the parson, almost involuntarily.

"As you say, the gentleman is all red!" added the schoolmaster, with his characteristic flippancy. He was checked by a look from the landlady. His remark, however, caught the stranger's ear, and he turned round upon him with a penetrating glance. The schoolmaster tried to smoke it off bravely. It would not do: he felt the power of that look, and was reduced to almost immediate silence.

"Now, bring me your boot-jack," said the horseman.

The boot-jack was brought, and the boots pulled off. To the astonishment of the company, a pair of red stockings were brought into view. The landlord shrugged his shoulders, the exciseman did the same, the landlady shook her head, the parson exclaimed, "All red!" as before, and the schoolmaster would have repeated it, but he had not yet recovered from his rebuke.

"Faith, this is odd!" observed the host.

"Rather odd," said the stranger, seating himself between the parson and the exciseman. The landlord was confounded, and did not know what to think of the matter.

After sitting for a few moments, the new-comer requested the host to hand him a nightcap, which he would find in his hat. He did so: it was a red worsted one; and he put it upon his head.

Here the exciseman broke silence, by ejaculating, "Red again!" The landlady gave him an admonitory knock on the elbow: it was too late. The stranger heard his remark, and regarded him with one of those piercing glances for which his fiery eye seemed so remarkable.

"All red!" murmured the parson once more.

"Yes, Doctor Poundtext, the gentleman, as you say, is all red," re-echoed the schoolmaster, who by this time had recovered his self-possession. He would have gone on, but the landlady gave him a fresh admonition, by trampling upon his toes; and her husband winked in token of silence. As in the case of the exciseman, the warnings were too late.

"Now, landlord," said the stranger, after he had been seated a minute, "may I trouble you to get me a pipe and a can of your best Burton? But, first of all, open my portmanteau, and give me out my slippers."

The host did as he was desired, and produced a pair of red morocco slippers. Here an involuntary exclamation broke out from the company. It began with the parson, and was taken up by the school-master, the exciseman, the landlady, and the landlord, in succession. "More red!" proceeded from every lip, with different degrees of loudness. The landlord's was the least loud, the school-master's the loudest of all.

"I suppose, gentlemen," said the stranger, "you were remarking upon my slippers."

"Eh—yes! we were just saying that they were red," replied the school-master.

"And, pray," demanded the other, as he raised the pipe to his mouth, "did you never before see a pair of red slippers?"

This question staggered the respondent: he said nothing, but looked to the parson for assistance.

"But you are all red," observed the latter, taking a full draught from a foaming tankard which he held in his hand.

"And you are all black," said the other, as he withdrew the pipe from his mouth; and emitted a copious puff of tobacco smoke. "The hat that covers your numskull is black, your beard is black, your coat is black, your vest is black; your small clothes, your stockings, your shoes, all are black. In a word, Doctor Poundtext, you are——"

"What am I, sir?" said the parson, bursting with rage.

"Ay, what is he, sir,?" rejoined the schoolmaster.

"He is a black-coat," said the stranger, with a contemptuous sneer, "and you are a pedagogue." This sentence was followed by a profound calm. Not a word was spoken by any of the company, but each gazed upon his neighbour in silence. In the faces of the parson and schoolmaster anger was principally depicted: the exciseman's mouth was turned down in disdain, the landlady's was curled into a sarcastic smile; and as for the landlord, it would be difficult to say whether astonishment, anger, or fear, most predominated in his mind. During this ominous tranquillity the stranger looked on unmoved, drinking and smoking alternately with total indifference. The schoolmaster would have said something had he dared, and so would the parson; but both were yet smarting too bitterly under their rebuff to hazard another observation.

In the midst of this mental tumult, the little bandy-legged ostler made his appearance, and announced to the rider that his horse had been rubbed down according to orders. On hearing this, the Red Man got up from his seat, and walked out to the stable. His departure seemed to act as a sudden relief to those who were left behind. Their tongues, which his presence had bound by a talismanic influence, were loosened, and a storm of words broke forth proportioned to the fearful calm which preceded it.

"Who is that man in red?" said the parson, first breaking silence.

"Ay, who is he?" re-echoed the schoolmaster.

"He is a bit of a conjurer, I warrant," quoth the exciseman.

"I should not wonder," said the landlord, "if he be a spy from France."

"Or a travelling packman," added the landlady.

"I am certain he is no better than he should be," spake the parson again.

"That is clear," exclaimed the whole of the company, beginning with the pedagogue, and terminating as usual with the host. Here was a pause: at last Doctor Poundtext resumed—"I shall question him tightly when he returns; and if his answers are impertinent or unsatisfactory, something must be done."

"Ay, something must be done," said the school-master.

"Whatever you do," said the landlady, "let it be done civilly. I should not like to anger him."

"A fig for his anger!" roared her husband, snapping his fingers; "I shall give him the back of the door in the twinkling of an eye, if he so much as chirps."

"Anger, indeed!" observed the exciseman; "leave that to me and my cudgel."

"To you and your cudgel!" said the stranger, who at this moment entered, and resumed his place at the fireside, after casting a look of ineffable contempt upon the exciseman. The latter did not dare to say a word; his countenance fell, and his stick which he was brandishing a moment before, dropped between his legs.

There was another pause in the conversation. The appearance of the Red Man again acted like a spell on the voices of the company. The parson was silent, and by a natural consequence his echo, the school-master, was silent also: none of the others felt disposed to say any thing. The meeting was like an assemblage of quakers. At one side of the fire sat the plump parson, with the tankard in one hand; and the other placed upon his forehead, as in deep meditation. At the opposite side sat the schoolmaster, puffing vehemently from a tobacco-pipe. In the centre was the exciseman, having at his right hand the jolly form of the landlady, and at his left the Man in Red; the landlord stood at some distance behind. For a time the whole, with the exception of the stranger, were engaged in anxious thought. The one looked to the other with wandering glances, but, though all equally wished to speak, no one liked to be the first to open the conversation. "Who can this man be?" "What does he want here?" "Where is he from, and whither is he bound?" Such were the enquiries which occupied every mind. Had the object of their curiosity been a brown man, a black man, or even a green man, there would have been nothing extraordinary; and he might have entered the inn and departed from it as unquestioned as before he came. But to be a Red Man! There was in this something so startling that the lookers-on were besides themselves with amazement. The first to break this strange silence was the parson.

"Sir," said he, "we have been thinking that you are—"

"That I am a conjurer, a French spy, a travelling packman, or something of the sort," observed the stranger. Doctor Poundtext started back on his chair, and well he might; for these words, which the Man in Red had spoken, were the very ones he himself was about to utter.

"Who are you sir!" resumed he, in manifest perturbation. "What is your name?"

"My name," replied the other, "is Reid."

"And where, in heaven's name, were you born?" demanded the astonished parson.

"I was born on the borders of the Red Sea." Doctor Poundtext had not another word to say. The schoolmaster was equally astounded, and withdrew the pipe from his mouth: that of the exciseman dropped to the ground: the landlord groaned aloud, and his spouse held up her hands in mingled astonishment and awe.

After giving them this last piece of information, the strange man arose from his seat, broke his pipe in pieces, and pitched the fragments into the fire; then, throwing his long cloak carelessly over his shoulders, putting his hat upon his head and loading himself with his boots, his whip, and his portmanteau, he desired the landlord to show him to his bed, and left the kitchen, after smiling sarcastically to its inmates, and giving them a familiar and unceremonious nod.

His disappearance was the signal for fresh alarm in the minds of those left behind. Not a word was said till the return of the innkeeper, who in a short time descended from the bed-room over-head, to which he had conducted his guest. On re-entering the kitchen, he was encountered by a volley of interrogations. The parson, the schoolmaster, the exciseman, and his own wife, questioned him over and over again. "Who was the Man in Red?—he must have seen him before—he must have heard of him—in a word, he must know something about him." The host protested "that he never beheld the stranger till that hour: it was the first time he had made his appearance at the Black Swan, and, so help him God, it should be the last!"

"Why don't you turn him out?" exclaimed the exciseman.

"If you think you are able to do it, you are heartily welcome," replied the landlord. "For my part, I have no notion of coming to close quarters with the shank of

his whip, or his great, red, sledge-hammer fist." This was an irresistible argument and the proposer of forcible ejection said no more upon the subject.

At this time the party could hear the noise of heavy footsteps above them. They were those of the Red Man, and sounded with slow and measured tread. They listened for a quarter of an hour longer, in expectation that they would cease. There was no pause: the steps continued, and seemed to indicate that the person was amusing himself by walking up and down the room.

It would be impossible to describe the multiplicity of feelings which agitated the minds of the company. Fear, surprise, anger, and curiosity, ruled them by turns, and kept them incessantly upon the rack. There was something mysterious in the visitor who had just left them---something which they could not fathom---something unaccountable. "Who could he be?" This was the question that each put to the other, but no one could give any thing like a rational answer.

Meanwhile the evening wore on apace, and though the bell of the parish church hard by sounded the tenth hour, no one seemed inclined to take the hint to depart. Even the parson heard it without regard, to such a pitch was his curiosity excited. About this time also the sky, which had hitherto been tolerably clear, began to be overclouded. Distant peals of thunder were heard; and thick sultry drops of rain pattered at intervals against the casement of the inn: every thing seemed to indicate a tempestuous evening. But the storm which threatened to rage without was unnoticed. Though the drops fell heavily: though gleams of lightning flashed by, followed by the report of distant thunder, and the winds began to hiss and whistle among the trees of the neighbouring cemetery, yet all these external signs of elementary tumult were as nothing to the deep, solemn footsteps of the Red Man. There seemed to be no end to his walking. An hour had he paced up and down the chamber without the least interval of repose, and he was still engaged in this occupation as at first. In this there was something incredibly mysterious; and the party below, notwithstanding their numbers, felt a vague and indescribable dread beginning to creep over them. The more they reflected upon the character of the stranger, the more unnatural did it appear. The redness of his hair and complexion, and, still more, the fiery hue of his garment, struck them with astonishment. But this was little to the freezing and benumbing glance of his eye, the strange tones of his voice, and his miraculous birth on the borders of the Red Sea. There was now no longer any smoking in the kitchen. The subjects which occupied their minds were of too engrossing a nature to be treated with levity: and they drew their chairs closer, with a sort of irresistible and instinctive attraction.

While these things were going on, the bandy-legged ostler entered, in manifest alarm. He came to inform his master that the stranger's horse had gone mad, and was kicking and tearing at every thing around, as if he would break his manger in pieces. Here a loud neighing and rushing were heard in the stable. "Ay, there he goes," continued he. "I believe the devil is in the beast, if he is not the old enemy himself. Ods, master, if you saw his eyes: they are like---"

"What are they like?" demanded the landlord. "Ay, what are they like?" exclaimed the rest with equal impatience.

"Ods, if they a'n't like burning coals!" ejaculated the ostler, trembling from head to foot, and squeezing himself in among the others, on a chair which stood hard by. His information threw fresh alarm over the company, and they were more agitated and confused than ever.

During the whole of this time the sound of walking over-head never ceased for one moment. The heavy tread was unabated: there was not the least interval of repose, nor could a pendulum have been more regular in its motions. Had there been any relaxation, any pause, any increase, or any diminution, of rapidity in the footsteps, they would have been endurable; but there was no such thing. The same deadening, monotonous, stupefying sound continued, like clockwork, to operate incessantly above their heads. Nor was there any abatement of the storm without; the wind blowing among the tress of the cemetery in a sepulchral moan; the rain beating against the panes of glass with the impetuous loudness of hail; and lightning and thunder flashing and pealing at brief

intervals through the murky firmament. The noise of the elements was indeed frightful, and it was heightened by the voice of the sable steed like that of a spirit of darkness; but the whole, as we have just hinted, was as nothing to the deep, solemn, mysterious treading of the Red Man.

Innumerable were their conjectures concerning the character of this personage. It has been mentioned that the landlady conceived him at first to be a travelling packman, the landlord a French spy, and the exciseman a conjurer. Now their opinions were wholly changed, and they looked upon him as something a great deal worse. The parson, in the height of his learning, regarded him as an emanation of the tempter himself; and in this he was confirmed by the erudite opinion of the schoolmaster. As to the ostler, he could say nothing about the man, but he was willing to stake his professional knowledge that his horse was kith and kin to the evil one. Such were the various doctrines promulgated in the kitchen of the Black Swan.

"If he be like other men, how could he anticipate me, as he did, in what I was going to say?" observed the parson.

"Born on the borders of the Red Sea!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Heard ye how he repeated to us what we were talking about during his absence in the stable?" remarked the exciseman.

"And how he knew that I was a pedagogue?" added the schoolmaster.

"And how he called on me by my name, although he never saw nor heard of me before?" said the ostler in conclusion. Such a mass of evidence was irresistible. It was impossible to overlook the results to which it naturally led.

"If more proof is wanting," resumed the parson after a pause, "only look to his dress. What Christian would think of travelling about the country in red? It is a type of the hell-fire from which he is sprung."

"Did you observe his hair hanging down his back like a bunch of carrots?" asked the exciseman.

"Such a diabolical glance in his eye!" said the schoolmaster.

"Such a voice!" added the landlord. "It is like the sound of a cracked clarinet."

"His feet are not cloven," observed the landlady.

"No matter," exclaimed the landlord; "the devil, when he chooses, can have as good legs as his neighbours."

"Better than some of them," quoth the lady, looking peevishly at the lower limbs of her husband.

"Meanwhile the incessant treading continued unabated, although two long hours had passed since its commencement. There was not the slightest cessation to the sound, while out of doors the storm raged with violence, and in the midst of it the hideous neighing and stamping of the black horse were heard with pre-eminent loudness. At this time the fire of the kitchen began to burn low. The sparkling blaze was gone, and in its stead nothing but a dead red lustre emanated from the grate. One candle had just expired, having burned down to the socket. Of the one which remained the unsnuffed wick was nearly three inches in length, black and crooked at the point, and standing like a ruined tower amid an envelopment of sickly yellow flame; while around the fire's equally decaying lustre sat the frightened coterie, narrowing their circle as its brilliancy faded away, and eyeing each other like apparitions amidst the increasing gloom.

At this time the clock of the steeple struck the hour of midnight, and the tread of the stranger suddenly ceased. There was a pause for some minutes—afterwards a rustling—then a noise as of something drawn along the floor of his room. In a moment thereafter his door opened; then it shut with violence, and heavy footsteps were heard trampling down the stair. The inmates of the kitchen shook with alarm as the tread came nearer. They expected every moment to behold the Red Man enter, and stand before them in his native character. The landlady fainted outright: the exciseman followed her example: the landlord gasped in an agony of terror: and the schoolmaster uttered a pious ejaculation for the behoof of his soul. Doctor Poundtext was the only one who preserved any degree of composure. He managed, in a trembling voice, to call out "Avaunt; Satan! I exorcise thee from hence to the bottom of the Red Sea!"

"I am going as fast as I can," said the stranger, as he passed the kitchen-door on his way to the open air. His voice aroused the whole conclave from their stupor. They started up, and by a simultaneous effort rushed to the window. There they beheld the tall figure of a man, enveloped in a black cloak, walking across the yard on his way to the stable. He had on a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, top-boots, with enormous spurs, and carried a gigantic whip in one hand, and a portmanteau in the other. He entered the stable, remained there about three minutes, and came out leading forth his fiery steed thoroughly accoutred. In the twinkling of an eye he got upon his back, waved his hand to the company, who were surveying him through the window, and, clapping spurs to his charger, galloped off furiously, with a hideous and unnatural laugh, through the midst of the storm.

On going up stairs to the room which the devil had honoured with his presence, the landlord found that his infernal majesty had helped himself to every thing he could lay his hands upon, having broken into his desk and carried off twenty-five guineas of king's money, a ten pound Bank of England note, and sundry articles, such as seals, snuff-boxes, &c. Since that time he has not been seen in these quarters, and if he should, he will do well to beware of Doctor Poundtext, who is a civil magistrate as well as a minister, and who, instead of exorcising him to the bottom of the Red Sea, may perhaps exorcise him to the interior of Leicester gaol, to await his trial before the judges of the midland circuit.

The Engravings of the *Forget-me-Not* for this year, though hardly equal to those of the last volume, are in many instances very beautiful. There is a little group of figures, *The Orphan Family*, painted by Chisholme and engraved by Davenport, that is characterized by much of that simple truth of expression in which Wilkie is so felicitous.—The engraving entitled "*The tempting moment*" is one of similar merit; an old apple Woman has fallen asleep in her chair, and a number of young boys are stealing the roasting treasures with timid cunning, and burning their mouths and fingers in their hurry. It is drawn by W. Collins, and is very beautifully engraved by Skenton.

Mr. Ackermann generally contrives with excellent judgement, to secure the assistance of Prout, whose bold, broad and masterly style, is so much admired both by the critics and the public. His view of a street at Rouen in the present volume, engraved by the talented H. Le Keux, is full of his usual richness and power of effect. "*The Flower Girl*" by P. A. Guagain, to those who have seen Murillo's, will only excite contempt, and even without reference to that admirable work, the present will be considered a very ordinary and common place engraving. "*The Land Storm*" drawn by Clennell, is not without spirit, but it reminded us too much of a French composition, any thing approaching to which, is usually our abomination. Stephannoff, whose success in the *Keepsake* has brought him into great request has been called upon for his assistance, but he has not been so happy on this occasion, as on a former one. *The Death of the Dove* drawn by Stewardson and engraved in a bright and sparkling manner by W. Finden, is a very beautiful little work, as is also Daniell's drawing of an *Indian Ghaut*, which is softly and delicately finished. We had almost forgot-

ten to mention *The Spanish Princess*, by Wilkie but it is not in his usual or best style.

There are two or three other embellishments that we have not alluded to but we have noticed the most noticeable, and our Printer will bitterly complain of us if we further extend our remarks at the eleventh hour. We regret much that we did not receive the London Annuals at a more convenient time when we should have entered into fuller details, and have done more justice to their merits.

THE BENGAL ANNUAL, MDCCCXXX.

As the BENGAL ANNUAL, is conducted by the Editor of this Magazine, we are placed in a rather delicate position, for it is not fair towards the publishers, nor even to our readers, that the work should be altogether passed over on this account.

Our best plan perhaps will be to offer no remarks of our own, but content ourselves with quoting the following flattering notices from the Calcutta Papers,

[FROM THE INDIA GAZETTE.]

We have been favoured by the Editor with the loose sheets of the *Bengal Annual*, and we have much pleasure in availing ourselves of his courtesy to make our readers acquainted with some of its interesting contents. The attempt to get up an Indian Annual is worthy of high commendation; and if we may judge by the variety and excellence of the contributions, it has been rewarded with a degree of public support eminently flattering to the projectors. Amongst the names of the writers we find those of Dr. Wilson, Dr. Grant, Miss Roberts, Mr. Derozio, Mr. Parker, Colonel Young, and others, whom we cannot enumerate, all of whom have contributed from their stores to present a rich and varied treat to the Indian public. Considering the disadvantages under which the *Bengal Annual* has been given to the world, it may appear invidious to institute any comparison between it and the similar publications that are received from Europe. But we do not think that it need shrink from the comparison; for the taste and beauty of many of the pieces, the true poetic inspiration under which they have been conceived and expressed, appear to us to give the entire work a general style of excellence and power superior to its European compeers. Most of the eminent poets of the present day who contribute to the English Annuals, seem to furnish only the sweepings of their study—the mere *exuviae* of the poetic character: several of the contributors to the *Bengal Annual* have, on the contrary, put forth their powers, and their productions are consequently worthy of themselves, and the public to whom they are addressed.

The nameless writer of the Introductory Stanzas* concludes his tender and plaintive lines with the exclamation

Home! Home! there—there alone
The minstrel's harp gives all its tone.

But the real pathos, the glow of poetic feeling, which pervades his own verses, shows that even the Exile's harp can give forth tones which find their ready response in the human heart. Yet why regard ourselves as Exiles? Why not make this the land of our adoption, and endeavour to make it all that the patriot and philanthropist can desire? * * *

[FROM THE GOVERNMENT GAZETTE.]

Literature—to use an American phrase, seems to be progressing among us.—Not only is an Annual to be issued in a few days from the Press of Calcutta—but we are promised a Monthly Magazine too.—We have been always aware that there was no want of talent for composition amongst our Indian Sojourners—and that all that was requisite for its development, was some kind of motive or stimulus to call it forth. To the spirited Editor of the “Bengal Annual”—it is due to acknowledge—that he has given the required motive for literary concentration by announcing that he would undertake a task never tried here before—and which rendered it a point of honour in his literary Brethren to put their shoulders heartily to the wheel, to help him.

We have been favoured with the unbound sheets of the work—and its typographical execution is really most creditable. Of its literary merits we would, rather leave our Readers to judge for themselves—when, however, we state that amongst the contributors to its pages are to be found the names of the fair authoresses of the “Houses of York and Lancaster”—of the Translator of the “Hindu Theatre”—and of the author of “The Draught of Immortality”—we say enough, we presume, to indicate that a work distinguished by such aid cannot fail to be worthy of consideration.

It is dedicated to Lady William Bentinck, and we trust will prove the *grand courier* of many others in *esse* and *posse* still more deserving of the honor of such patronage.

The chief end of publications like the one in question, has hitherto been to amuse, accordingly the matter of the Bengal Annual is, for the most part, of a light and entertaining character—the Poetry and Prose being pretty equally balanced.

A few pictorial embellishments are to be found in the work—which are the friendly contributions of Amateurs. Although not wanting in elegance of design and spirit of execution, they are not of course amenable to those rigid rules of Criticism which hold in England, and which considering the infant state of the arts in Calcutta, to apply here, would be to use a giant's strength as a giant—and therefore tyrannously. They will, some years hence, be interesting, were it only as showing the progress of the European arts in this quarter of Asia. * * *

* The author of these Stanzas is Mr. Parker.—Ed. Cal. Mag.

THE SEASON IN LONDON. MDCCCXXX.

BY CAPTAIN MCNAGHTEN.

[FOR THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.]

Good morrow to the Season! — it is coming round again,
 And though I shall be divided from its revels by the main,
 I shall not forget the sooner all the joyousness it gave,
 When to every eye that smil'd on me, I bow'd a willing slave.
 When every form I gaz'd on (if 'twere like a Sylph's at all)
 In the crush-room of the Opera, or the glories of a ball,
 And every cheek of rosy hue, and every snowy hand,
 Had a charm for one so newly from the sable-beautied land.

So, good morrow to the Season! with its witching revelry,
 So quickly coming round again—though coming not for me.

Good morrow to the Season!—will each girl I left behind,
 When on another, as on me, she throws her glances kind,
 Remember him she flirted with, through many a mellow hour,
 In the noise of glittering parties, or the silence of the bower:
 Will she, whose cheek was crush'd to mine, on that unviual'd day,
 When the horticultural people* sent us empty all away,
 Remember those soft whippers that were in her ear distill'd,—
 The only really "good things" with which that day she was "fill'd."

Oh! good morrow to the Season! with its witching revelry,
 So quickly coming round again—though coming not for me.

Good morrow to the Season!—what a change be in that heaven,
 Among the angels, bright and fair, I knew in twenty-seven!
 Young Phoebe may have settled down a rul'd, or ruling, spouse,
 And Lucy may to Gretna Green have gone to take the vows.
 Gay Julia may have turn'd a Saint, or turn'd — a fopling's head,
 And pretty little Jessy may have left her Booby's bed.
 Jane still may play the light guitar, or play the lighter fool,
 And Fanny's younger sister may have made her lover cool.

But good morrow to the Season! with its witching revelry,
 And to all its blooming beauties—though they bloom no more for me.

Good morrow to the Season! — by the Ganges, distant shore,
 I have sat me down, an alter'd man from what I was before,
 I am never going to flirt again -- pink cheek and lily brow,
 May blush and beam—they once had pow'r—but that is over now.
 An eye could play the deuce with me, unless it chanc'd to squint,
 And I should have thought it hard to find a female heart of flint.
 But the greenness of my youth is o'er—that effervescent time—
 And I listen more to reason now, and rather less to rhyme.

So good morrow to the Season! — with its witching revelry
 And to all its blooming beauties—though they bloom no more for me.

Good morrow to the Season!—when life's tree to autumn's brown
 Its verdure yields, I'll go and pass the winter months in town;
 And if some old familiar form should cross my downward path,
 With wrinkles where the blushes are which she at present bath:
 Borne slowly on her tottering feet, down life's declivous hill,
 Which now so lightly float her through the waltz and the quadrille;

* No one who was there will ever forget the Horticultural Breakfast of 1827! The gourmand who deemed it a new "pleasure" to feel hungry, might have had it, on that occasion, to his heart's content, but whether to his stomach's also is quite another question.

'T will be pleasant (if she have not got a wheezing husband by her)
To try and eye her wither'd shape as *now* my eye might eye her.

So good morrow to the Season !—with its witching revelry,
And a blessing on each face that ever kindly beam'd on me !

Good morrow to the Season ! — I have had my fluttering day,
I have been with jilts a butterfly, but *twigg'd* their birdlime *spray*,
I have gone through all the forms of adoration with Coquettes,
Have admir'd their *slips* and *laces*, but kept clear of all their *nets*.
A hundred thousand foolish things, no doubt, I must have said,
But the *warm* ones never caught my heart—though the *cold* ones caught my
head.

If some of them were fond of *airs*—I fann'd them in a trice,
And if others *would* be chilly—why, I handed them an ice.

But good morrow to the Season ! — with its witching revelry,
And a blessing on each face that ever kindly beam'd on me !

Good morrow to the Season ! — I have tasted all its joys,
Its dancing, flirting, whisp'ring, pressing, visiting, and noise.
Its scandal I have chatted, and have scann'd all my acquaintance,
The artless ones, the sinful ones, the blue ones, and the saint ones;
But I'm not the sour misanthropist, to say I don't miss Ann,
The laughing little girl with whom my Season I began.
Nor do I look with hypocrite regret upon the past, —
I was happy while it lasted, and I'm happy at the last.

So good morrow to the Season ! — with its witching revelry,
And a health to those whose gentle hearts may yet remember me !

Good morrow to the Season ! — though the ocean's wide expanse
Will not let me dance again with those with whom I us'd to dance.
I cannot with Rigge's lavender, their beauteous forheads lave,
For the briny wave compels me all that happiness to waive.
No more Mammās I chatter to about their darling daughters, —
I have left off all such nonsense, upon this side of the waters ;—
But still I think with kindly warmth on both the young and old,
For this is not a clime in which a person can feel cold !

So good morrow to the Season ! — with its witching revelry,
And a health to those whose gentle hearts may yet remember me !

Good morrow to the Season ! — may it gaily come and go !
May eyes be brighter than its wise, and joy more sparkling flow !
May they who fear they're growing fat, ungrow again to thin !
May the puppies be rejected, and the jilts be taken in !
To sit without a partner may manœuvrers be compelled :
And may thy Hell, St. James's Street, no longer be up-held !
May sighing maids be married, and cross old ones and their lives !
And may husbands all be cuckolded who take coquettes for wives !

So good morrow to the Season ! — with its witching revelry.
And may those again enjoy it, who enjoy'd it once with me.

Good morrow to the Season ! — and a kind adieu to all,
Whom I have ever prattled with, in boat, or bower, or hall,
They shall *all* be recollected when my spirits may be high,
But *one* or *two* shall oftenest be remember'd with a sigh.
Farewell ! thou pretty, warbling bird—thou guileless one in heart,
Full be thy share of every good,—of ill be thine no part !
And to *these*, the warm and gentle, who had lost my dancing hand,
Be happiness, as great as mine, in this all sunny land ?

Now good morrow to the Season ! — with its witching revelry,
And may those again enjoy it, who enjoy'd it once with me !

Spirit of the English Periodicals.

MOZART.

[FROM THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. VIII. FOR AUGUST 1829.]

Between the years 1773 and 1775, Mozart visited Vienna and Munich, with his father. In the latter city he composed two grand masses, an offertorium, a vesper service, and the opera buffa *La finta Giardiniera*, and on his return to Salzburg, *Il Re Pastore*, a serenata for the Archduke Maximilian. The epoch at which Mozart's genius was ripe may be dated from his twentieth year; constant study and practice had given him ease in composition, and ideas came thicker with his early manhood—the fire, the melodiousness, the boldness of harmony, the inexhaustible invention which characterize his works, were at this time apparent; he began to think in a manner entirely independent, and to perform what he had promised as a regenerator of the musical art. The situation of his father as Kapell-meister, in Salzburg, indeed gave Mozart some opportunities of writing church music, but not such as he most coveted, the sacred musical services of the court being restricted to a given duration, and the orchestra but poorly supplied with singers; it was therefore his earnest desire to get some permanent appointment in which he could exercise freely his talent for composition, and reckon on a sufficient income. When childhood and boyhood had passed away, his *quondam* patrons ceased to wonder at, or feel interest in his genius, and Mozart, whose early years had been spent in familiar intercourse with the principal nobility of Europe, who had been from court to court and received distinctions and caresses unparalleled in the history of musicians, up to the period of his death gained no situation worthy his acceptance, but earned his fame in the midst of worldly cares and annoyances, in alternate abundance and poverty, deceived by pretended friendship, or persecuted by open enmity. The obstacles which Mozart surmounted in establishing the immortality of his muse, leave those without excuse who plead other occupations and the necessity of gaining a livelihood as an excuse for want of success in the art. Where the creative faculty has been bestowed, it will not be repressed by circumstances.

* * * * *

In the hope of gaining some comfortable settlement in life, Mozart quitted Salzburg for Paris in 1777, in company with his mother, and to this journey, stimulated as he was by the necessity for exertion, we owe some of his most masterly compositions. His extreme youth was however an impassable barrier to his reception of the office of Kapellmeister, in an age when wig and wrinkles were the only title to respect. The careful and good father, whose life, as he expressed it, *hung* on his son's, parted from him with great sorrow and melancholy forebodings—

January 1830.

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Paris was a dissipated city, and Mozart then at an age when nature herself is the young man's enemy. On this journey Mozart remained some time in Munich, offering his services in such capacity as they might be deemed useful, but the answers which he received to his applications for employment were "you are too young"—"you must first travel in Italy and gain fame"—"there is at present no vacancy." In spite of these disappointments, he meditated a plan for settling in Munich, and of engaging to produce two serious and two comic German operas every year. He writes to his father "I am here much beloved—and how much more will this be the case, if I raise the character of the national musical drama." In another place he says "most of the nobility have a dreadful mania for every thing Italian."

* * * * *

On the 23d of March, 1778, Mozart arrived in Paris, accompanied by his mother, who, in the July following, was attacked by a sudden illness, of which she died, to the great grief of her son; on this occasion he experienced much kindness from Baron Grimm, with whom he lived in the house of Madame d'Epinay. He writes, "I have here a pretty little room, which commands a pleasant prospect, and am as comfortable as circumstances will allow me to be." Mozart entered Paris buoyant with hope, as the following passage from his correspondence shows: "Nothing pleases me more than the thought of the *concert spirituel* in Paris, as I shall probably have something to compose for it. The orchestra is so large and good, that they will be well able to perform my favourite compositions—chorusses—and these I am happy to say the French like. . . . Until now the Parisians have been accustomed to Gluck's chorusses. Rely upon me, I shall use my utmost exertions to make the name of Mozart renowned, and I am not at all afraid of succeeding in the attempt."

* * * * *

Two anecdotes of Mozart's readiness of invention are in their kind complete. When he visited Prague, towards the winter of 1787, he gave, by universal desire, a concert in the opera-house, at which all the pieces were of his own composition. At the end of the concert he played on the piano-forte, *extempore*, for half an hour; the audience applauded so violently, that he sat down again; when he had finished, the public was more furious than before, he therefore took his place a third time. A voice in the pit now called out "from Figaro,"—on which Mozart took as his subject the air "Non piu andrai," and made twelve most ingenious and exquisite variations upon it, with which he ended one of the most triumphant performances of his life.—Mozart often visited Doles, the cantor of St. Thomas's School, in Leipsic, with whom he felt much at his ease. One evening, before setting out for Dresden, he supped with Doles, and was in great spirits. The cantor begged of him to leave something in his own hand-writing, as a remembrance. Mozart was sleepy, and would have gone to bed; however, he asked for a piece of paper. This he tore in two, and wrote for five or six minutes; he then rose up with two canons in three parts, one gay and

the other doleful; these were tried over separately, but the surprise of the company was at its height when it was discovered that they would go together, and that they produced the most comic effect. In the midst of the laughter which these canons created, Mozart bid the company good-night.

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On his return to Vienna, he worked at the "Requiem" with unremitting assiduity, and with the liveliest interest in it—his diligence increased with the decay of his health. His wife saw, to her great affliction, that he was fast sinking under this occupation. One fine day in autumn she drove out with him to the Prater, to distract him from his work;—as they sat down in a solitary spot, Mozart began to speak of death, and said, that he was writing the "Requiem" for himself. Tears came into his eyes. "No, no," said he, as she tried to talk him out of these gloomy fancies; "I am too well convinced that I cannot last long: some one has certainly given me poison!* I cannot get rid of this thought."—Believing that his illness was increased by the composition of the Requiem, his wife consulted a physician, who advised her to take the score from him. For some days there was a slight improvement in his health, and the performance of a little cantata, entitled "*Das Lob der Freundschaft*," revived his spirits so much, that he desired to have the Requiem again. The favourable symptoms were however of short duration; he became weaker and weaker, and died on the 5th December, 1791, at midnight. He had kept his bed for fifteen days before his decease. His disorder commenced with swelling of the hands and feet, which was followed by sudden fits of vomiting. He was perfectly sensible until two hours before his death, when the physician, M. Closset, ordered cold applications to his head, which shook him violently. The ordinary symptoms of inflammation of the brain were found to exist in Mozart. During his illness he was never impatient, except when he thought of the unprovided condition of his family. A favourite canary bird, which sang rather too loud for him at this time, was removed to a more distant chamber. A letter of his sister-in-law contains the following:

"The next day, (on which he died,) I called in the evening. How alarmed was I when my sister met me at the door with these words, 'God be thanked that you are come. Last night he was so ill that I did not think he would survive this day. If he should be so again, he will die to night—go to him and see how he is.' As I approached his bed, he called to me, 'I am glad you are here—you must stay to-night and see me die.' I tried to persuade him out of this, but he answered, I have already *the taste of death upon my tongue*, I can feel it, and who will be with my Constance if you are not?' I only went away for a short time to give my mother some intelligence I had promised her, and when I came back to my disconsolate sister, Süssmaier was by Mozart's bedside. Upon the counterpane lay the Requiem, and Mozart was explaining his meaning to him, that Süssmaier might complete the work after his death."

Benedict Schack, a performer in Schickaneder's theatre, was the confidential and intimate friend of Mozart, and much with him during the

* Salieri lay for some time under the imputation of this crime, from the eagerness of some of Mozart's friends who knew Salieri to be an implacable foe of the composer, and therefore supposed him capable of the atrocity. The wiser part looked upon these words of Mozart as the mere phantom of his imagination.

composition of the Requiem. He relates that Mozart received fifty ducats for this work, half of them in advance. The greatest part of it was written in Trattner's garden.

"As soon as the composer had finished a movement, he went to the piano-forte, sung it, and played over the instrumentation. On the afternoon before his death, the score of the Requiem was brought to his bed-side, and Mozart and some friends sung it; himself the alto voice, Schack the soprano, Hofer, (Mozart's brother-in-law,) the tenor, and Gerle the bass. They reached as far as the first bars of the Lacrymosa, when Mozart was seized with such a violent fit of weeping, that the music was given over."

In the exterior of Mozart there was nothing remarkable; he was small in person, and had a very agreeable countenance, but it did not discover the greatness of his genius at the first glance. His eyes were tolerably large and well shaped, more heavy than fiery in the expression; when he was thin they were rather prominent. His sight was always quick and strong; he had an unsteady abstracted look, except when seated at the piano-forte, when the whole form of his visage was changed. His hands were small and beautiful, and he used them so lightly and naturally upon the piano-forte, that the eye was no less delighted than the ear. It was surprising that he could grasp so much as he did in the bass. His head was too large in proportion to his body, but the hands and feet were in perfect symmetry, of which he was rather vain. The stunted growth of Mozart's body may have arisen from the early efforts of his mind; not, as some suppose, from want of exercise in childhood,—for then he had much exercise,—though at a later period the want of it may have been hurtful to him. Sophia, a sister-in-law of Mozart, who is still living, relates: "he was always good-humoured, but very abstracted, and in answering questions seemed always to be thinking of something else. Even in the morning when he washed his hands, he never stood still, but would walk up and down the room, sometimes striking one heel against the other; at dinner he would frequently make the ends of his napkin fast, and draw it backwards and forwards under his nose, seeming lost in meditation, and not in the least aware of what he did." He was fond of animals, and in his amusements delighted with any thing new; at one time of his life with riding, at another with billiards.

Mozart composed even during his recreation. Some friends, who were one day playing at billiards with him at a coffee-house in the suburbs of Prague, observed that while the game went forward he often took a book out of his pocket, cast a glance into it and played on, singing at the time the Thema *hm-hm-hm*. They were astonished and delighted when he played to them at Duschek's house the beautiful quintet in the *Zauberflöte* between Tamino, Papageno and the three ladies, which he had actually completed at the billiard-table. Many of the pieces in *Don Juan* were written in the garden of his friend Duschek during skittle-playing, which was an amusement there; when it came to Mozart's turn, he would leave his work, but as soon as it was over, he wrote on, without being disturbed by the talking and laughing about him.

The most extensive sympathy that ever musician possessed was Mozart's; he participated with Sebastian Bach in the beauty of the fugue, with Handel in the grandeur of church music, with Gluck in the serious opera, with Haydn in instrumental music, and in the universality of his genius surpassed them all.

AN HOUR AT A PUBLISHER'S.

[FROM THE ATHENÆUM, JULY 1, 1829.]

MR. COLOPHON*, as the public are aware, is one of the most eminent of London booksellers. He is overwhelmed with business; and gaining £10,000 a year, he cannot afford to keep half an hour a day to himself. I was desired to call on him by my uncle, the vicar, who wished to publish a tract against popery, and as he knew that the Dukes of Cumberland and Richmond were of his opinion, thought that it might be proper to employ a fashionable book-seller. I sallied, therefore, from Lincoln's-Inn; with a part of the MS. (which I confess I had not read,) in my pocket; and made my way to the residence of Mr. Colophon. I was desired by the gentleman in the shop to wait in a small room towards the rear of the premises, where I had not remained above three-quarters of an hour before the great publisher appeared. I was rejoicing at the hope of seeing my business ended; when the door was opened, and the gentleman from the shop entered, and said, Lady Amelia Aubrey was getting out of her carriage at the door. 'Good heavens!' exclaimed the publisher, 'the Baroness Bellevue is up stairs, correcting the proof-sheets of her new work; she cannot take them home, for fear her husband should discover her. Mr. —a—a, I beg your pardon. Good heavens! Lady Amelia is at the door, and you cannot go without meeting her. She would die at being seen by any of my back-parlour quizzes, as she calls them. My dear sir, I must intreat you to let me hide you in this book-case.'

So saying, Mr. Colophon opened the green silk door of the book-case (which did not contain shelves, much less books,) and while I stepped into my cell, he assured me, that the moment he could find an opportunity to speak to me, he would let me out. He had scarcely time to turn the key before Lady Amelia entered.

'Well, Mr. Colophon,' she said, 'I hope you have made up your mind to give me the other two hundred for the MS.'

'Really,' answered the publisher, 'your ladyship must consider how many works I have had lately of the same kind.'

'Yes, sir,' she replied, 'but you must consider how few of the novels of fashionable life have been written by any one but cast-off secretaries, chaplains, apothecaries, ladies' maids, lawyers, and so forth.'

'I am sorry,' lisped the bibliopolist, 'to be obliged to remind your ladyship that this kind of article, as one of the gentlemen employed in my

* For Mr. Colophon read Mr. Colburn, the celebrated publisher.—*Ed. Cal. Mag.*

periodical observes, is like the goods used in traffic with savages. Excellence of workmanship is scarcely any object. The panegyrics in the newspapers, (which some people are so malignant as to pretend that I pay for,) and the taste of the readers of circulating libraries level all differences of merit.'

'Then Mr. Colophon,' said the lady, 'I am quite convinced that the name of any person of fashion connected with the authorship of a book very much helps the sale. The lady mayoress, and I suppose she is a fair sample of the whole herd of vulgarians, said the other day, to the Baroness Bellevue, about her first work, that she had read it, and admired it vastly, on account of its having been written by a peeress. "For," added the absurd woman, "I read and admired every thing that is written by persons of rank and fashion. I detest plebeian literature." You can put that in one of your puffs, can you not? It will mystify the city people.'

'O! undoubtedly,' ejaculated Mr. Colophon, 'your ladyship's name will be of great service. As soon as the work is published, I will persuade my friend of the Morning Chronicle to attack the ladies of the aristocracy, for being so profligate as to write novels instead of codes of criminal law, and will make him add, in a note, as a piece of secret intelligence, that your ladyship is a flagrant delinquent.'

'O! you may say any thing you please about us in the Chronicle. If it were to attribute the book to Sontag or the Duchess of St. Albans, the report would not be contradicted, for nobody would ever see it. But to business, Mr. Colophon; I really must beg that you will add £200 to the £1000 we agreed on. I want the money; and I have spent almost as much in scent to keep me from fainting with the fatigue of authorship, and rose water to wash the ink from my fingers.'

'Your ladyship,' he replied, 'distresses me unutterably. But we really have had so many of these works and by persons of real fashion too.'

'Can you pretend sir,' exclaimed the lady, with a burst of the loftiest indignation, 'that any one, in a good set, has told so many secrets of her friends as I have in the novel which you want to buy so cheaply.'

'There I allow,' said the publisher, 'from what my literary friends inform me, that the work has extraordinary merit. Perhaps,' he continued, 'the matter might be arranged. There is a chapter, which I am told is rather long and heavy, giving an account of a debate in the House of Commons. Now, if your ladyship would substitute for that the secret history of this elopement, with which the papers are now filled, I can say that the £200 should be £300.'

'Certainly,' she answered musing, 'that chapter is tedious; I own I intended it to be so, and therefore I took all the arguments on both sides of the question out of the MS. of a speech which Mr. Aubrey intended to deliver last session. I designed this part of the book to be rather sleepy, that the account of the intrigue between the hero and his cousin might have the more effect. That description is a little warm, and as I wished it to produce its full impression, I made the preceding pages a contrast to it. As you say, I might insert the true state of the game which the public, in their ignorance, have been betting on so absurdly. I was the

lady's only confidante; and I need colour but a very little to make it a very interesting chapter. But how will it come into my story? Let me see; yes, I have it. I will make my hero elope with the one woman as a blind for his views on the other. Then he shall leave her at Calais, and return to London to complete his triumph with the heroine. An excellent thought of yours, Mr. Colophon; but could you not say £350 in addition to the £1000. You know I may be abused for divulging the confidence of my foolish friend, who has spoiled her game so completely by this stupidity. You shake your head; well, I suppose I must agree to your terms; and at all events, I have not time to stay any longer, for I have promised to take a stall at a charitable bazaar.

Lady Amelia Aubrey had not been gone an instant before the gentleman from the shop entered the room, and announced in a low diplomatic tone that Mr. William Winchester Wandrille had called, and desired to see Mr. Colophon; and thereupon Mr. William Winchester Wandrille made his appearance. I could perceive through a slit in the silk curtain that this gentleman was a person of great importance. He was very carefully dressed, and he carried himself with an air which seemed to assert his superiority over common authors, and all such vulgar people. He threw himself into a chair, and indicated to Mr. Colophon, by a motion of the hand, that he might be seated.

'I perceive,' said the man of fashion, 'that you have examined the volume of amatory poems I sent you; pray what price may I expect for the copyright. There are not many of them; I shall be satisfied with £500 for the first edition.' The bookseller's jaw fell, and his eyes grew round and staring. '£500! Eh, Mr. Wandrille? £500 did you say for the first edition! Upon my word, Mr. Wandrille—I beg your pardon, sir—but upon my word I had rather intended——' 'What, sir,' interrupted Mr. Wandrille, 'you had intended to offer me less for poems that have been admired by half the finest women in London. I beg I may hear no more on the subject. I shall expect to receive the draft for the £500 before six this evening.' And so saying, Mr. Wandrille was about to depart, when Mr. Colophon, with a look and accent of despair threw himself in his way and exclaimed, 'Only listen to me, sir, I entreat you for one minute. Poetry really finds no sale at present; no sale whatever; and as to love poems, most especially, I could not promise myself to dispose of a hundred copies. Then, then, sir, you must consider that in this case I should have to employ a person to correct the casual slips of the pen and errors of grammar, of which there are a good many in the manuscript; and to substitute other lines for those which have crept in from Moore and Byron. All this would cost money; so that on the whole I fear I must decline the undertaking.'

Mr. Wandrille for a moment appeared to be discomposed; and muttered something about having promised Lady Cecilia that he would publish his poems, and having given the long odds at his club that he would be in print before the day of the Derby.

Mr. Colophon again spoke, and said that he had something to suggest which might perhaps meet Mr. Wandrille's views. He offered to print

January 1830.

the poems at Mr. Wandrille's expense, and added that a small edition would not cost above £150.

The author considered for a few moments and said, 'Do it for £100 and I agree. But see that you do not let it be known the book has cost me any thing, or I shall be quizzed to death.' Mr. Wandrille then departed, and endeavoured, as he left the room, to assume something of that bold supremacy of look which he had displayed at his entry.

Mr. Colophon accompanied his distinguished visitor to the outer door, and I hoped that I should be immediately released from my prison; but I could not account for the strange jostling and the unintelligible clamour which accompanied the return of the bookseller. These noises were soon explained by the appearance of the unfortunate Colophon between an Irishman and a Scotchman, who had been waiting to pounce on him. They both spoke together, and for some time I could not distinguish any thing they said. At last the publisher exclaimed aloud, 'Gentlemen, if both of you speak at once, it must be impossible for me to listen to either.' This added new fuel to the blaze of their eloquence, and each roared louder than before, in hopes of being first attended to. The Scotchman, however, who was the elder of the two, soon gave up the contest, and the Irishman began to state his business, prefacing it with an assertion that the other was very ungentlemanly for interrupting him, to which the Scotchman replied by muttering that it would be unworthy of a philosopher to mind hard words.

The Irishman was a youth upwards of six feet high, with a broad and distinctness of feature, which was scarcely marked by any characteristics but an enormous mouth and squinting eyes. 'My name is O'Rourke, and I have come from Ireland,' said the stripling, 'with a tragedy in my pocket; and I have been living here for three months, in hopes of having my play acted. But the managers of the theatres are very ungentlemanly; and so at last I have brought my work to you Mr. Colophon,' (therewith he produced from his pocket a club-like roll of paper), 'to request that you will publish it, and give me 200*l*. for it. It is very little to ask (for I am told that there have been above fifty editions of Shakspeare,) but I want the money immediately, for I found the living in London and frequenting the theatres very expensive, and I owe about 150*l*. Therefore, if you will just settle my business and let me go, I will leave you and this gentleman to arrange your affairs together. I have no objection to take the money either in notes or sovereigns, just as may be most convenient: I am not particular.'

'Really, sir,' said the bookseller, 'this is a most extraordinary application. My time is of importance; and, therefore, I may as well state to you at once, that I would not publish your tragedy if you were to give it to me for nothing.'

'Mr. Colophon,' answered the youth, 'do not insult my genius. I know that it has always been the custom for you pettifoggers to insult great men. But, sir, though Shakspeare, and Milton, and Otway may have been thrated in this ungentlemanly way by their publishers, I tell you that my name is Theophilus O'Rourke, and I will not. You had better

give me the 200*l*. or I will shake your dirty soul out of your ugly car-kish.'

'Mr. Simpson, Mr. Drake, Mr. Peebles!' exclaimed Colophon, to the gentlemen in the shop and they immediately entered the room. The bookseller desired one of them to go for a constable, and the other two to hold Mr. O'Rourke.

'Is it for a constable you'd be sending?' cried the Irishman, 'and is that the way you trate a jantleman for letting you publish this thragedy? now by the L—d, I tell you I would not give you a farthing to publish it—I would not let your unclain pathronymic go down to posterity on the title page of "Aspasia," (for that's the name of the tragedy I won't let you have the printing of), not if it did not cost me more than a sixpence.' And so saying Mr. Theophilus O'Rourke, who seemed to have had great difficulty in keeping his hands from the person of Colophon, broke from the house.

The attendants left the room, and the Scotchman and the publisher stood face to face. The former was a stout red-haired man, apparently under thirty; and he now said, very deliberately, 'Mr. Colophon, my name is Ninian Saunders; and I have been all my life a student. As you vary judiciously observed to that callant, wha, in my private opinion, is either wud or waur, a tragedy is an ower trifling and insignificant wark to have much success in see intellectuall an age as ours. Na, na, sir, this is an age of pheelosophy, and I think ye wunna be displeased to hear that I hae brought you a part o' a treatise of intellectuall pheelosophy; whilk has naething whatever to do with the outward warld, nor with any thing that is commonly talkit of, or understood, or felt by mankind in general. It is a leetle in the style of our Davy Hame, only with mair contempt for the prajudices o' society; and mair parfic in the necceties o' English composition. And as to the terms, I am not extravagant in my desires. Only as there is a muckle difference between warks o' a temporary and warks o' a permanent entarest, and as this one o' mine is more abstract, and therefore less likely to be auctected by circumstances than any other excesting, I do not ask more than seave thousand pounds for the four volumes, whilk I have nae doubt you will see to be a vary moderate request.'

'I am sorry,' replied Mr. Colophon, 'that philosophicel works are not in my line; and that I must, therefore, decline to enter into any negociation on the subject.'

'O! vary weel,' replied the Scotchman, 'if your business is with more freevolous productions, you are doubtless vary right not to attempt a more lofty and ambections walk. I like humility in every mon. But I confeas I did na think to have found any one in our age of intellus wha wad clean throw away, as it were, his ain gude fortune. I wish you a vary gude morning.'

I was now set free from my confinement, and as my uncle, the vicar, was willing to pay the expense of printing his pamphlet, I settled my business with Mr. Colophon at less cost of trouble and wrangling than his other visitors.

MY FIRST INTERVIEW WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

[FROM THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.]

One fine day in the summer of 1801, as I was busily engaged working in the field at Ettrick House, Wat Sheil came over to me and said, that "I boud gang away down to the Ramsaycleuch as fast as my feet could carry me, for there war some gentleman there wha wantit to speak to me."

"Wha can be at the Ramsaycleuch that wants me, Wat?"

"I couldna say, for it wasna me that they spak to i' the byganging. But I'm thinking it's the Shirra an' some o' his gang."

I was rejoiced to hear this, for I had seen the first volumes of *The Minstrelsy of the Border*, and had copied a number of old things from my mother's recital, and sent them to the Editor preparatory for a third volume. I accordingly went towards home to put on my Sunday clothes, but before reaching it I met with THE SHIRRA and Mr. William Laidlaw coming to visit me. They alighted and remained in our cottage for a space better than an hour, and my mother chanted the ballad of *Old Mailan'* to them, with which Mr. Scott was highly delighted. I had sent him a copy, (not a very perfect one, as I found afterwards, from the singing of another Laidlaw,) but I thought Mr. Scott had some dread of a part being forged, that had been the cause of his journey into the wilds of Ettrick. When he heard my mother sing it he was quite satisfied, and I remember he asked her if she thought it had ever been printed. and her answer was "Oo, na, na, sir, it was never printed i' the world, for my brothers an' me learned it frae auld Andrew Moor, an' he learned it, an' mony mae, frae aye auld Baby Mettlin, that was housekeeper to the first laird o' Tushilaw."

"Then that must be a very auld story, indeed, Margaret," said he.

"Ay, it is that! It is an auld story! But mair nor that, except George Warton and James Steward, there was never ane o' my sangs prentit till ye prentit them yoursell, an' ye hae spoilt them a'thegither. They war made for singing, an' no for reading; and they're neither right spelled nor right setten down."

"Heh—heh—heh! Take ye that, Mr. Scott," said Laidlaw.

Mr. Scott answered by a hearty laugh, and the recital of a verse, but I have forgot what it was, and my mother gave him a rap on the knee with her open hand, and said, "It was true enough, for a' that."

We were all to dine at Ramsaycleuch with the Messrs. Brydon, but Mr. Scott and Mr. Laidlaw went away to look at something before dinner, and I was to follow. On going into the stable-yard at Ramsaycleuch I met with Mr. Scott's liveryman, a far greater original than his master, whom I asked if the Shirra was come?

"O, ay, lad, the Shirra's come," said he. "Are ye the chiel that mak' the auld ballads and sing them?"

“I said I fancied I was he that he meant, though I had never made *ony* very *auld* ballads.”

“Ay, then, lad, gae your ways in an’ speir for the Shirra. They’ll let ye see where he is. He’ll be very glad to see you.”

During the sociality of the evening, the discourse ran very much on the different breeds of sheep, that curse of the community of Ettrick Forest. The original blackfaced Forest breed being always called *the short sheep*; and the Cheviot breed *the long sheep*, the disputes at that period ran very high about the practicable profits of each. Mr. Scott, who had come in to that remote district to preserve what fragments remained of its legendary lore, was rather bored with the everlasting question of the long and the short sheep. So at length, putting on his most serious calculating face, he turned to Mr. Walter Brydon and said, “I am rather at a loss regarding the merits of this *very* important question. How long must a sheep actually measure to come under the denomination of a *long sheep*?”

Mr. Brydon, who, in the simplicity of his heart, neither perceived the quip nor the reproof, fell to answer with great sincerity,—“Its the woo, gir—it’s the woo that makes the difference. The lang sheep hae the short woo, and the short sheep hae the lang thing; and these are just kind o’ names we gie them like.” Mr. Scott could not preserve his grave face of strict calculation; it went gradually away, and a hearty guffaw followed. When I saw the very same words repeated near the beginning of the Black Dwarf, how could I be mistaken of the author? It is true, Johnnie Ballantyne persuaded me into a nominal belief of the contrary, for several years following, but I could never get the better of that and several similar coincidences.

The next day we went off, five in number, to visit the wilds of Rankleburn, to see if on the farms of Buccleuch there were any relics of the Castles of Buccleuch or Mount-Comyn, the ancient and original possession of the Scotts. We found no remains of either tower or fortalice, save an old chapel and church yard, and a mill and mill-lead, where corn never grew, but where, as old Satchells very appropriately says,

Had heather-bells been corn of the best,
The Buccleuch mill would have had a noble grist.

It must have been used for grinding the chief’s black-mails, which, it is known, were all paid to him in kind. Many of these still continue to be paid in the same way; and if report say true, he would be the better of a mill and kiln on some part of his land at this day, as well as a sterling conscientious miller to receive and render.

Besides having been mentioned by Satchells, there was a remaining tradition in the country, that there was a font stone of blue marble, in which the ancient heirs of Buccleuch were baptized, covered up among the ruins of the old church. Mr. Scott was curious to see if we could discover it; but on going among the ruins we found the rubbish at the spot, where the altar was known to have been, dug out to the foundation,—we knew not by whom, but no font had been found. As there appeared to have been a kind of recess in the eastern gable, we fell a turning over some loose stones, to see if the font was not concealed there, when we came upon one half of a small pot, encrusted thick with rust. Mr. Scott’s

eyes brightened, and he swore it was an ancient consecrated helmet. Laidlaw, however, scratching it minutely out, found it covered with a layer of pitch inside, and then said, "Ay, the truth is, sir, it is neither mair nor less than a piece of a tar pat that some o' the farmers hae been buisting their sheep out o', i' the auld kirk langsyne." Sir Walter's shaggy eyebrows dipped deep over his eyes, and suppressing a smile, he turned and strode away as fast as he could, saying, that "We had just rode all the way to see that there was nothing to be seen."

I remember his riding upon a terribly high-spirited horse, who had the perilous fancy of leaping every drain, rivulet, and ditch that came in our way; the consequence was, that he was everlastingly bogging himself, while sometimes his rider kept his seat despite of his plunging, and at other times he was obliged to extricate himself the best way he could. In coming through a place called the Milsey Bog, I said to him, "Mr. Scott, that's the maddest deil of a beast I ever saw. Can ye no gar him tak a wee mair time? He's just out o' ae lair intil another wi' ye."

"Ay," said he, "we have been very oft, these two days past, like the Pechs; we could stand straight up and tie our shoes." I did not understand the joke, nor do I yet, but I think these were his words.

We visited the old Castles of Thirlestane and Tushilaw, and dined and spent the afternoon, and the night, with Mr. Brydon of Crosslee. Sir Walter was all the while in the highest good-humour, and seemed to enjoy the range of mountain solitude, which we traversed, exceedingly. Indeed I never saw him otherwise. In the fields—on the rugged mountains—or even toiling in Tweed to the waist, I have seen his glee not only surpass himself, but that of all other men. I remember of leaving Altrive Lake once with him, accompanied by the same Mr. Laidlaw, and Sir Adam Fergusson, to visit the tremendous solitudes of The Grey Mare's Tail, and Loch Skene. I conducted them through that wild region by a path, which, if not rode by Clavers, was, I daresay, never rode by another gentleman. Sir Adam rode inadvertently into a gulf, and got a sad fright, but Sir Walter, in the very worse paths, never dismounted, save at Loch Skene to take some dinner. We went to Moffat that night, where we met with some of his family, and such a day and night of glee I never witnessed. Our very perils were matter to him of infinite merriment; and then there was a short-tempered boot-boy at the inn, who wanted to pick a quarrel with him, at which he laughed till the water ran over his cheeks.

I was disappointed in never seeing some incident in his subsequent works laid in a scene resembling the rugged solitude around Loch Skene, for I never saw him survey any with so much attention. A single serious look at a scene generally filled his mind with it, and he seldom took another; but here he took the names of all the hills, their altitudes, and relative situations with regard to one another, and made me repeat them several times. It may occur in some of his works which I have not seen, and I think it will, for he has rarely ever been known to interest himself, either in a scene or a character, which did not appear afterwards in all its most striking peculiarities.

There are not above five people in the world who, I think, know Sir Walter better, or understand his character better, than I do: and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I will draw a mental portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original shall not be disputed. In the meantime this is only a reminiscence, in my own line, of an illustrious friend among the mountains.

The enthusiasm with which he recited, and spoke of our ancient ballads, during that first tour of his through the Forest, inspired me with a determination immediately to begin and imitate them, which I did, and soon grew tolerably good at it. Of course I dedicated *The Mountain Bard* to him:—

Blest be his generous heart for aye;
He told me where the relic lay,
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Etrick's wildest hill,
Watch'd my first notes with curious eye,
And wonder'd at my minstrelsy:
He little woe'd a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sang.

LITERARY CHARACTER OF KING JAMES I.

[FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. LXXXI. JULY, 1829.]

The literary character of James is, in general, unduly depreciated, and the reproach of pedantry has been cast without reserve on him and on his times, by many who never affix any distinct idea to the term. But whatever blame it infers may well be borne by the age which enjoyed Shakespeare and Jonson; which, we do not say possessed, but, in spite of party feeling, did unanimous justice to Bacon; which gave the first seeds of poetry to the mind of Milton; and which perfected that solid and majestic monument of the English language, the last translation of the Bible. The husk and shell which, as Sterne says, grow up with learning, were not always thrown away, either by the sovereign or by his people, but the fruit was relished and digested. There is a prejudice, very commonly felt, against a writing monarch, especially when he mingles in controversy with subjects; but Henry the Eighth had been a polemical author, Elizabeth was celebrated for her intellectual attainments, and whatever ridicule may attach to the scholar-like pursuits of James, it would doubtless have given occasion to far bitterer sarcasm, if the peaceful and unenterprising Stuart had shrunk from following the career of his predecessors, even in the field of literature. We cannot here enter into the examination of James's merits as a man of letters; but on this, as on many other points, we shall leave his cause in very good hands if we refer to the able pleading of Mr. D'Irasci,—a writer who seldom fails to bring new facts, original views, and the candour of a philosophic spirit, to his subjects—and who has few rivals in a delightful department of our literature. James's choice of themes was, in general, unfortunate for his posthumous

reputation; the mass of his works would have met with neglect in modern times, whatever had been their quality; but in those which afford to readers of this day the fairest criterion of his abilities, we consider him at least, entitled to the praise of a sensible and discerning writer, thinking justly, sometimes deeply, expressing his thoughts plainly, and happy in illustration. To compare him with the great wits and philosophers of his own or subsequent times would be extravagant; but many essayists have obtained celebrity without more substantial merit. Two of his works, the *Dæmonology* and the *Counterblast to Tobacco*, are a standing jest with numbers who probably never saw them. The *Counterblast* is a pamphlet drawn up for the people, in great good temper, with an occasional quiet strain of humour, and an ingenious array of familiar arguments, in a style directly opposed to pedantry, and in language, for the most part, as plainly English as that of Swift himself,—a circumstance worthy of remark in this and some other works of the king, considering how much he had been accustomed, during his earlier life, to write in the Scottish dialect, and how many of its peculiarities he is said to have retained in his conversation. Had the *Counterblast* been Greene's or Decker's, it would have passed as a very pleasant old tract. The *Dæmonology* is a compilation of the most prevailing doctrines as to certain supernatural agencies,—the summary treatise of a learned man, on a subject which had long occupied the learned.

'While James was yet a stripling,' says Mr. Gifford, in an excellent passage on this subject,* 'he had been indulged with the cross-examination of the Scottish witches; for the defaults of his education, which (thanks to the satellites of the regent and Elizabeth) was at once frivolous and gloomy, had rendered him eagerly inquisitive after supernatural agencies, in which he had been trained from infancy to believe. He appears to have furnished himself with all the magical lumber of the times; and from this, together with his small gleanings on the spot, to have drawn up his *Dialogue*, on which he apparently prided himself not a little. But James was an honest man; those who made him credulous could not make him cruel and unjust, and many things occurred which disturbed his confidence in his creed before he came to the throne of this kingdom. It may be reasonably doubted whether there was an individual in England who cared less about witches than James I., at the moment of his accession. In the act which made witchcraft felony, he rather followed than led, and was pushed on by some of the wisest and best men of the age, who could scarcely restrain their impatience for the re-enactment of the old severities. Even then the king hesitated, and the bill was recalled and re-cast three several times; yet we are required to believe that witchcraft was scarcely heard of in this country "till the example of the *sapient* James made the subject popular!"'

To credit the tales of witchcraft was an error shared by James with a great majority of his people, both vulgar and refined; but that very inquisitiveness on the subject which has drawn upon him so much ridicule, at length enabled him to emancipate his mind almost, if not entirely, from the popular superstition. He disbelieved, or doubted, on enquiry and reflection; of those who sneer at his weakness, the greater number reject these fables, as the multitude of that day put faith in them, from prepossession, and the influence of general opinion. Because men have more light than their forefathers, they are too apt to imagine that they have better eyes. The anxiety of James to prevent wanton or careless sacrifices

* Introduction to Ford's Plays, vol. i., p. cxxix.

under the law which he had passed, was evinced by his caution to the judges on this point, his admonition to the young Prince Henry, on the same head, in a very kind and judicious letter,* and his dissatisfaction with Winch and Crew, followed by his own saving interference, in the case of the Leicestershire witches.

'It was not this calumniated prince,' says Mr. Gifford 'who in 1645, despatched that monster of stupidity and blood, Hopkins the witchfinder, and Stern, accompanied by two puritan ministers, and occasionally assisted, as it appears, by Mr. Calamy, "to see that there was no fraud or wrong done!" and the good Mr. Baxter, who took no small satisfaction in the process. "The hanging of a great number of witches," as the latter says, "by the discovery of Hopkins in 1645-1646, is famously known." And, indeed, so it ought to be, for it was famously performed. In Suffolk, and the neighbouring counties, in two years only, Mr. Ady says there were nearly a hundred hanged; Hutchinson computes them at above fourscore; Butler says that, within the first year, threescore were hung in one shire alone; and Zachary Grey affirms that he "had seen a list of those who suffered for witchcraft during the Presbyterian domination of the Long Parliament, amounting to more than three thousand names!" Yet we hear of nothing but the persecution of witches by "the sapient James," and this base and sottish calumny is repeated from pen to pen without fear and without shame.'—*Introduction to Ford's Plays.*

The king's attention to literature was, at least free from the censure of costliness and prodigality which has attached to some of his habits. A negligent profusion was, indeed, one of his predominant vices, and it has been suggested (seriously or satirically) that his presents of money must have been calculated in pounds Scots. But, whatever imputation of weakness or improvidence may attach to the king on this head, it must always be remembered that the expenditure of his reign did, in fact, press very lightly on a peaceful and thriving nation; and that the difficulties he experienced in raising money sprang, not from the exhaustion of his subjects, but from the desire of their representatives to make rigid terms with a monarch whose predecessor had left the crown too proud and too poor. The magnificence which James encouraged in his family and favourites, if it be a reproach, was that of the country and the time. With the increase of wealth, a taste for luxury and exhibition had spread through all classes. The dramatists of that age perpetually revel in descriptions of vast riches, splendid show, and prodigal enjoyment. Long before James's accession, the citizens of London had petitioned for a relaxation of the sumptuary laws respecting apparel; and, on the other hand, it had been found necessary to prohibit the apprentices from wearing swords, rings, embroidery, silk, or jewels of gold or silver, and from going to any dancing, fencing, or musical schools. We wonder at the gorgeous attire of Hay and Buckingham; but the dress of a commonplace gallant in their time exceeded, in richness and expense, the most elaborate extravagance of our own simpler age. The sober liverymen of London decked themselves, on days of state, with chains of gold, pearl, or diamonds.† The wealthy merchant, Sir Paul Pindar, had a diamond valued at thirty thousand pounds, which he lent to the king on great occasions, but refused to sell.‡ It was said by the Prince of An-

* Where he observes, 'Ye have often heard me say that most miracles now-a-days prove but illusions.'—*Progresses of King James*, vol. i., p. 304.

† *Progresses of K. James*, iii. 551.

‡ *Ibid.* iii. 611. n. 2.

balt, in 1610, after seeing 'the pleasant triumphs upon the water, and within the city, which, at this time, were extraordinary, in honour of the lord mayor and citizens,' that 'there was no state nor city in the world that did elect their magistrates with such magnificence, except the city of Venice, unto which the city of London cometh very near.*' These exhibitions were more splendid, and though quaint and whimsical, savoured more of intellect and invention than the similar 'triumphs' of the present day.

In this age of splendour and expense, the amusements of Whitehall shone forth with surpassing brilliancy. The English court had far outstripped that of France in refined magnificence; and seldom, perhaps, in any country, have the arts which administer to elegant luxury been displayed in a more resplendent and fascinating union than when Queen Anne, with the flower of English beauty and nobility, presented one of those sweet and learned poetic visions, the masques of Johnson. Whatever was most perfect in music, song, dance, mechanism, or scenic decoration, combined to the grace these exquisite pageants; and the enchantments of a night, made glorious by such artificers as 'Ben' and Inigo, and the colleagues with whom they were satisfied to labour, lived long in recollection and tradition, and were not fruitlessly remembered. There are numberless thoughts and turns of phrase in 'Comus,' and in other poems of Milton, which may be distinctly traced to the masques of King James's court. It has been said, and never was a bold assertion less happy, that the taste of Anne, in diversions of this kind, was 'vulgar;' the conclusion has probably been arrived at with the promptitude usual in such cases, by generalizing on some expressions of an ill-natured letter (obviously written in a moment of spleen and personal disappointment); in which Sir Dudley Carleton passes a brief criticism on the 'Masque of Blackness.'

COBBETT'S TREATISE ON INDIAN CORN.

[FROM THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, NO. XXI. JULY, 1829.]

It is a property of genius, not only to be in love with its chosen pursuit, but at the same time to make others in love with it. Mr. Cobbett writes about his own beloved corn, as he calls it, with an enthusiastic freshness that communicates itself to the most listless reader: it is hardly possible to keep the plough out of the ground as you read his description of the plant and the history of its cultivation. It is not, however, only so with this his last and greatest hobby, but it was so with all former ones. Which of his readers has not wished to plant locust trees? Who could turn over the Cottage Economy without envying the cabbage-garden and the bee-hive? How many orchardists have bought his apple-trees! When Cobbett loves, he loves with all his heart and soul: the contemplation of the object of his affections warms his imagination into a glow, and he grasps it with the athletic power of a man to whom nature

* Progresses of King James, vol. ii., p. 370.

has been liberal in both physical and intellectual gifts. Like all true lovers too, he finds no pleasure in aught else; he turns away with indifference from all but the favourite subject, and resents with the fury of a wild animal the solicitations of any other claimant upon his attentions. We are persuaded by Cobbett, that his corn is the best and greatest benefit that could be bestowed upon the country: but then we have before, under his influence, dreamed of nothing but locust trees; we have been wrapped in wonder over the productive power of cabbages; we have been taught by him to detest tea-slop, and to place the juice of John Barleycorn, and the fat of the pea-fed hog above all other earthly pleasures. If, therefore, we seem in our accounts of Cobbett's last and most amusing publication, to lean too much to the side of our author, it must be remembered, that we are easily persuaded by the rural Cobbett—the political is, to our minds, another and far less useful man.

The value of Indian Corn has never been disputed: it could not, by men who had ever seen the corn of America, or the maize of the more southern districts of France. Its introduction into England has not been speculated upon; for it was supposed there was an *in limine* objection, that in our climate it would not ripen. In the more northern part of France, for the same reason, its cultivation is not known, and in the map prefixed to Arthur Young's *Travels in France* and other countries, may be seen a line drawn across the country, which line he considered was the limit of the maize country. Neither has this experiment till now been tried, for Cobbett's corn is a different variety of Indian or American, from that cultivated either in the new or old world. It appears that it is a dwarfish species, and one which will not only ripen in this country, but produce results of fertility beyond that calculated upon in the United States in the most prosperous seasons. It was an accident which threw it into Mr. Cobbett's hands: his son brought some seeds from plants growing in a gentleman's garden in the French province of Artois, and it was only at this son's repeated entreaty that he was prevailed upon to try its effects. And even this entreaty from a son might not have prevailed, had not the influence of a sleepless night from the heat of summer, led to a conversation to be followed by results so important. The moment of conception of great designs is a proper subject of record, and every body has read Gibbon's pompous description of the scene and circumstances under which the idea of writing the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire presented itself to his mind. Mr. Cobbett has marked minutely the epoch, which in future ages will be called the Epoch of the Rise of Indian Corn in England. It was on the 7th of June at night—the night was hot—Cobbett was lying with his son in a garden-house—they could not sleep—but it is right that the father of corn, the modern Triptolemus, should himself inform us of the origin of his offspring. It used to be said of a mineralogical professor at Cambridge, that he was as eloquent about a stone as another man could be on the death of his first born. Cobbett is always eloquent, for all his subjects are his children, and he is as interested in the progress of Indian corn, or locust trees, or Newtown pippins, or whatever may take his fancy, as he is in that of John M., or James P. Cobbett, the two hopeful students of Lincoln's Inn.

MANNERS OF THE SWISS.

THE FAIR PAYSANNE.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. CIII. JULY, 1829.]

It has long been the fashion to decry the morals of our French neighbours as notoriously bad, and to laud those of the tranquil and secluded Swiss as good, *par excellence*. To both of these established opinions there are an infinite number of exceptions, more especially to the latter. To the old saying *point d'argent, point de Suisse*, may be added—"seek not purity in the land where it is professed, as well seek it in a monastery." Many instances may be given of this, of which the following may serve as a specimen; though contrary, in its details, to the taste of those who see only innocence and simplicity in Alpine manners, and end their tours with the most delightful predilections, for the people. In a sweet village near Thoun, in the Canton of Berne, was a very handsome *paysanne*, one of the five daughters of a bricklayer: beauty is rare in the Cantons, both in mountain and valley, so that the attractions of this girl paved the way to her speedy celebrity. She was taken into the service of an affluent family of Berne, that treated her with extreme kindness, and regarded her in a light rather above the station of a domestic. They had an only son, who fell desperately in love with this woman, and, contrary to Swiss ideas in general on these subjects, (as a hundred louis d'or more or less will often break off an engagement, if the fair possessor meets the lover's eyes a few weeks before he is to wed another,) he resolved to marry her. The parents would not hear of such a proposal, and he was driven to adopt the alternative of waving the ceremony, as the fair *paysanne* did not testify any stern scruples. She was maintained by her lover in comfort and even splendour, and the young Bernois continued entirely devoted to his passion. The steps of this woman through life were doomed to be marked with tragical events; and were any Swiss endowed with dramatic power, they would furnish a sufficiently impassioned and varied subject. In spite of the attachment and study of the youth to gratify her in every thing, she either was not perfectly satisfied to inspire one flame alone, or else his own ardent feelings made him jealous on slight causes. He was jealous, however, with all the fury of an Italian, though this fury, instead of being turned on his mistress, was directed, unfortunately, solely against himself. One day he came resolved on deadly purposes to her door, being well-armed, and having an idea that he should find the object of his suspicions in company with that of his love. They proved to be vain, as she was discovered sitting alone and tranquil. The infuriated Swiss drew a pistol from his pocket and fired at her, inflicting only a wound in the arm, which, together with the affright, caused her to fall helpless on the floor. Persuaded he had slain the fair *paysanne*, he retreated to the head of the stairs, and heroically blew his brains out with the remaining pistol. The anguish of the parents

may be conceived, for he was their only child. The now lonely object of his affection, instead of losing her time in vain regrets and lamentations, determined, with the true feeling of her country to draw some pecuniary advantage from the circumstance. She accordingly brought an action against the parents for the wound inflicted on her by the son, and the confinement that resulted from it. Strange to say, the former agreed to allow her an annual income, in order to hush the proceedings. Covered with the *eclat* of this tragical event, she was no sooner recovered, than she resolved on fresh conquests. Her personal attractions, and the notoriety so lately conferred, rendered this no difficult circumstance, in a town the morals of which are so lax as at Berne. A wine merchant, in good circumstances, and a native of the place, was a successor in the attachment of this woman, whose extravagance and profusion in the course of a couple of years brought him to ruin and bankruptcy. When he was no longer able to supply the profusion of the fair *paysanne*, who seemed to regard all the good things of this life as made only for her enjoyment, she withdrew her countenance from him. The Bernois merchant was unable to endure the separation; he strove in vain against the hardness of his fate; and then, to end at once his sufferings and his love, he also blew his brains out. These events caused great notice, as they were so unusual in the annals of Swiss history, political or domestic; it being very rare for love to possess so absorbing an influence on the mind in this country, as to induce a man to forego life, liberty, and above all, the enjoyment of a good property, merely for a sentimental affection. Werter, it is true, is read, but who ever heard of his example being followed in this land before? it absolutely filled the natives with astonishment. Where divorces take place with such cordial goodwill on so many occasions, and are countenanced by the law—where love is lost and renewed, and lost again, by this calm, calculating people in whose eye the glittering louis d'or has infinitely more charms than Cupid or his mother—it might well excite surprise and deep comment, that two men of note should be so desperate in folly as to send themselves into the other world for a light and changeable love. The Swiss have been patriots, and flaming ones, though now no more so, and as such have justly and conspicuously figured in history; but whoever thought, either in the drama or in the tale, of making them figure as dying and despairing lovers—as helpless subjects of the soft, sweet passion, of contemning all things for its sake—riches, glory, life, &c.! The thing would carry contradiction in the face of it; but these events prove, as Lord B— once observed, that there are things at times, in real life, wilder and more strange than the wildest romance. Previous to the last circumstance, the object of these violent deeds had returned to the village of Thoun, near the home of her fathers; where, installed in a good dwelling, she continued to receive the incense and adoration of admirers, neither shunned for her scandalous life, nor for the fatal events to which it had led; and at the intercession of one of the latter, who happened to be a man of greater note than those she had destroyed, was allowed by the magistrates often to come to Berne, although she had been exiled some time before to the distance

of a few leagues; and this distinguished individual went weekly to the authorities to obtain permission that so shameless a character should enter gates where neither corruption nor an enemy's foot once dared to come. That these things should take place in a land of such extreme and strict morality, may well be matter of surprise; but the boasted purity, as well as glory, of the land, is a thing now of record and remembrance, but not of practice.

SUPERSTITIONS OF ITALY.

THE WONDERFUL HISTORY OF FERRAGOSTO.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, FOR JULY.]

"Tempted by a beautiful spring-morning, I rose early, and quitted Florence by the gate of Santa Croce. Passing the mills and the fall of the Arno, I followed the direction of the river, and gazed with delight upon the fresh and lovely landscape. A vine-covered hill was crowned with small and elegant villas, which stood in relief before the romantic cliffs of Fiesole, still surmounted with Etruscan walls, and distinguished by the bold tower which serves as a belfry to the cathedral.

"I now began to observe that the fields are without labourers, and that every peasant I met was attired in holiday apparel, and proceeding with eager step, as if to some scene of festivity. Walking leisurely onward I reached at length a farm-house, before the door of which a young tree had just been planted. Streamers and knots of ribbands, adorned with tinsel, were suspended from the branches, and glittered gaily in the foliage; branches with similar adornments, and a crown of flowers, shaded one of the windows, and the air was resounding with the matin-music of several peasants. Suddenly the bowery window was opened, and three young peasant beauties, fresh and brilliant as the morning, appeared in picturesque costume, and repaid with graceful smiles the salutations of their friends and lovers. This pastoral scene reminded me that it was the first of May, and that the antique festival of Calendi Maggio was about to be celebrated by these happy dwellers in the vale of Arno. Soon the rustic minstrels began a lively measure, the young people assembled before the house, and, joining hands, danced with a rapid and bounding movement round the May-tree, while the older peasants were busily arranging breakfast upon a long table under the shade of a vine trellis which served as a vestibule to the house. This pleasing groups formed a picture worthy of Teniers or Bassano, or rather of the more graceful pencil of Paolina Gauffier of Florence. Taking out my sketch-book, I began to draw the picturesque scene before me, and had nearly completed my pencil-sketch, when I was discovered. Immediately the master of the house approached me, and, with looks of cordial kindness, invited me to join their rural festival. While I hesitated to comply, one of his daughters left the circling group, and, presenting her hand, invited me to join

the dance. This temptation it was not in human nature to resist. I added another link to the chain of dancers, and we bounded round the May-tree with increased energy and rapidity. When the dance was concluded, I offered to my hosts the sketch I had made of their rustic festival, and it was honoured by immediate insertion in the frame of a coloured print representing the Wandering Jew; after which he sat down in cordial intimacy to breakfast. A diminutive and greyheaded old man, who had enlivened our rural meal by many pleasant songs, which he accompanied on the bass, was loudly summoned by the children after breakfast to tell them the wonderful history of Ferragosto, Calendi Maggio, and their sisters Befanna and Mezza Quaresima. He yielded at length to the solicitations of the whole party, to which I added mine, being curious to hear a specimen of the quaint and original eloquence of a rural improvisatore. Immediately the peasants hoisted the little man upon the table, crowned him with a cap of gilt paper, and invested him with a printed bed-quilt by way of mantle. The orator then grasped a wine-flask coated with plated straw, and exclaimed:—"Ragazzi! Ragazze! e voi ultri tutti quanti, ascoltate!" After a pause, during which he applied the bottle to his lips, he said, with an air of ludicrous solemnity, "I had this true and pleasant history from Ferragosto himself. He told it me during his last appearance on earth, and I will give it you so exactly in his words and voice, that you may suppose him actually sitting before you." Then expanding his chest, and deepening his voice, he continued: "Dunque io son Ferragosto!" (Behold me then Ferragosto!) At these words the excited group became silent and motionless, and the children gazed with eager looks, and open mouths, upon Ferragosto, who now threw back his head, elevated his shoulders to increase his bulk, expanded his arms, and after looking gravely round the circle, began his recital, of which, however, I profess only to render the spirit, the language being in that burlesque style of the sixteenth century, which is endurable only in the original Italian.

"There was once a great king named Charlemagne, who was, besides, emperor of Rome. After many and many battles and conquests, he came into our country with a numerous retinue of great personages; and my father, although nothing but a sausage-maker of Belgioso, was one of the party. King Charlemagne prized men of talent in all classes of society; and my father, who was a distinguished artist in his line, was made much of at court. Unfortunately, however, he died upon the journey, after recommending his children to the paternal care of his good king and patron, whom we accompanied to Florence. The conqueror, who had destroyed so many cities, amused himself with rebuilding the city of Flowers. He collected there the population scattered through the neighbourhood; and many of his courtiers, to whom he granted feudal privileges, established themselves in Florence, and contributed to the embellishment of this new metropolis.

"Before his departure Charlemagne wished to see the environs of Florence, and being attracted by the high celebrity of the fairies of Fiesole, he went there with a numerous retinue, in which were my brother, my two sisters, and myself. When the court had arrived before the *Buche delle*

Fate, at Fiesole, the emperor deposited there some rich presents; and, in return, he was most graciously received by the fairies, who granted an especial boon to every one of his attendants. They made the famous paladin Orlando invulnerable; for it is altogether a mistake to say that he was born so. Mangis was endowed with all the knowledge requisite to make a good necromancer; and, in short every one had some favour granted, except my youngest sister, Mezza Quaresima, who would not ask any, and was cruelly punished, as you shall hear anon. For my own share, I requested the fairies to make me immortal. Satisfied, however, with a brief existence every year, I begged only for a renewal of life during the first week of August, and conditioned that this period should become a festival, during which my return to earth should be annually celebrated by rejoicings and banquets. You shall now hear how I terminate my annual existence. I go at midnight to the abode of the fairies; whose door is always open to me, and there I find a cask of wine, the delicious poison of which takes away my life. I drink and drink until I fall asleep, and then I expire in good faith, and very comfortably. On the day appointed for my resuscitation, the fairies bring me to life again in this manner. They cut open a large, fat, well-pickled sow, put me into the inside, and carefully stitch up the orifice. Then the fairies apply a melon to the pig's snout, through which the grateful odour penetrates to my nostrils. Gradually I return to life; the sow is again cut open, and I jump out of my grave as handsome and lively as ever.

"My brother Calendi Maggio was gifted with music, and ever since, the first of May has been a festival on which the Tuscans honour his memory by songs and May-trees. My eldest sister Befana had the audacity to beg that she might herself become a fairy, and her ambition was gratified on condition that every year, on the night of the sixth of January, she would frighten the children by threatening to cut in two all those who plained their nurses, or would not eat their porridge without pulling faces. My other sister, who unwisely rejected the proffered gifts of the fairies, had soon reason to repent; for, had she only asked permission to eat meat in Lent, she would have escaped a miserable death. During her pregnancy, she was seized at Mid-Lent with an irresistible longing for a Bologna sausage; and, to make bad worse, she devoured it eagerly, and without cooking. This heinous crime was discovered, betrayed, and pronounced unpardonable. My poor sister was condemned to the dreadful punishment of being sawn in two, and the only remission granted was the privilege of dying incognita in the garb of a nun. In memory of this catastrophe, and in the Piazza Badella, the very spot where it took place, the sad spectacle is renewed every year at Mid-Lent, by sawing in two a wooden puppet, which is still called the *Monaca*."

ARABS OF MUSCAT.

[FROM THE ORIENTAL HERALD, FOR JULY, 1829.]

The appearance, dress, and manners of the Arabs of Muscat, differ but little from those of Yemen, and the coast of Hadramaut. In stature, they are of the middle size, but almost invariably slender. Their physiognomy is not so marked as that of most of the Desert Arabs, from their race being more mixed with foreigners brought among them by trade. The complexions of those of pure Arab descent, are much fairer here than in any part of Arabia that I have visited, from the southern borders of Palestine, to the Indian Ocean—though, excepting the plains of Babylonia, Muscat is the hottest place I ever experienced, in any part of the world. From the preference which seems to be given here, to handsome Abyssinian women over all others, there are scarcely any persons able to afford this luxury, who are without an Abyssinian beauty, as a wife, a mistress, or a slave. This has given a cast of Abyssinian feature, and a tinge of Abyssinian complexion, to a large portion of the inhabitants of Muscat; besides which, there are many handsome, tall and young slaves, who are assigned the most honourable places, as rulers of their masters' household, though still slaves; and others again, who by the death of their masters, or other causes, have obtained their freedom, and enriched themselves, so as to become the principal merchants of the place.

A distinguished person of this last description, had recently arrived here with all his family and suite from Bombay. This man was a native of Gondar, tall, handsome, and of regular features, approaching to the European form; but his complexion was a jet black, and his hair short and woolly, though he had nothing else in his appearance that was African. He was originally brought from Massowah, on the Red Sea, and sold as a slave at Muscat. Having the good fortune to serve a most excellent master, and being himself a faithful servant, he was admitted an adopted heir to all the property, there being no children to claim it; and, as is not unfrequently the case in similar instances, of a faithful slave serving a benevolent owner, he was invested with all the property by will, before his master's death. Not long after, or when the time required by the law had been fulfilled, he married the widow of his benefactor, and took her and all her relatives under his protection. Making a voyage to India, he remained long enough, as a fixed resident in Bombay, to establish his domicile there and in virtue of this, was considered to be a British subject and permitted as such, to sail his vessels under the British flag. One of these, the *Sulimany*, commanded by an English captain, touched at Muscat, on her way to Bussorah. Some slaves were put on board of her, against the English captain's remonstrances; and the agents of the owner, who was himself at Bombay, seemed to think, that though their principal was sufficiently an Englishman, by adoption or domicile, to obtain an English flag for his vessels; yet that they were sufficiently

*January 1830.**d*

Arabs to be justified in conducting their own business, even in these ships, as Arab merchants. The Sulimany sailed for Bussorah, was examined and captured by his Majesty's ship *Favourite*, the Hon. Captain Maude, in the Gulf, was sent to Bombay, and there condemned in the Court of Admiralty, as a lawful prize for being found with slaves on board, under English colours, and accordingly condemned. The Abyssinian, finding his interests shaken by this stroke in India, had returned to what he considered his real home, and had brought all his family and domestics with him. There were many genuine Abyssinians, and others mixed with Arab blood in their descent, settled here, as merchants of wealth and importance, and this returning Abyssinian was received among them all with marks of universal respect and consideration. There are also found here, a number of African negroes; but these from their inferiority of capacity and understanding to the Abyssinians, seldom or ever obtain their freedom, or arrive at any distinction, but continue to perform the lowest offices, and the most laborious duties, during all their lives.

These three classes are all Mahommedans, and of the Soonee sect. Their deportment is grave, and their manner taciturn and serious; but there is yet an air of cheerfulness, and a look of content, and good-nature, mixed with what would be otherwise forbidding by its coldness. Beards are universally worn, but these are by nature thin and scanty; they are generally preserved of the natural colour, and not dyed, as with the Persians; though henna, the stain used for that purpose, is here applied freely to the soles of the feet and the palms of the hands, as well as cohel, or surmeh, the Arabic and Turkish names of antimony, to the eyes, from an idea that it increases their sparkling effect, and preserves the sight. Rings are sometimes worn, with the turquoise, or firouzi stone, set in them. The dress of the men is simply a shirt and trowsers, of fine muslin, slightly girded round the waist, open sandals of worked leather, and a turban of small blue, checked cotton with silk and cotton border, of red and yellow,—a manufacture peculiar to the town of Sahar, to the north-west of Muscat, on the coast. In the girdle is worn a crooked dagger; and over the shoulders of the merchants is thrown a purple cotton cloth, of Surat; while the military, or people of government, wear a neatly made wooden shield, hung by a leathern strap over the shoulder, and either hang the sword loosely above it, or carry it in their hand. Nothing can surpass the simplicity of their appearance, or the quality of value, between the dresses of the wealthiest and the lowest classes of the people. The garments of the prince, taken altogether, without his arms, could not have cost more, I should conceive, than about an English guinea; and his arms were not nearly so costly as is usual among the northern Arabs and the Turks. Notwithstanding which however, the people of Muscat seemed to me to be the cleanest, neatest, best dressed, and most gentlemanly of all the Arabs, that I had ever yet seen, and inspired, by their first approach, a feeling of confidence, good-will, and respect.

Gleanings.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

DISCOVERIES AT HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.—On the 27th of February, the King of Bavaria and suite visited Herculanæum and Pompeii, to view the new discoveries. As the frescoes are now suffered to remain upon the walls, and several pieces of furniture are left in the places where they served the former owners, one appears to be in the midst of the ancients. A bath, which has been lately excavated, was particularly remarkable: the decorations of the walls, which are very fine, are in perfect preservation; and the bronze seats remain in the places where they were used by the inhabitants of Pompeii 1800 years ago. In honour of his Majesty, the workmen were directed to continue their researches in a house, the excavation of which was already begun. The result was very fortunate. It seems that they came to a glass-shop; for they found in one spot above five hundred glass vessels of the most various descriptions. Near the spot were several bronze vessels and many glass beads, probably part of a necklace. The King of Naples made a present to the King of Bavaria of all that was found on this occasion. The newly-discovered paintings are far superior to those previously found, and prove that painting among the ancients was not below the other arts. The fresco paintings on the walls of a very pretty house, representing Ganymede carried off by the eagle, and Bacchantes, are not unworthy of a Julio Romano or Giovanni di Udine. Others with architecture, entirely refute the notion which some persons entertain, that the ancients were ignorant of perspective; for the perspective drawing of the buildings is perfect. In a house at Herculanæum, which has been but just opened, a very large stock of all kinds of fruit was discovered, which are, indeed, carbonised, but in other respects well preserved and very interesting. His Majesty received a complete collection of the several kinds.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

PRICE OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.—The author of a pamphlet "On the Consumption of Wealth by the Clergy," makes the expenditure for the clergy of the Church of England and Ireland 8,896,000*l.*, for 6,400,000 hearers; for 14,600,000 of all other denominations, 1,024,000*l.*; total for 21,000,000 of hearers, 9,920,000*l.* Total for the expenditure on the clergy of all the rest of Christendom, amounting to nearly 220,000,000 of hearers, 18,762,000*l.* Data are given for these estimates, but if only within half-way of the truth, they supply a strange illustration of the poverty of the Church of England and Ireland.—*Westminster Review.*

FIRES.—M. Aldini, of Milan, has invented a dress which enables the wearer to traverse with impunity the flames of a large fire, for the purpose of rescuing those who may be exposed to their fury, or of saving property from destruction. This dress is composed of a tissue of asbestos, which it is well known is not combustible, covered with metallic gauze, through which it is also well known flame will not penetrate.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

FISHES.—The Count de Lacépède, twenty years ago, in his celebrated History of Fishes, described not less than 1500 fishes, comprising all those of which authors had spoken, as well as those which he had seen. The royal cabinet alone possesses at the present day 2500, of which more than the half have been added within the last ten years. But these 2500 species probably form but a small proportion of what the sea and rivers will furnish. The rivers of France produce about 50, and the Ganges alone has already afforded 270 to Dr. Hamilton Buchanan. There is no doubt that the other rivers of warm countries possess proportional numbers.—*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal.*

January 1830.

INFLUENCE OF MIND.—A young man from the country, a labourer, imagined that he had swallowed a young snake in a glass of water. "It is five years (said he) since the accident occurred, since which time the animal has not ceased to grow. It has now attained an enormous size, and produces great inconvenience: constantly in motion, it traverses the belly, mounts into the chest, and sometimes rises up to the left eye, when I have a distinct perception of its size and colour. Sometimes its movements are so violent and painful that I am obliged to constrain them by seizing and squeezing it through the parietes of the abdomen." The patient described a variety of other circumstances connected with this internal enemy, and appealed to the bystanders whether they did not hear it hissing; yet in all other respects he was perfectly rational. The Physician, aware that no reasoning would avail, affected to agree with him. The patient himself expressed his conviction that nothing but an operation could save him. It was practised. In order to render the illusion more complete, a large plait was made in the integuments of the abdomen, the base of which was traversed with a bistoury, and a live adder introduced into the wound in the form of a seton. One of the wounds being covered with the hand, the patient was requested to assist the operator by seizing the head of the "serpent," and unite his efforts in extricating it. No idea can be formed of the joy of the patient without having witnessed it. Next day he declared that he was prodigiously shrunk, in consequence of the extraction of the horrid creature; all the torments which he had suffered for five years were removed; the cure was complete in a few days, and, what is more remarkable, it has continued permanent. One circumstance alone for a moment rendered it doubtful; the patient was afraid that the serpent might have left some eggs, but his confidence was completely restored on being assured that it was a male.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

THE MAYBUG.—In this small body, scarcely an inch long, there may be counted 306 hard pieces, serving as an envelope, 494 muscles for moving them, 24 pairs of nerves for animating them, all divided into innumerable filaments; 48 pairs of tracheæ not less divided, for carrying air and life into this inextricable tissue. The delicacy and regularity of the whole afford a delightful spectacle.—*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*.

CANAL.—A junction of the Volga and the Moskva is about to be effected by means of a canal, which will unite the rivers Sestra and Istra; the first of which communicates by the Doubna with the Volga, and the second of which runs into the Moskva. The original idea of this junction was conceived by Peter I. The first stone of the first lock of the canal was laid in October 1827. The expense of the undertaking is estimated at 5,340,000 rubles. A plan is also under consideration for forming a junction between the Volga and the western Dvina.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

THE COTTON PLANT.—The cotton ground, or regur soil, forms one of the most curious features in the physical geography of the southern Mahratta country. It varies in depth from two or three to twenty or thirty feet, and even more, and is of prodigious extent, covering all the great plains in the Decan and Kandeish, some of those in Hydrabad, and perhaps also in other parts of India. It is as remarkable for its fertility as for its very great extent; and a very curious circumstance is, that it is never allowed to lie fallow, and never receives the slightest manure. Even the stems of the cotton plant are not allowed to remain on it, being employed for making baskets, or used as fire-wood; and farther, in all those parts of the country where the cotton-ground is met with, there is so little wood, that the cow-dung is carefully collected (as already mentioned) and dried for fuel. Cotton, jooree, wheat and other grains, are raised from it in succession; and it has continued to afford most abundant crops, without receiving any return for centuries, nay, perhaps, for two or three thousand years,—thus proving the inaccuracy of the opinion held by agriculturists, that if something be not constantly added to land equal to what is taken from it, it must gradually deteriorate. Attention must be paid to the order of cropping, as will be more particularly mentioned hereafter; but, with this precaution, the Ryut is always sure of an abundant return, provided the weather be favourable.—*Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal*.

* It will be an interesting subject of inquiry for future observers, to ascertain whether any organic remains occur in this extensive deposit, to throw light on its origin, which will not improbably be found to be diluvial.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Mr. Sieber, of Prague, of whom the Emperor of Austria has purchased his great collection of the Zoology of New Holland, intends to employ the sum received for it in the publication of his long announced work on the Cure of Hydrophobia, upon which he has spent nine years in researches and experiments, and of which we have already had occasion to speak.

According to Mr. Sieber the hydrophobia is not a disease, but a *metastasis*, that is to say, the termination of a disease.

In the first period of the disorder the symptoms are inflammation of the wound, great depression of spirits, relaxation of the muscular strength, and rigors. In the second period the inflammation of the nerves, the arteries and the veins advances progressively to the body and the throat; and if the poison reaches the throat, the pain, redness and inflammation of the wound disappear, its circumference diminishes, no more water issues from it, and all has vanished. This is a proof that the poison has removed from the wound to the throat, the trunk and the basis of the nervous system.

The change of the first symptoms, melancholy and debility of the bodily and mental powers, giving way to more violent passions, to fury and convulsions, and the greatest muscular exertions, are invincible proofs of a *perfect metastasis*.

It is upon this consideration of hydrophobia as a *metastasis*, that Mr. Sieber founds his method of cure. The question is, he says, to make the contagion quit its place.

Mr. Sieber affirms, that by following his method, six patients out of ten will be saved, if they are attended to in the first six hours after hydrophobia has declared itself.

His Majesty the Emperor of Austria has promised the author an annual pension of 1200 francs, if a discovery so useful to humanity should be fully verified; the King of Denmark, another of 500 francs; and the French Chamber of Peers, the sum of 100,000 francs.

Mr. Sieber's work is printing at Paris, and will be published by subscription.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

NATURAL PHENOMENON.—In the Memoirs of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg it is stated, that in the district of Gori, in Russia, at the foot of the Ossetin mountains, there is a hill, on the stony surface of which the humidity that exudes from the rock, in summer and in fine weather, is converted into ice of a thickness proportionate to the heat of the sun! This ice disappears in the night, or during cloudy weather, so completely, that the rock is scarcely damp. The water obtained from this ice when melted, appears upon analysis to contain only a very small quantity of lime, and not any other foreign matter.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.—In the preface to a late number of the Italian monthly journal, the *Antologia*, published at Florence, there are some particulars stated which give, but a poor idea of the extent of the reading public in Italy. It is there stated that this journal began in 1821 with 100 subscribers, and that with No. 100 (in its ninth year), it now numbers 530 subscribers. It is not saying too much, that this is one of the very best Periodical journals published in Italy. Two of the scientific journals of that country having also ceased within the last two years (Baron Zach's *Correspondence Astronomique*, &c., and Brugnattelli's *Giornale di Fisica*), Mr. Vieusseux, the proprietor of the *Antologia*, conceived the moment favourable for starting a new one. In June, 1828, therefore, he issued proposals for commencing a new scientific journal, to be entitled *Annali Italiani di Scienza*, for which he solicited the aid both of contributors and subscribers. At the end of ten months it appeared that two of the former had offered, both out of Italy, and six of the latter had sent in their names! It will not surprise any one, therefore, to hear that the scheme has been abandoned.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

POTATOE SUGAR OBTAINED, CRYSTALLIZED.—M. J. B. Mollerat, of Pouilly-sur-Saone the proprietor of a manufacture of chemical products, has lately shown to strangers and merchants who have visited his establishment, potato sugar in chrystals, decidedly formed, and perfectly resembling very white sugar-candy.

THE CANADIAN SNOW DOGS.—The stranger who sees the Canadian voyageur paying £.50 for three small animals, is disposed to laugh at the simplicity of the purchaser. Larger animals of the same kind would unquestionably appear more deserving of the price; but even the largest, most men would be disposed to think, were, at that sum, far too dearly purchased. But suppose this Canadian overtaken by such

a storm, in the middle of an extensive plain; ignorant of the direction of his home; the path leading to it covered, in many parts, with ten or twelve feet deep of snow; and the atmosphere so filled with drift as to render it impossible for him to see the foremost of his three little dogs—this man, apparently so helpless, so certain of being lost, who prides himself in watching and directing, on other occasions, even the slightest movements of his canine companions, throws himself on his sledge, calls to the animals to advance, leaves it to them entirely to determine whether they shall go to the north or south, east or west. His anxiety about his safety, if at all excited, lasts only while they are dragging him, in all directions, to recover that path which the wisdom of man compelled them to abandon: for, by the barking of the leader, he quickly learns that the tract has been regained; and then sweeping, like the wind, over the slender crust of snow, through which larger dogs sink, and flounder, and perish with fatigue, he is carried to his own fort, or to the nearer tents of some friendly Indians.

AN INDIAN SULTANA IN PARIS.—It is known to very few even in France that an Indian Sultana, a descendant of Tamerlane, named Aline of Eldir, has been living in Paris, poor and forgotten, for above forty years. This heiress to a great kingdom was stolen almost out of her cradle, and deserted by the robbers on the coast of France. She was presented to the princesses of the old court, and conceived a particular attachment for the Princess de Lamballe; but when, at the age of only nine or ten years, her beauty had attracted too much notice, and nothing but a *lettre de cachet* could secure her from the persecutions of an exalted personage, she exchanged a convent for a prison. The revolution set Aline at liberty. At the time of the Egyptian campaign, the man who was destined to rule France, and almost all Europe, and who had probably thus early turned his attention to India, is said to have thought of the heiress of Tamerlane, and to have formed the plan of restoring the illustrious stranger to her native land. Josephine interested herself on this occasion for the sultana; but this had no influence upon her condition. Unhappy, surrounded only by a few pious nuns, and urged by her confessor, she renounced the religion of Mahomet, and became a Christian. At length, in December, 1818, an Indian Sheik named Goolam, arrived in Paris, with instructions to claim the Princess Aline from the Court of France. The Envoy sought out the Sultana: he informed her, that her relations were desirous of her return; that she should be reinstated in the rank which was her right, and again behold the bright sun and the beautiful face of her own Asia, upon the sole condition that she would forsake Christ for Mahomet. No persuasions, however, could prevail upon the convert to comply with this requisition; Goolam went back to India without accomplishing the object of his mission, which produced no improvement in her straitened circumstances. Two years afterwards, she learned that an Indian Prince had landed in England with a splendid retinue, including three females, but that he had been obliged by the English government to embark again immediately for India. Aline had no doubt that this event had some connexion with her history, but she heard no more of the matter.

These particulars are chiefly extracted from the preface to the books of the Princess, written by the Marquess de Fortia.* This nobleman generously took upon himself the charge of supporting Aline, who has now attained the age of sixty years in a foreign land.—*Court Journal*.

MOZART.—When we bring into one view all the qualifications of Mozart as a composer and practical musician, the result is astounding. The same man, under the age of 36 is at the head of dramatic, sinfonia, and piano-forte music—is eminent in the church style—and equally at his ease in every variety, from the concerto to the country dance or baby song: he puts fourth about 800 compositions, including masses, motetts, operas, and fragments of various kinds; at the same time supporting himself by teaching and giving public performances, at which he executes concertos on the piano-forte, the violin, or the organ, or plays *extempore*. But when we learn that the infant Mozart, at four years of age, began to compose, and by an instinct perception of beauty to make correct basses to melodies; and also that he became a great performer on two instruments, without the usual labour of practice,

* The truth or falsehood of this statement which has appeared in several July periodicals, might easily be ascertained in this country.—*Ed.*

we cease to be surprised at the mechanical dexterity of his fingers in after-life, when composition and other pursuits had engrossed the time usually employed in preserving the power of execution.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

NOVEL HERALDRY.—A gentleman having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name; being informed it was Russel, "Pray," says the gentleman "is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?" "As to our arms, your honour," said the porter, "I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a deal of difference between our coats."—*Mirror*.

METALLURGY.—The Indian method of reducing leaden Ore to the metallic state is at once simple and economical. The ore is pounded very small. It is then mixed with wet cow-dung, and rolled into balls; and these, after having been dried in the sun, are, with the addition of a small quantity of charcoal, set on fire. The heat produced by this process, with the assistance of the bellows, is sufficient to separate the metal, which is then collected for commerce.

JOURNALS IN THE NETHERLANDS.—Mr. Quetelet, in his Statistical Researches respecting the Kingdom of the Netherlands, gives the following statement:—

"We might, indeed, take the number of journals which appear in a country, in some respects, as the measure of the ardour with which knowledge is circulated. Such a measure, if not strictly accurate, at least offers an interesting classification of the several governments.

States.	One Journal for Inhabitants
Spain	869,000
Russia and Poland	674,000
Sardinian States	540,000
Papal Dominions	431,670
Austrian Empire	376,471
Portugal }	210,000
Tuscany }	
Switzerland.....	66,000
France	52,117
Sweden and Norway	47,000
British Islands	46,800
German Confederation	44,000
Prussian Monarchy	43,090
Netherlands	40,953."

We see by this statement, that in the Netherlands the journals are more numerous, in proportion to the population, than in any other state in Europe. The difference would be still more striking if the extent of territory had been assumed as the basis of comparison. On the above statement we must observe, that however correct we may suppose it to be, the author has wholly omitted one of the most important circumstances, namely, the number of copies of each journal that are sold. Thus though the number of journals in the Netherlands may be greater in proportion to the population than in France and England, it is probable that none of them has a circulation at all to be compared with that of the leading English and French daily journals, and of some of our Sunday papers. Thus in Hamburg the number of journals published is about twenty, or one to every six thousand inhabitants. Among these, the *Correspondent* formerly printed 36,000 four times a week; and upon some extraordinary occasions (for instance, on the first intelligence of the victories of Aboukir and Trafalgar) above 50,000 copies have been sold.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

LANGUAGES IN THE NETHERLANDS.—Ever since the union of the seventeen provinces into one kingdom, a subject of constant discussion, and in many respects of irritation has been the language to be employed in the courts of justice, and in all public and official transactions. To the great mortification of the inhabitants of the southern provinces, where French preponderates, particularly in the cities and towns, the Dutch has been declared the national language, so that the French is not allowed to be used in the tribunals of the southern provinces, even where the parties concerned understand no other language. In the assembly of the States-General the members speak in one or other, as they please, so that some deliver their opinions in Dutch, some in French, and others repeat their speeches in both languages. This state of things has not only been a cause of discontent, but has likewise been attended with

many inconveniences. Among the numerous petitions to the States-General, calling for the redress of various grievances, a great number of them solicit the right of employing in the courts of justice and in legal documents, the language best understood by the parties. These petitions gave rise to some eloquent speeches on the injustice of the existing system. In consequence probably of these circumstances the Minister of the Interior announced towards the close of last session, that a royal decree would be published; granting some facilities for the use of the French language in legal documents.—*Ibid.*

THE MOCKING BIRD.—In an article on American song-birds, in the "Magazine of Natural History," is an interesting account of the mocking-bird, which seems to be the prince of all song birds, being altogether unrivalled in the extent and variety of his vocal powers; and besides the fulness and melody of his original notes, he has the faculty of imitating the notes of all other birds, from the clear mellow notes of the wood-thrush to the savage scream of the eagle. In measure and accent he faithfully follows his originals, while in force and sweetness of expression he greatly improves upon them. His own notes are bold and full, and varied seemingly beyond all limits. They consist of short expressions of two, three or at most five or six syllables, generally expressed with great emphasis and rapidity, and continued with undiminished ardour for half an hour or an hour at a time. While singing he expands his wings and his tail, glistening with white, keeping time to his own music, and the buoyant gaiety of his action is no less fascinating than his song. He often deceives the sportsman, and even the birds themselves are sometimes imposed upon by this admirable mimic. In confinement he loses little of the power or energy of his song. He whistles for the dog; Cæsar starts up, wags his tail, and runs to meet his master. He cries like a hurt chicken, and the hen hurries about, with feathers on end, to protect her injured brood. His imitations of the brown thrush are often interrupted by the crowing of cocks; and his exquisite warblings after the blue bird are mingled with the screaming of swallows or the cackling of hens. During moonlight, both in the wild and tame state, he sings the whole night long. The hunters in their night excursions, know that the moon is rising the instant they begin to hear his delightful solo. His natural notes partake of a character similar to those of the brown thrush, but they are more sweet, more expressive, more varied, and uttered with greater rapidity.

MOUNT ARARAT.—A scientific expedition has set out from Dorpat for the exploration of the country round Mount Ararat. It is headed by Dr. Parrot, and accompanied for greater security by a military escort. Messrs. Fedorow, Hehn, Schiemann and Behagel accompany the expedition in the various departments of astronomy, botany, zoology, and mineralogy; and Professor Kruse, of this University, has furnished the travellers with a manuscript chart for the historical and antiquarian illustration of the countries of Iberia, Armenia and the ancient Colchia, together with a copious commentary on the points to be cleared up. The late Empress-mother, Maria Feodorovna, shortly before her death, bequeathed 1000 Rubles for the instruments and their carriage, besides 600 in addition for the astronomer of the expedition.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

SOLIMAN "THE GREAT."—Among the many distinctions of Soliman's reign must be noticed the increased diplomatic intercourse with European nations. Three years after the capture of Rhodes, appeared the first French ambassador at the Ottoman Porte; he received a robe of honour, a present of two hundred ducats, and what was more to his purpose, a promise of a campaign in Hungary, which should engage on that side the arms of Charles and his brother, Ferdinand. Soliman kept his promise. At the head of 100,000 men and 300 pieces of artillery, he commenced this memorable campaign. On the fatal field of Mohacs the fate of Hungary was decided in an unequal fight. King Lewis, as he fled from the Turkish sabres, was drowned in a morass. The next day the sultan received in state the compliments of his officers. The heads of 2,000 of the slain, including those of seven bishops and many of the nobility, were piled up as a trophy, before his tent. Seven days after the battle, a tumultuous cry arose in the camp to massacre the prisoners and peasants—and in consequence 4,000 men were put to the sword. The keys of Buda were sent to the conqueror, who celebrated the Feast of Bairam in the castle of the Hungarian king. Fourteen days afterwards he began to retire—bloodshed and devastation marking the course of his army. To Moroth, belonging to the Bishop of Gran, many thou-

hands of the people had retired with their property, relying on the strength of the castle; the Turkish artillery, however, soon levelled it, and the wretched fugitives were indiscriminately butchered. No less than 25,000 fell here; and the whole number of the Hungarians destroyed in the barbarous warfare of this single campaign amounted to at least 200,000 souls.—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY, MAY 16.—Sir G. Staunton, Bart. in the chair. Monsieur Théologue, a foreign member of the Society, read a paper, in French, On the Mew-lewis, or dancing dervishes of the East. The communication comprises many very curious details of the peculiarities belonging to this singular sect of men. They are Mohammedans, but when in the company of Christians, do not scruple to eat and drink meats and liquors forbidden by the Koran; particularly wine, of which they are loud in their praises. The Lord Bishop of Calcutta, Col. D. Broughton, and A. Leslie, Esq. were elected members; Colonel Vans Kennedy was proposed, and, being a member of the Bombay branch of the Society, was immediately balloted for, and elected a non-resident member. A splendid list of donations was read; it embraced a MS. copy of the Russian translation of Vachtang's Collection of Georgian Laws, and a Russian translation of the Chinese Code of Laws for Mongolia, presented by the Imperial Government, Department of Foreign Affairs, through his Excellency the Prince de Lieven; also Dr. Buckland's Account of the Fossil Remains brought from Ava by Mr. Crawford; and others from Professor Newmann, Baron Schilling, Dr. Mall, Lieut. Alexander, &c.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, MAY 22.—The subject discussed this evening was the nodal figures produced by the phonic vibrations of elastic laminae: it was one of a series, of which the matter, illustration, and arrangement have been contributed by Mr. Wheatstone, and the delivery confided to Mr. Faraday. The nature of a nodal point was first illustrated upon an extended wire, which being touched at one-third of its length, had the shorter part put into a vibrating state by the application of a violin-bow, when the longer part immediately entered into a state of vibration, as if it consisted of two portions, a point of rest occurring exactly at the middle: this point was described as a nodal point, the earliest observation of which is attributed to Messrs. Noble and Pigot, two of Dr. Wallis's pupils, in the year 1673. Mr. Faraday next directed the attention of his audience to Chladn's beautiful discovery relative to the production of regular forms by the arrangement of grains of sand sprinkled upon a horizontal and vibrating plate of glass, or other elastic substance. Thus, for instance, a round plate of window-glass being held firmly between the extremes of the thumb and second finger, applied exactly at the centre, and a violin-bow drawn over one part of the edge, a clear musical sound will be produced; if at the same time the plate be held horizontally, and a little dry sand, or metallic filings, sprinkled over the surface, the sand or filings will arrange itself into a regular form, probably a star, with 6, 8, 10, or 12 radii. The lines thus formed are called nodal lines; the sand or filings being thrown from the vibrating parts to these places; and according as the plate divides into different vibrating portions, so do the sound and the figures change. The mode of producing various forms was next entered into and fully illustrated; all the possible forms that could be obtained from square, round, and other plates, being shown upon large diagrams, constructed from Chladn's latest work. Mr. Faraday then proceeded to notice the figures obtained upon surfaces vibrating only by reciprocation. Thus, sand, sprinkled upon a plate of glass properly connected by a sounding string, gave a series of figures, according to the notes produced by the string; thin membranes also, extended over frames, being sprinkled with sand, and brought over vibrating plates, immediately reciprocated to them, the sand taking regular forms. By this means various phenomena in the transformation of these figures were perceptible, which could not be observed in plates of glass.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

COLMAN.—I was in company some time since with George Colman, "the younger," as the old fellow still styles himself. It was shortly after the death of Mrs. ———, the wife of a popular actor, and at that time an unpopular manager. Some one at table observed that, "Mr. ——— had suffered a loss in the death of his wife, which he would not soon be able to make up."—"I don't know how that may be," replied George, drily, "but to tell you the truth, I don't think he has quarrelled with his loss yet."—*Monthly Magazine*.

SULTAN MAHMOOD.—“ I had read in some traveller, that the Grand Seigneur's complexion was deadly pale, and that the expression of his countenance partook of the doomed melancholy that used generally to mark that of his cousin and predecessor, the unfortunate Selim. The complexion I saw was as far from pallid as it well could be—it was excessively sun-burnt, a manly brown; but I was informed of the correctness of the traveller's statement, and that he had got rid of the sickly hue of the seraglio only lately, or since his passion for the military life and the field had developed itself. Manly exercise, and a constant exposure to sun and wind, could not plant roses on a cheek of forty; but they had given what suited a soldier and reforming sultan better. Instead of melancholy, and the air of a doomed man, I remarked an expression of firmness and self-confidence, and of haughtiness not unmixed with a degree of ferocity. His lofty and orientally arched eyebrows, his large coal-black eyes (which are habitually however rather heavy than otherwise), his thick black beard and mustachos, which completely veil the expression of the lower features, the lordly carriage of his head, are calculated to strike, and coincide perfectly with our picturesque idea of an eastern despot. There was perhaps more than one Turk in his suite who had the same traits in greater perfection, and whom a stranger might have fancied to be the sultan; but there is a decided character in Mahmood's person that no incognito disguise can conceal from those who have once seen him. This I have been told by Turks, Greeks and Armenians, who have often recognized him with fear and trembling when he has been wandering with only one attendant (meanly travestied like himself) through the obscure quarters of Constantinople—an amusement, or an occupation, that up to the last winter he was accustomed frequently to give himself. His stature is not tall; but a fine breadth of shoulders, an open chest, and well set arms, denote robustness and great bodily strength. Indeed, up to his late exclusive devotion to the arts of war, to drilling and manœuvring, his great pride used to be, to pull the ‘longest bow’ of any man in his dominions; the numerous little stone columns stuck up in the hollow of the Utmsidan at extraordinary distances, to mark the flight of the imperial arrow, still attest the strength of his arm. The lower part of his frame is not so good; like nearly all the great Turks I have seen, there is a defect and ungracefulness in his legs, derived from the Turkish mode of continually sitting with those members crossed under the body,—a mode that must check the circulation of the blood, and tend to distortion. Besides, the youthful life of Mahmood was passed in the inactive imprisonment of the seraglio, in the most sedentary manner, among time-worn women and slaves, shut up from all manly exercise. The Turkish gentlemen, as well as ladies, are proud of a fine smooth hand; but hitherto they are obstinate enemies to those adventitious coverings and preservers considered by us indispensable to both sexes. Gloves no Turk has yet worn; and the Sultan's hands were bare, like those of all the rest—a trifle, but a trifle a European could scarcely help remarking, when he saw him in his almost European military dress. Another insignificant variation from our personal equipment was his boots: they were not of leather, but of black velvet; every time I saw him in his military costume; the form, however, was European, and they were worn under the trousers, like our Wellingtons.

“ Mahmood appears to the best advantage on horseback. Except on going to the mosque on Fridays, or in any other grand ceremonies prescribed by religion, when every thing is strictly oriental, he rides on a Frank military saddle, and in our style. In this recent study he has certainly made great progress: his seat is good; he sits firm and erect, and might really pass muster among a regiment of our fine horse-guards, and that with credit. The difference to this from the Turkish style of equitation is so immense, as to offer no trifling difficulty to one accustomed to the latter, with huge saddles like cradles, and short and almost immoveable stirrups that tuck up the knees in close contact with the groin. Indeed, so considerable is this difficulty, that but few of the regular imperial guard could yet keep a steady seat with their long stirrups, which they were often heard to curse as an invention of the devil to break men's necks. Mahmood was indisputably the best horseman *à la Européenne* in his army; and this acquirement, together with another proficiency he was fast arriving at, viz. that of commanding and manœuvring a squadron of horse, formed then his pride and his glory.”—*Constantinople in 1828*.

Bengal General Register.

REGULATION FOR THE ABOLITION OF SUTTEES.

A. D. 1839. REGULATION XVII.

A REGULATION for declaring the practice of Suttee, or of burning or burying alive the Widows of Hindoos, illegal, and punishable by the Criminal Courts.—Passed by the Governor General in Council on the 4th December, 1829, corresponding with the 20th Aghun 1236 Bengaler; the 23d Aghun, 1237 Fussy; the 21st Aghun 1237 Willaity; the 8th Aghun 1886 Sumbat; and the 6th Jumadee-us-Sanee 1245 Higeree.

Preamble.

The practice of Suttee, or of burning or burying alive the Widows of Hindoos, is revolting to the feelings of human nature, it is no where enjoined by the religion of the Hindoos as an imperative duty, on the contrary a life of purity and retirement on the part of the Widow is more especially and preferably inculcated, and by a vast majority of that people throughout India the practice is not kept up nor observed: in some extensive districts it does not exist: in those in which it has been most frequent it is notorious that in many instances acts of atrocity have been perpetrated which have been shocking to the Hindoos themselves, and in their eyes unlawful and wicked. The measures hitherto adopted to discourage and prevent such acts have failed of success, and the Governor General in Council is deeply impressed with the conviction that the abuses in question cannot be effectually put an end to, without abolishing the practice altogether. Actuated by these considerations the Governor General in Council, without intending to depart from one of the first and most important principles of the system of British Government in India, that all classes of the people be secure in the observance of their religious usages, so long as that system can be adhered to without violation of the paramount dictates of justice and humanity, has deemed it right to establish the following rules, which are hereby enacted to be in force from the time of their promulgation throughout the Territories immediately subject to the Presidency of Fort William.

The practice of Suttee, or of burning or burying alive the Widows of Hindoos; declared illegal, and punishable by the Criminal Courts.

II. The practice of Suttee, or of burning or burying alive the Widows of Hindoos, is hereby declared illegal, and punishable by the Criminal Courts.

All Zemindars, Talooqdars, &c. held responsible for the immediate communication to the Officers of the nearest Police Station of any intended sacrifice—Penalty in case of neglect.

III. First. All Zemindars, Talooqdars, or other Proprietors of Land, whether Malguzaree, or Lakheraj; all Suddur Farmers and Under-renters of Land of every description; all Dependent Talooqdars; all Naibs and other local Agents; all Native Officers employed in the collection of the Revenue and Rents of Lands on the part of Government, or the Court of Wards; and all Munduls or other Head Men of Villages; are hereby declared especially accountable for the immediate communication to the Officers of the nearest Police Station of any intended sacrifice of the nature described in the foregoing Section; and any Zemindar, or other description of persons above noticed, to whom such responsibility is declared to attach, who may be convicted of wilfully neglecting or delaying to furnish the information above

January 1830.

required, shall be liable to be fined by the Magistrate or Joint Magistrate in any sum not exceeding Two Hundred Rupees, and in default of payment to be confined for any period of imprisonment not exceeding Six Months.

Police Darogahs how to act on receiving the intelligence of the intended sacrifice.

by one or more Burkendazes of the Hindoo religion, and it shall be the duty of the Police Officers to announce to the persons assembled for the performance of the Ceremony that it is illegal, and to endeavour to prevail on them to disperse, explaining to them that, in the event of their persisting in it, they will involve themselves in a crime and become subject to punishment by the Criminal Courts. Should the parties assembled proceed in defiance of these remonstrances to carry the Ceremony into effect, it shall be the duty of the Police Officers to use all lawful means in their power to prevent the sacrifice from taking place and to apprehend the principal persons aiding and abetting in the performance of it, and in the event of the Police Officers being unable to apprehend them, they shall endeavour to ascertain their names and places of abode, and shall immediately communicate the whole of the particulars to the Magistrate or Joint Magistrate for his orders.

How to act when the intelligence of a sacrifice may not reach them, until after it shall have actually taken place.

the spot, they will nevertheless institute a full enquiry into the circumstances of the case, in like manner as on all other occasions of unnatural death, and report them for the information and orders of the Magistrate or Joint Magistrate to whom they may be subordinate.

The Magistrate or Joint Magistrate of the Jurisdiction in which the sacrifice may take place, how to proceed against the parties concerned in promoting it.

the case, and shall adopt the necessary measures for bringing the parties concerned in promoting it to trial before the Court of Circuit.

Persons convicted of aiding and abetting in the sacrifice of a Hindoo Widow, shall be deemed guilty of Culpable Homicide, and liable to punishment

Culpable Homicide, and shall be liable to punishment by fine, or by imprisonment, or by both fine and imprisonment, at the discretion of the Court of Circuit, according to the nature and circumstances of the case and the degree of guilt established against the Offender; nor shall it be held to be any plea of justification that he or she was desired by the party sacrificed to assist in putting her to death.

Persons committed to take their trial before the Court of Circuit shall be admitted to Bail or not, at the discretion of the Magistrate or Joint Magistrate.

The Court of Nizamut Adawlut not precluded from passing sentence of death in certain cases.

or compulsion, or of having assisted in burning or burying alive a Hindoo Widow, while labouring under a state of intoxication, or stupefaction, or other cause impeding the exercise of her free will, when, from the aggravated nature of the offence proved against the prisoner, the Court may see no circumstances to render him or her a proper object of mercy.

Second. Immediately on receiving intelligence that the sacrifice declared illegal by this Regulation is likely to occur, the Police Darogah shall either repair in person to the spot, or depute his Mohurrior Jemadar, accompanied

Third. Should intelligence of a sacrifice, declared illegal by this Regulation, not reach the Police Officers until after it shall have actually taken place, or should the sacrifice have been carried into effect before their arrival at

IV. First. On the receipt of the Reports required to be made by the Police Darogahs, under the provisions of the foregoing Section, the Magistrate or Joint Magistrate of the Jurisdiction in which the sacrifice may have taken place shall enquire into the circumstances of

Second. It is hereby declared, that after the promulgation of this Regulation, all persons convicted of aiding and abetting in the sacrifice of a Hindoo Widow, by burning or burying her alive, whether the sacrifice be voluntary on her part or not, shall be deemed guilty of

Third. Persons committed to take their trial before the Court of Circuit for the offence above mentioned, shall be admitted to Bail or not at the discretion of the Magistrate or Joint Magistrate, subject to the general rules in force in regard to the admission of Bail.

V. It is further deemed necessary to declare, that thing contained in this Regulation shall be construed to preclude the Court of Nizamut Adawlut from passing sentence of death on persons convicted of using violence

GENERAL MEETING OF THE INHABITANTS.

[FROM THE BENGAL HURKARU AND CHRONICLE.]

We have the pleasure to present to our readers a full report of the Proceedings at the Meeting of the Inhabitants of Calcutta, held at the Town Hall on Tuesday the 15th December, under the following Requisition.

To JAMES CALDER, ESQUIRE,

SIR,

Sheriff of Calcutta.

We the undersigned British Merchants and others, Inhabitants of Calcutta, request you will be pleased to convene a General Meeting at the Town Hall, at as early a period as possible, for the purpose of Petitioning Parliament to throw open the China and India Trade, and to provide, on the expiration of the existing Charter of the East India Company, for the unfettered application of British Skill, Capital and Industry, to the Commercial and Agricultural resources of India.

Calcutta ; }
26th Nov. 1829. }

We are, Sir,

Your Obedient Servants,

(Signed by 114 British and Native Inhabitants of Calcutta.)

Pursuant to the foregoing requisition, I hereby appoint a Meeting of the British Inhabitants and others, Inhabitants of Calcutta, to be held at the Town Hall on Tuesday the 15th day of December next, at the hour of eleven in the forenoon, for the purpose expressed by the Requisitionists.

To JAMES CALDER, ESQUIRE,

Calcutta, 2d Dec. 1829.

Sheriff of Calcutta.

The High Sheriff having read the requisition, Mr. John Palmer was called to the Chair by acclamation, and opened the business of the meeting in a brief address.

Mr. JOHN SMITH said, that unaccustomed as he was to address so numerous and respectable an assembly, he had to claim the indulgence of the Meeting whilst he moved the first resolution. He did not wish to see any motion brought forward, which tended to change the existing government ; he did not desire to see it taken out of the hands of the East India Company, and placed in those of the Ministers of the Crown ; that was a question to be decided by the Legislature, in its wisdom, but whilst he acknowledged the indulgence of that government, whilst he admitted that he himself had arrived in this country nearly five and twenty years ago without a licence and was permitted to remain, he thought that no member of it would deny that right which is inherent in every man, to petition, or object to representations being made to Parliament to do away with the regulations which at present exist, against the admission of Europeans into this country ; to abolish the disgraceful and odious system of transmission, save in such cases as those, where their longer residence in the country might endanger the weal of the State. He said that, that bugbear Colonization of which they had heard and seen so much of late, was not worth petitioning for ; for in his opinion the climate would never allow of its being carried to any great extent, he thought that the general agricultural employment of Europeans could never be far promoted as a system in India.

As this subject would be much better commented upon by abler persons he would not intrude longer upon their attention but read to them the resolution he intended to propose.

"That this meeting considers itself called upon, adverting to the pending discussions in the Legislature on the renewal of the H. C. Charter, to make known and declare unreservedly to Parliament its wishes and views in regard to such matters as more particularly touch the interests and welfare of this Country, whether the administration of its Government be conducted for the future directly by the Ministers of the Crown, or through the organ of the East India Company."

Mr. E. TROTTER seconded the resolution which was accordingly put by the Chairman and carried unanimously.

Mr. BRACKEN said, in moving the second resolution, it is not my intention to trouble you with many observations, for it is the counterpart of one I had the honour to submit, and comment upon in this Hall in November 1827, since which period nothing has occurred to induce me to alter the opinions I then delivered. Indeed the propositions it contains are so obviously true, that they require no support, by either illustration or argument, the only wonder is that at this time of day this community should be under the necessity of petitioning Parliament for what is so palpably beneficial to any and every country under British rule, "the unfettered application of British skill, capital and industry to the commercial and agricultural resources of India," a necessity only to be explained by the anomalous constitution of the East India Company. Its political and its commercial interests were in direct opposition, and the latter being paramount, the Free Trader became the victim of the collision to the injury of all parties. To no other cause it is possible to attribute the restrictions imposed upon the resort and residence of Europeans in the country, a policy so manifestly absurd, and opposed to every liberal and enlightened principle of Government.

Mr. BRACKEN here read the following resolution which was seconded by Mr. MERVILLE and carried unanimously.

"That this meeting deliberately adheres to the opinions expressed by a similar meeting on the 5th November 1827 in its leading resolution and embodied in Petitions to both Houses of Parliament, to this effect "that the Commercial intercourse between England and India is susceptible of great and indefinite extension, which is prevented by the imposition of extra duties on the Products in India, and by legal obstructions to the application of British Skill and Capital to the cultivation of those Products, and entertains a just confidence that the wisdom and justice of Parliament will, by the removal of such impediments give an immediate impulse to the Commercial prosperity of both Countries and incalculably promote the general interest of India."

Mr. LIMOND read the next resolution, which was seconded by Mr. WHITIS and carried without dissension.

"That it is an obstruction to the industry of individuals prejudicial to good Government, and to improvement, and even attended with positive mercantile loss to the Hon'ble Company that it should continue "to employ a considerable portion of its Territorial Revenue" in the production and manufacture of the different articles composing the internal and export Trade of the Country, where it also exercises the powers of Government. That the recognized evils of such a union of incompatible functions appear not susceptible of remedy by any arrangement short of the entire abolition of that branch of the Company's Commercial transactions in India."

Mr. G. A. PRINSEP in proposing the fourth resolution, begged to draw a distinction between the present and the meeting of 1827; he was anxious to do so for the sake of preserving his own consistency in going further now than he was inclined to do before. In 1827 the prominent object of the Meeting was the Sugar question, and it was then thought advisable, by some, to seek for the removal of other disabilities; but on the same principle that the Catholic question was not pressed by its advocates that Session of Parliament he was anxious that we should not embarrass with important demands a Ministry lately come with power whom we considered our friends—our friends because we knew them to be liberal men having enlarged views of commerce and of the rights and liberties of British subjects. He was therefore inclined to confide much in their protection and that they should only demand that which was the ostensible object of the meeting. But since these things wore a different complexion, every point was open to them now, for it was generally understood that the Indian question on its fullest and broadest basis was to be brought before Parliament during the next Session, a Session which perhaps had before this commenced, therefore now or never they should petition. If another reason were wanting, there was a rumour in circulation that the intention of permitting Europeans to hold land had been disapproved of at home, a regulation which gave them part of what they desired; this of itself was a sufficient cause but whatever the result of that regulation was, it was the duty of the present meeting to come forward and show its thanks to those who had been willing to accord even this favour.

Having said this much in vindication of his motive, he would next proceed to remark upon the resolution which he was about to propose; it touched upon the China trade which was to be looked upon in two ways; with Great Britain and with Bengal and the other Presidencies of India. It might be said he remarked, that the former

should be left to its advocates at home as there were those in England who would not leave the government in ignorance of the rights they claim ; but it was for this meeting to go into and expose the arguments which had been used in its favour. The only two he had ever heard advanced were 1st, that the revenue of the tea trade as it now existed was greater and more easily collected. 2dly, that in consequence of the peculiar habits of the Chinese and the manners of Europeans in China, the trade would be liable to frequent interruptions. With reference to the first, nothing in his opinion would injure the trade except a reduction in the supply, for if under a different system the same quantity of tea was imported the Government had it surely in its power to levy the same amount of duty. It did not appear that in England they had wanted a supply of that most useful and necessary commodity, Saltpetre, or that its price had been raised since the contract with the East India Company had ceased.

With reference to the second objection, had they not the examples of other countries trading to China ; had they not the fact of the Opium trade carried on in the teeth of the Chinese law and yielding the Company an immense profit though they affected not to know of its existence. The French had not found it necessary to form a company for the regulation of theirs, and it was strange to say that monopoly and a company were necessary to protect the British trade, when the Americans did not require either, whose sailors, assimilated to Englishmen, in appearance, in manners and habits ; yet their trade was not stopped so often as the Company's. But there was this fact which showed the inexpediency of a Company having the exclusive trade ; if one of their Ships committed an offence all other British Vessels were included all were made accountable, the trade of all were stopped ; then what was the natural inference ? why, that under other circumstances each would be made answerable for themselves, and the general commerce would not then suffer for the offence of a particular vessel.

Mr. PRINSEP said that with reference to the first branch of his argument it might perhaps be left safely in the hands of those in England, but he would make a few remarks on the commercial relations of India with Great Britain. It must be admitted by all, that Ships might be much benefitted after their arrival in Indian ports if they were permitted to make circuitous voyages and he remembered the case of a vessel at Bombay in 1825 which was offered a very profitable cargo to China and yet she was not allowed a licence because she was not entirely the property of individuals in Bombay. But the asking for that licence was a restriction on the Merchants of India, it was at least a restriction felt by them as a denial of their rights and liberties ; but what is the consequence of such a restriction ; if a ship in the course of a voyage was driven into the China seas, without it, she was liable to be captured by any of His Majesty's Ships, and he remembered the case of the *Shawfield* which had been so taken, as it turned out illegally and thus a valuable property of four lacks of rupees was sacrificed though in some years after an indemnity was given amounting to sixty thousand rupees. Was not this sufficient to show that if the trade as it existed was opened—it would be a benefit to the Shipping interest and an advantage to the consumers.

From the example of the two last years it may be doubtful if the outward freights in the trade between India and Great Britain will not be more extensive than the homeward ; what was then to be done with those ships which came out without the certainty of a freight to Europe ? and even allowing that they were to be in part loaded, the freight, from competition, must be next to nothing ; then how were ships to pay ? would not the expenses fall in the end upon the consumers ? but if permitted they could proceed to China and take home cargoes of teas, and this would give a balance in their favour.

He had hitherto said nothing of the immense profit which the East India Company derive from their China Monopoly, but he knew of an act of Parliament which was as yet unreppealed and by this it was provided, that if the price of tea in England exceeded that for which it could be procured in any of the neighbouring continental countries, liberty would be given to import from thence, but this was denied when applied for a short time since. He was not a friend to innovation nor experimentalist enough to wish to see that which was good, though not theoretically so, thrown aside for the sake perhaps of improving, but he considered that an extension of the monopoly of the China trade would be an experiment—an experiment of an exploded system against the improved and approved systems of the age.

Mr. Prinsep then proposed the following Resolution which was seconded by Mr. J. ALLEN and carried unanimously.

“ That the throwing open of the China Trade Monopoly to all subjects of Great Britain wheresoever resident, is not less desirable for India than for England, inasmuch as it will assist in removing one of the greatest obstructions to our Commercial inter-

course with the mother country, the difficulty of procuring adequate returns for goods imported and will promote the general extension of Commercial intercourse in the East."

Dwarkanauth Tagore in proposing the 5th resolution said, altho' unaccustomed to speaking in public and having never addressed an assembly so numerous as that before which I have now the honour to present myself, yet I feel it incumbent on me, in submitting this resolution to your attention to offer a few remarks corroborative of the opinions therein maintained.

With reference to the subject more immediately before the meeting; I beg to state, that I have several Zemindaries in various districts; and that I have found the cultivation of Indigo and residence of Europeans, have considerably benefitted the country and the community at large; the Zemindars becoming wealthy and prosperous, the Ryots materially improved in their condition and possessing many more comforts than the generality of my countrymen where Indigo cultivation and manufacture is not carried on; the value of land in the vicinity to be considerably enhanced and cultivation rapidly progressing. I do not make these statements merely from hearsay, but from personal observation and experience as I have visited the places referred to repeatedly and in consequence am well acquainted with the character and manner of the Indigo Planters.

There may be a few exceptions as regards the general conduct of Indigo Planters but they are extremely limited and comparatively speaking, of the most trifling importance. I may be permitted to mention an instance in support of this statement.

Some years ago when Indigo was not so generally manufactured, one of my estates where there was no cultivation of Indigo did not yield a sufficient income to pay the Government assessment; but within a few years, by the introduction of Indigo there is now not a Biggah on the estate untilled, and it gives me a handsome profit; several of my relations and friends, whose affairs I am well acquainted with, have in like manner improved their property, and are receiving a large income from their estates.

If such beneficial effects as these I have enumerated, have accrued from the bestowing of European skill on one article of production alone, what further advantages may not be anticipated from the unrestricted application of British Skill, Capital and industry to the very many articles which this country is capable of producing, to as great an extent and of as excellent a quality, as any other in the world, and which of course cannot be expected to be produced without the free recourse of Europeans.

On these grounds I trust that the following resolution will receive the warmest support of the meeting.

"That this Meeting considering one of the main legal obstructions to the Commercial, agricultural and manufacturing improvements to consist in the obstacles which are opposed to the occupancy or acquisition of land by British subjects, and against their free resort to and unmolested residence within the limits of the Company's Administration, does approve and confirm the concluding prayer of the former Petitions to Parliament for the "abolition of all such restrictions on the resort of the British subjects to, and on their residence in India, as are calculated to affect the Commercial prosperity of the Country."

RAMMOHUN ROY, supported the resolution and said from personal experience I am impressed with the conviction that the greater our intercourse with European gentlemen the greater will be our improvement in literary, social and political affairs, a fact which can be easily proved by comparing the condition of those of my countrymen who have enjoyed this advantage, with that of those who unfortunately have not had that opportunity; and a fact which I could, to the best of my belief, declare on solemn oath before any assembly.

I fully agree with Dwarkanauth Tagore, in the purport of the resolution just read.

As to the Indigo planters I beg to observe that I have travelled through several districts in Bengal and Behar and I found the natives residing in the neighbourhood of Indigo plantations evidently better clothed and better conditioned than those who lived at a distance from such stations. There may be some partial injury done by the Indigo Planters, but on the whole, they have performed more good to the generality of the natives of this country, than any other class of Europeans whether in or out of the Service.

Dwarkanauth Tagore's Resolution was seconded by Prusunath Tagore and carried unanimously.

COLONEL YOUNG next rose and said the Resolution which I am about to propose for the consideration of the meeting, although it does not stand early in the series submit-

ted, is nevertheless one of the most important, whether we regard its subject matter, or its bearing remarkable influence on the proceedings of this day. In much that I might have had to offer to the Meeting on the great questions of Transmission and Colonisation, I have been luckily anticipated by the gentlemen who preceded me; the ground has been in a manner taken from under my feet; but well taken, and to good purpose, as we saw by the acclamations with which the manly sentiments of my friend on my left (Mr. Smith) were received. Little therefore is now left for me to trouble you with, except to enforce the arguments of preceding speakers.

In substance the 6th Resolution consists of two main branches; the first part being preliminary, and the ground-work of the second, which may be considered in the light of an inference from the premises set forth in the beginning.

It sets out with expressing thanks and praise to our local Authorities for their general mildness and toleration, and for their particular acts of liberality towards the British born classes, who have hitherto laboured under a strange proscription as to holding lands. It proceeds then, to lament that such beneficent dispositions have been thwarted by Superior Authority; and thence inferring that we can place no solid reliance on the best dispositions of local and casual Rulers, it seeks to have equal rights and laws, equal safety for person no less than property, secured to all classes by the solemn sanction of King, Lords, and Commons.

With your leave, Sir, as the resolution is somewhat long and complicated, I shall read it as it stands; and then if I may intrude so far on your patience, offer a few remarks illustrative of the matters it contains.

"That it is a duty we owe to the present Local Government in Bengal, a duty which we discharge with unfeigned pleasure, to express in the strongest terms our satisfaction and our thanks for the mildness and toleration towards the European part of the community which it has evinced and continues to maintain to the utmost of its limited powers. In particular we are bound to notice the removal of a national reproach and an obstacle to improvement, by the recognition of a great principle, in extending generally, the rule of 1824, for permitting Europeans to hold Lands for cultivation of Coffee in their own names; but stripped of the obnoxious clauses in that former rule, which placed the property as well as the person of the Planter at the disposal of the local authority. Without perfect security for person and property it is manifest that true "Commercial prosperity" cannot permanently exist nor the "unfettered application of European Skill, Capital and Industry to the commercial and agricultural resources of India" have place; wherefore altho' we feel entire confidence in the liberal dispositions of our present local Rulers, we desire the establishment of a legal right for all subjects of His Majesty to establish themselves and remain in this part of his Dominions subject only to the restraints of just and equal laws duly administered, in open Tribunals." (*Great applause.*)

I do not wonder, Mr. Chairman, that this important resolution is received with universal satisfaction, or I may say with acclamatory applause. The facts it sets forth, are undeniably true; that the government is mild and liberal in its practice; that it has done much and would do more for us if permitted; that its powers are limited, and dispositions thwarted; and that we have no security—no resource, but in an Appeal to Parliament, to establish our just rights, our most reasonable pretensions, on a footing of solid law.

In speaking of the local Government I wish to render full credit and due honor to all its Members for the unanimity with which we have good reason to believe they concur, in the liberal dispositions which we acknowledge with gratitude and satisfaction. Suggestions have been invited from all classes; opinions from all parties and of all kinds have been tolerated in writing, in speech and in print; the complaints of all who allege themselves to be aggrieved have been received, and enquired into by the proper functionaries, or referred to special Committees for investigation and reform.

But although the measured and constitutional language of the Resolution I propose, offers its tribute of praise to the Government at large, it is impossible for us to conceal from ourselves that there is one Individual of the collective Council, who exercises more than an individual Member's share of influence in its proceedings—who, as he bears in the eyes of his country the chief responsibility for the faults of his administration, is entitled, in justice, to a proportionate share of the applause bestowed on measures that are deserving of approbation.

I need not say, that the Individual to whom I allude is the Chief of the Government. But, although we forbear from particularising him in our recorded votes and Resolutions, through delicacy, or lest we should seem to flatter; yet is there any good reason why in these our discussions among ourselves; the tongue should be tied or the lan-

gauge of praise withhold, when praise is justly due? I know of none; and if I may be allowed to allude to myself as discharging an office unusual with me, that of commanding Authority—in which, I fear, I have not the practice which gives perfection—I feel the less restraint in speaking out in that strain of eulogy, because I have only a very slight personal acquaintance with Lord W. Bentinck, and because there are measures and features of His Lordship's administration, which I do not and cannot approve, but regarding which opportunities have been afforded me of expressing dissent with the same freedom that I now employ in just praise.

It would be foreign to the present purpose to touch further on the measures to which I allude, and concerning which there are probably different opinions among us; but one observation I must make, that the present Governor General cannot fail to derive a satisfaction from the praises of our Community, known to none who went before him, and indeed to few men clothed with such terrific powers. He who submits himself and his acts to the latitude of public comment, there by stamps real value on the expression of public praise; and must feel that such is indeed worthy, as well of the giver as the receiver.

The great measure of the local Government, to which our resolution particularly refers—and in truth, the chief cause of our being assembled here this day—is that which recently allowed Europeans to occupy lands in their own names. Suffer me to draw your attention briefly to the origin and progress of the existing system of restrictions in this matter of holding lands.

In 1793 the first and famous Regulation was enacted, forbidding Europeans to become owners, occupiers, farmers, or even managers of landed property. This has been curiously styled a self denying ordinance—it was no such thing; for those who enacted and confirmed it denied themselves nothing which they were likely, as Company's servants, to covet; its real effect, at least was to prevent intrusion and establishment of interloping European settlers and land-holders, who it would seem by recent decisions, would not have been quite so easily ejected or banished from their free-holds as might be desired.

Two years afterwards, in 1795, the exclusion was extended to Benares; notwithstanding remonstrances from unfortunate men who had begun to embark in agricultural pursuits.

After ten years, in 1803, it was extended to the western provinces.

In 1818, twenty-five years after the original restriction, the first breach was effected in the system, by the grant of Saugor Island to a society of European and other capitalists—and what has been the result? that which was a desolate waste and fearful jungle, the abode of wild beasts is now in great part cleared, and covered with crops, cattle, and a population thriving and orderly, tho' strange to say they have not a public functionary of any sort among them, not even a police myrmidon.

In 1824, that is after thirty-one years, the Coffee land experiment was tried; and a further breach was effected in the rampart of restriction but dogged by doubts and timidities, by almost impossible conditions of occupancy, and by clauses which for the honour of those who ventured on this innovation, I will suppose were never meant to be enforced; but intended as a peace offering and propitiation to the evil spirit elsewhere; clauses reserving power to the Company's Executive at will and pleasure to annul grants, to break up and destroy the property and hopes of the industrious speculator.

At length a better era arrived in 1829; and after no less than thirty six years of foolish restriction, the Resolution concerning Coffee lands was extended to other agricultural pursuits. We owe this in the first instance to the activity of one of the proscribed class; I fear to pronounce his name, when I confess that I believe him to be no better than a European, even an interloper. But his endeavours would have been of little avail in former times; fortunately he had to deal with a new order of men and of things; and Government readily granted the prayer of our Mercantile Community to let them hold lands, and so to put an end to a mass of falsehood, collusion, expence and oppression.

The new Resolution of Government too, I speak it to the honor of Lord W. Bentinck, was divested of the odious and absurd confiscatory clauses of the old Coffee-land Rule. But it was still essentially defective; from the impracticable conditions annexed, of obtaining the incompatible consent of all possible claimants, past, present, and future—to the land, to its rent, to fractions of its produce, to the right of cultivating; obstacles enhanced by the almost indivisible nature of the actual Land Revenue system.

To the solution of these, as of other agricultural difficulties however, it is well known that the Governor General was applying himself; and, in the interim, tracts of waste and jungle lands continued to be liberally granted to enterprising European capitalists.

Nothing in short could be more inviting than the prospects of the Country, under the dispositions evinced by Rulers who derided the bugbear colonization as it had been well called this day; and who saw that the true interests of that Country consisted in the encouragement of capital, skill and industry, from whatever quarter offered; and in the security of property and person to all classes of subjects.

The tone too of the frequent debates of last session in Parliament, were such as to encourage the confident belief that every eminent man in England, connected with the affairs of India, was of the same mind as to the great question of more closely identifying India with England, by unrestrained intercourse and settlement; and so of exchanging the precarious tenure of the sword, for the firmer bonds of common interest and close connexion.

In this satisfied belief, we reposed; every one who hears me, knows that although we were aware of the impending discussions in Parliament on the arrangements to follow the expiration of the present Charter of the Company, no urgent or general necessity was felt, for any further expression of our own wishes, than that which we had so comprehensively stated in our Petition two years ago; a Petition which mainly contributed to make Ministers grant a Committee of enquiry, the great object of Mr. Whitmore, that talented and disinterested friend of India. We felt assured of obtaining our prayer—free trade, free resort, free settlement; we trusted to the activity of our excellent Agent Mr. Crawford to attend to our interests in detail, whatever might be the determination of the Legislature as to the organ through which the administration of India should be conducted for the future.

What then was our surprize and alarm, in the very midst of this pleasing state of security, arising out of the known liberality of our own Government, and the supposed echo of that sentiment among statesmen at Home, when we suddenly learnt that authoritative denunciations had been received by Government, disapproving, annulling, forbidding, vituperating all that had been done for Europeans, all that yet remained to be done? If I abstain from giving vent to the strong language of disgust which rises within me while speaking of such things, I hope I shall be believed, that it is not from feelings of respect for the authors of the measures, be they whom they may. But when I remind you that in 24 hours after the purport of the dispatches became generally known, the requisition for this meeting, with more than 100 signatures of all classes, was in the hands of the Sheriff, I leave any man to judge how strong and how general was the feeling among us, that we were in imminent peril, and that it was high time we should trust to our own exertions for the preservation of our own interests, in that struggle to keep us back, which from the very circumstance of such a dispatch arriving at such a crisis, was evidently impending in England.

Let us then profit by the wholesome lesson of experience which we have now gained. Grateful as we feel to the liberal Government which has sincerely tried to promote our interests and the general good, we mark and learn that the beneficent intentions of Local Authority are comparatively powerless for our protection. Let us lose no time therefore, in soliciting that protection from the Supreme Authority of the Nation, which alone is competent to ensure to all classes, equal rights, just laws, and perfect security for property and person.

Feeble as our distant voice may be thought by some, let us remember that unanimity imparts strength, and that it is a bounden duty we owe to the Local Government, which has done its best for us,—to do our best, in return, by a tender of our humble but respectable support at this critical time.

The above Resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. R. BROWN in a few words proposed the seventh resolution to this effect.

"That the unequal duties levied in England upon articles of Indian produce, compared with the produce of other dependencies of the Crown are unjust in themselves on the consumer as well as the producer and constitute a great obstruction to the industry and improvement of India and to the beneficial intercourse between the two countries."

This resolution was seconded by Mr. PETER and carried unanimously.

Mr. LONGUEVILLE CLARKE in proposing the eighth resolution said that those which they had already adopted, were rather of a local character, and related to the peculiar mercantile interests of the community, but he had now to propose one to them of a more extensive and general nature, and which was inseparable from the public liber-

ties, from mercantile weal, and from the private rights of individuals. The object of the resolution was to send forth a declaration on the part of the meeting, that it was their desire, that no ordinances or regulations should be enacted for the future, without giving notice of their object and effect, to the people that were to be the subject to them. This resolution was equally important to the governed and the governors, and involved the best interests of both. It was important to the Governors because no axiom could be more true, than, that it was the real interest of every Government to administer law, so as to obtain the approbation of their subjects. Now what chance was there of the people and their governors coinciding, if legislation was to be conducted without any communication between them. The Government might have the best intentions, but might be in the most perfect ignorance, and the people might be injured, when there was no desire to harm, unless they had the opportunity of pointing out how the harm would arise. No Government who consulted their own interest, could ever wish to pass laws without previously apprising the people of the object which was in contemplation. It was known to most, perhaps all of the meeting, that this Government possessed the power of passing certain laws or ordinances by virtue of two acts of Parliament; the first was the 13th of the late King, by which the Governor in Council was empowered to make ordinances and regulations for the good order and Civil Government of the Presidency, but these could not become law, until they had been registered by the Judges of the King's Court, nor could they be Registered until they had been openly published and suspended in the Court for at least twenty days. The Judges also were bound not to register them, if they were repugnant to the laws of the realm, and as the Meeting well knew, instances had occurred where the Court had refused. Under this act of Parliament there was notice and publicity, but he said that was insufficient, it ought to be made through the Newspapers, in order to be sufficiently general, and a longer time was required for so extensive a province. The other act of Parliament to which he had referred, was the 53rd of the late King. By this the Government were empowered to make laws for levying duties, customs, and other taxes; but here their Ordinance could not become a law unless it had the previous sanction of the Court of Directors, and the Board of Control, and if they endeavour to enforce the Regulation by penalties it was necessary that it should be Registered by the Supreme Court. On this Act of Parliament it was unnecessary for him to dwell; the meeting knew how much it had been discussed in the celebrated Stamp question. Under this Act, the people had no previous notice of an intended law; it might be concocted in Calcutta with the profoundest secrecy, an Ambassador or a Secretary might be dispatched to England with it, the approbation of the authorities at home obtained, and the first notice which those whom it affected could have, would be the command to yield obedience to the ordinance. It was to remedy these defects that the present Resolution was framed, and he would now tell them the grounds on which he called for their support.

The people in India had a right to demand a previous notice of intended Laws, on principles, inseparable from every good form of Government. They had a right to call for it, because they had suffered, and were now suffering, from its not having been given to them; they had a right to claim it, because it had been granted and recently granted to other dependencies of the Crown. He had said that the people had a right to demand this previous notice on principles inseparable from every good government; but he would not detain any assembly of Englishmen, or those whom he trusted had imbibed their spirit from connexion and intercourse with Englishmen, by arguing such a topic. By their constitution Englishmen had a right to assist in making their own laws, and though circumstances like those which existed in India might compel them to forego their privilege, there would be no one hardy enough to argue, that they ought not to have notice of intended laws, and an opportunity of remonstrating against their enactment. Again he urged that the people had a right to call for this previous notice, because they had suffered and were still suffering from its not having been given to them.

The meeting well knew that he was alluding to the Stamp Tax, and it would require but a short detail to substantiate his proposition. That Tax had been invented and got up in Calcutta, it had been sent home, (as it turned out) with sufficiently convincing representations, but those who were to pay it, and suffer by it, were sedulously kept in profound ignorance of the measure. It was confirmed by the Authorities in England, without being opposed by, or even known to the people in this country. Now when the Calcutta Petition was presented to the House of Commons, what was the first confession which it elicited from the functionaries of the Board of Control? Why that the Legislature never had contemplated, had never intended to bestow on the India Company the power of unlimited Taxation. Such was their avowal, made in the face of the coun-

try and which could not be controverted. Now was he saying too much when he argued, that if the people of Calcutta had possessed notice of this intended Tax, and had called upon the Ministry not to permit it—that the Board of Control dare not in the face of that call, have granted to the India Company, that which they allowed the legislature never intended to bestow. He believed that with such incontrovertible facts before him, no reasonable man could doubt what would have been the result of resistance on the part of the inhabitants of Calcutta to the Stamp Regulation, had it been offered before the Authorities at home had committed themselves by giving their consent. It was on this ground he alleged that they had suffered, and were suffering from not having this previous notice given to them of intended laws. Again he contended that the people had a right to claim this notice, because it had been recently granted to other dependencies of the Crown. Not a twelve month had elapsed since an Act had passed for regulating the Administration of affairs in New South Wales, and he would hardly be accused of stretching his argument too far, when he contended that the community in India were as worthy of privilege and protection as the Inhabitants of New South Wales. It was provided by this Act of Parliament, that the Governor might frame Laws, which he was to submit to a Legislative Council, and which was also appointed by virtue of the same Act. But these laws were not to be put in force without the consent of a Majority of the Council, nor could they (and here was the important point) be even proposed to the Council, without eight days notice of their object and effect, having been previously given in the public Newspapers. Such were the safe guards, which within the present year the Legislature had deemed it expedient to enounce the Inhabitants of New South Wales, and the people here had therefore a right to appeal to this Legislature, and demand the same protection which they had recently accorded to another settlement of the Crown. It was on these grounds he proposed the resolution which he would now read to them. He had to ask pardon for having detained them so long, but yet before he sat down he would mention another argument in addition, to those which he had urged, which had just suggested itself to him. He alleged that this Resolution was in full accordance with the spirit, the intention, and the object, of the Acts which gave to the local government the power of framing laws. By one of these Acts a notice was required, for the Regulation must be openly published in the Supreme Court for twenty days before it was registered; arguments against its Registry on behalf of the people; had invariably been permitted. A full Court had unanimously determined that it was the right of the people under the Act of Parliament to be heard by their Counsel. Two of the present Judges had denied that right, but the third had ably contended for it. The question of right might therefore be still considered as mooted, so far as it could be by a divided Bench opposed to a unanimous one. Still however whether the people had or had not a right to be heard, they had under this act a right to a species of notice. Under the second Act of Parliament they had also a right to appeal, and it would indeed be trifling with legislation to say, you may oppose a Law when it is made, but you have no right to oppose the making of it. It was therefore that he contended that this Resolution was in accordance with the true spirit of these Acts of Parliament, and this was an additional reason for its being adopted. He had now detailed to them the circumstances in which the community in India were placed and which to him appeared particularly to require the measure he contemplated; he had pointed out to them the arguments by which it could be supported, and he had only to read to them the Resolution and submit it to their judgment.

“That this Meeting bearing in mind the circumstances attending the levying of Stamp duties and the probable event of that precedent being followed up by other taxes fixed upon the Inhabitants of Calcutta without their knowledge even of such intention, seeks from the wisdom of Parliament some reasonable and constitutional protection against the enactment of Local Regulations which might by possibility render nugatory all general securities of property or person and against which they have no means or opportunity afforded them of Petitioning or remonstrating here or at Home. That in some degree such protection could be afforded them by extending to India the Regulations lately made for other remote Dependencies of the Crown, namely, that every enactment requiring previous sanction from authority in England should be promulgated by the Local Government, a sufficient time before it is sent home, to enable those whose rights or property may be affected by it, to send in Representations through the same channel, or take such steps as they may deem necessary for being fully heard before measures are finally adopted which may affect their dearest interests.”

Mr. DICKENS spoke to the following effect: I rise Sir to second the Resolution which has just been moved; after the full, the clear, and I believe, I speak but the unanimous sense of this meeting, when I say—the very able manner, in which the Resolution has been proposed, and the grounds of it developed and ex-

plained by Mr. Clarke, it is not necessary for me to add much in support of it, but I am anxious, on such an occasion, to add a few observations on my own part, and I cannot altogether refrain from expressing the pleasure which I feel at seeing the inhabitants of Calcutta once again assembled in a Public Meeting, for public objects so unexceptionable and exercising rights so important in themselves, and which no Community has ever exercised with more moderation. Let us cast our eyes back for a period of but two short years, and consider what has been the result of our former exertions. The meeting of the Commercial body in 1828 and the petition then agreed upon has given an unprecedented impulse to public feeling in England, and has brought to our aid a most important accession of strength. The meeting of 1827 in opposition to the Stamp Regulation, was, in that respect unsuccessful; but there were other objects sought by that meeting, and objects of no small importance. It must be in the recollection of all who hear me that a division of opinion existed upon the Bench respecting a point of the utmost moment, a point on which rights of property to a most serious amount, perhaps indeed the titles to almost every estate in Calcutta depended. I mean the power of Executors to sell the lands of their testators for payment of debts. It must also be remembered, that though there was a decision of the majority of the Bench, in conformity with the usage which had been established and had prevailed since Calcutta was a British settlement, yet, there was good reason to fear that that decision might not be recognized in future and it became of the first consequence to the interest of all the inhabitants of Calcutta to obtain a declaration of the law. That was one of the objects of the meeting of 1827, and on that point our efforts were crowned with complete success; on the whole, then we have every reason to regard with satisfaction our efforts as a public body. The ends we have sought have been in themselves grave and important, our meetings have been in a singular degree, undisturbed by disagreement or by party spirit, and each instance of such success is the highest encouragement to perseverance. To revert to the Resolution now proposed for your consideration; it seems to me one, that as far as it goes, must meet with unanimous assent; sure I am, that no one in this meeting will deny that to so much security at least, we are entitled. The only objection that I can anticipate is that the Resolution does not go nearly far enough, and that we are entitled to much more. Such objections I may well anticipate, for if we look merely to what is desirable for us, and not to what is attainable, I need hardly say that we ought not to consider that the mere previous promulgation of Regulations which are to have the binding force of law, is all the security which the inhabitants of Calcutta out to desire or to ask for; far be from me such sentiments. I hold directly the reverse. I am satisfied that for all municipal purposes and for the end of self government, there exists in Calcutta a public body in all respects most competent, and when I look to our Colonial possessions and our Colonial polity in general, and see the powers of Government entrusted to bodies not superior in numbers or in intelligence to our own, and in some respects from their relative position to large classes of their population disadvantageously situated as compared with ourselves, I am but fortified in my conclusions. So much in order to obviate misconception and anticipate possible objections, I have thought it necessary to say. The question however, for this meeting is, not whether it would not be desirable to obtain more (which at some time may be obtained) but whether what we now ask for, would not be an improvement of our condition, and whether by asking so little, we do not ensure its attainment? There is another and perhaps a weightier reason than all. This resolution is fairly within the spirit and meaning of the requisition. On some few subjects beyond it, a difference of opinion may fairly exist—and if I were to talk of local assemblies or legislative councils, what more likely to create an instant division of opinion, to throw a brand of discord into the midst of this meeting and to destroy that unanimity which is our strength? I wish to impress on those who hear me, my own conviction, that, in confining ourselves to a demand at once so reasonable, and so moderate, we are certain of obtaining it; I say certain, for I know not whose interest or whose inclination it can be to oppose us. The local Government must desire it, it must tend to remove from them some odium at least, if not some responsibility. To the Government at home the same reasons apply, and what let me ask is there in our condition, so inferior to that of the inhabitants of New South Wales or the Cape, that a shadow of a reason can be adduced why we should not at least have the same protection against mischievous taxation or ill conceived laws, which they enjoy? The whole matter then resolves itself into this simple question, will what we seek be an additional security; any improvement of our present condition? After what has fallen from Mr. Clarke on this head, I need hardly proceed to demonstrate at length that it will. In the present state of things a Regulation is promulgated here *after* it has been approved at home, and it is only when promulgated that we know of its existence, and only *then* that we can oppose it either here or in England. Need I ask you Gentlemen, conversant as most of you are with

politics and public business at home, and acquainted with the unvariable springs of human action every where, whether there is not all the difference in the world in our chances of success in England when our representations are made against a proposition submitted but not as yet acted upon; or when they are sent home in the shape of a formal protest and appeal, against an *ad hoc*, where a minister of the Crown stands committed to its approval? In the latter case the weight to be borne is too great and we are unable, (if I may use the expression) to lay hold of our own end of the lever with sufficient force. In the latter case we have all the benefit of a comparatively unprejudiced hearing, and we can at least prepare and organize our opposition. It is, I trust, unnecessary to say more, to induce you to support this Resolution, but before I conclude, I must advert to a matter having indirect relation to its subject, a thing which still dwells in rumour, but which even coming to us in that shape is to those who have the strong feeling that I entertain upon it sufficiently important to demand notice on this occasion. It is rumoured (and I wish to be understood as speaking of it only as a rumour) that there is a scheme not merely in agitation or in forwardness, but consummate and complete; a scheme to improve our condition; a scheme by which we are to have our local legislation carried on, not as heretofore, but by a Legislative Council armed with much more extensive and undoubted powers; a Legislative Council whether appointed by the Crown, or the Company or the Local Government, I know not, for rumour is silent; but appointed I should presume in any manner, but the only manner which the theory of the constitution recognizes, and with which the practice of former times in our colonial institutions invariably agreed. It is rumoured then, that instead of the smallest tincture of self-government, the least approach to Representation, the Judges, of the Supreme Courts of the Crown and Company, or some of them are to be introduced into this projected Council. I state the matter as I have heard it and as a thing if true, far too important in its consequences to pass unheeded. The scheme may be warranted by late colonial precedents, but such precedents I hold are examples to be avoided not imitated. All political theorists, in all times, and under whatever form of Government they may have written, or whatever form they may have preferred, have agreed, that the completest separation of the Judicial from the legislative and executive powers, was that which afforded the best security for the impartiality of Justice. Does this need demonstration? Need I tell you, acquainted as you are with the state of society here, that in this country above all other colonies of England the possession of legislative would be the possession of political power? The fountain of Justice should be pure and sacred from all communication, from within or from without. But if its stream were thus sent to meander through the wide ocean of political adventure who could believe that its current would long run pure there, like the fabled stream of old? who could say with a Poet's belief,

"Doris amara soam non intermisceat undam?"

No! those waters would commingle, and a bitter potion would they afford to those who had to drink of them!

I feel strongly as I have said, on this subject, and have so expressed myself, but I rejoice that this meeting shares the same sentiment. I trust that rumour has deceived us and that no such plan has been in agitation. I trust however that if it has, it will not be abandoned, I trust that it will go home, and be there rejected, and in such a manner as to prevent its future renewal.

Mr. R. M. MARTIN said, it is with extreme reluctance that I rise to express my dissent to the motion which has been so ably, so eloquently and so energetically proposed to you by the learned Gentleman (Mr. Clarke,) but I do so under the impression that it is wanting in the most essential point namely the birth right and privilege of every Englishman, THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS!

Mr. Chairman, the most excellent and talented Gentleman on your left hand (Colonel Feung) has told us that we are not solely to rely on the good intentions and liberal principles of the present local administration, because however, favourably disposed the Governor General in Council may be towards the Britons established in India, yet his Lordship is liable to, (and already has had) his beneficent intentions thwarted by the controlling Executive in England.

We have already seen how the patriotic and statesman-like order of Lord William Bentinck (whereby Europeans were permitted to hold land in India) has met with utter condemnation from the Court of Directors and their friends and allies the Board of Control, how then can we be said to enjoy the liberty of free discussion, without which the present resolution will be effete? How can we be certain that the very next dispatch from Leadenhall street, may not contain a peremptory order to check that liberty

we at present enjoy, (by sufferance alone) and to gag public opinion by stifling its organ in its birth? The learned Gentleman in moving the present resolution has eloquently cited to you the benefits of the law as at present in force in New South Wales; where altho' the Legislative Council are numerous, yet no enactment can take place without its previous promulgation in the Newspapers of the colony for several days prior to its registry, and it is asked, why should not the same proviso in against abuses be made in India.

I must here observe that the illustration thus brought forward by a gentleman to whose opinion I shall ever yield the utmost deference is not substantially correct, because in New South Wales, the *freest discussion* of all public acts is permitted in the Newspapers of that colony, bounded by no other laws or restrictions, than those which every good subject acquiesces in, namely those of the constitution of the British Empire. Gentlemen, permit me to give you an example of the good effects following free discussion in the public prints, as it is in allusion to the present motion.

The Governor of New South Wales being desirous of imposing a tax of *four pence* on every *News Paper* published in the colony, for the ostensible purpose of encreasing the revenues of that country, but with the *unavowed intention* of checking the spread of liberty and free principles among the colonists, the latter instantly protested in language as strong and even vituperative as any ever used in England against an imposition so iniquitous, so oppressive and despotic; the result of which remonstrance was, that the very day the Government Regulation was to be in operation and even after the Paper had been stamped, the government announced that the order "was premature and was accordingly suspended." I ask then, what is the use of the present motion, unless connected with the freest public discussion? Where would be the use of posting up an intended Regulation on the walls of the Supreme Court, or indeed of posting it any where, unless it were permitted to the community at large to discuss its merits and descant upon the advantages or disadvantages of the proposed enactment?

I did hope that at a constitutional Assembly of Englishmen, the first thing to be sought for would be their inherent privilege of canvassing those laws and regulations framed by their rulers, but as I perceive that the sense of the Meeting is averse to entering on that question, I shall not trespass further on your time than by stating my *disent* from the present motion, on the ground of its being *inutile* when unconnected with the *freedom of the Press*.

Mr. CLARKE'S Resolution was carried unanimously.

Mr. BEATSON said that all the former Resolutions had been carried with such unanimity that he did not anticipate any opposition to the one he was about to read which was to this effect.

"That a Petition to both houses of Parliament be prepared, embodying the substance of the foregoing Resolutions, and that the Petitions so prepared be left for signature at the Exchange and subsequently transmitted by the standing Committee of Inhabitants to Mr. Crawford our general Agent, by the earliest opportunity, with instructions to forward their object with all his zeal and ability, and to place them for presentation in the hands of Lords Lansdowne and Grenville, Messrs. Whitmore and Huskisson, or such other Members of either House as circumstances may enable to act for us with the best effect."

This Resolution was seconded by Mr. W. C. HURRY and carried unanimously.

It was next moved by Mr. PALMER, seconded by Mr. PATRICK, and carried unanimously, that a committee be appointed for the above purpose to consist of the gentlemen who had proposed and seconded the foregoing resolutions.

The Committee having agreed upon a Petition it was read as follows, by Colonel Young.

{THE PETITION.

That your Petitioners, British and Native Inhabitants of Calcutta and others, are animated with sentiments of loyalty to the Crown, and anxious to multiply and draw closer the ties of interest and affection which connect the two countries, by the removal of those legal obstructions to the application of British skill, capital, and industry to the commercial and agricultural resources of India, which are no less incompatible with national prosperity, than repugnant to the laws by which all other British Colonies and Dependencies are governed. Your Petitioners prefer no claims to exemptions, favours, or privileges, at the expence of any class or description of His Majesty's subjects; and seek no other stimulus to the advancement of this country in wealth, knowledge, and assimilation in all the elements of public strength and private happiness, than would result from a fair participation in the care and confidence of

Parliament, from the reception of its products on the payment of equal duties, and from those judicial safeguards of person and property which have ever been esteemed the birth-right of Englishmen.

Your Honorable House must be satisfied from the uniform result of experience in all ages and countries, that trade cannot be profitably conducted by a Government without the unjust and impolitic advantages of a Monopoly; and that a Government trade in concurrence with that of private Merchants, must not only be attended with a waste of the public revenue, but be liable to come into unequal competition and injurious collision with the operations of individuals. These objections have long been acknowledged to be applicable to the Indian trade carried on by the East India Company and enforce the expediency of divesting that Corporation, while exercising any of the functions of Government, of the few commercial establishments which still remain to them.

The degree in which their Monopoly of the tea trade contracts the extent of commercial intercourse with China, and enhances the price of tea, is equally well known to your Honourable House. The people of England are thus indirectly taxed more than twice as much as they would be directly, if the trade were opened, and the capital stock of the East India Company (the dividends on which are now paid from the extra price levied on the consumer) were added to the national debt. Of the ships that would there be engaged in importing tea into England, some would bring their outward cargoes to this country, whence there is at present a difficulty in procuring return cargoes. but that resource and convenience to both countries is, with many others, prevented by the Monopoly.

The importance of providing reasonable checks on the power of taxation and local legislation, when entrusted to an executive Government, can never be undervalued by a British Parliament; but your Petitioners content themselves with submitting that all regulations requiring the sanction of the authorities in England, should be previously published, so that their representations on matters deeply affecting their interests, may be brought under consideration both here and in England, before proposed regulations are enacted.

Your Petitioners therefore pray that your Honorable house will take the premises into your consideration, and grant such relief as to your wisdom may appear expedient.

It was moved by Mr. BRACKEN and seconded by Mr. MELVILLE. "That the Petition now submitted, be approved and adopted."

Mr. MINCHIN, rose and stated, that the duty of bringing to the notice of this Meeting the next resolution had been allotted to him, and in proposing the thanks of this Meeting to Mr. Whitmore, he felt so forcibly the importance of the able and successful exertions of that Gentleman, in behalf of India, that he trusted he should have the satisfaction of finding that the resolution he had the honor to propose would meet with the decided approbation of the Meeting. It had, he said been already resolved, that the Petition which had been read, should be presented to both houses of Parliament, but to secure a successful result to that application, they must mainly rely on the strenuous and unwearied exertions of the Hon ble and independent members of both houses of Parliament, who have already so ably advocated the cause of India and pressed on the notice of both houses the importance of the question which will so shortly be brought before them on the renewal of the charter; amongst this number, he might justly be accused of ingratitude were he to forget the name of Mr. Whitmore. To him and to his exertions, this country was most deeply indebted, and when they consider that the motives which have actuated his conduct have been purely disinterested and have arisen solely from his anxiety to promote the best interests of his country they would be felt assured most cordially agree in the Resolution now proposed.

He said it afforded him the highest pleasure to be enabled, on such an occasion as the present, to offer his tribute of praise to the able and indefatigable exertions of Mr. Crawford. In every case, in which the interests of this country were concerned they could rely with confidence on the exertions of that gentleman and feel assured that he was ever at his post, ready to afford all the assistance and information in his power to obtain. They could not but hail, with the highest satisfaction the success of Mr. Whitmore's late motion before the house, and they know, from the statement of that Honorable Gentleman, that the Munitions of War, the information on which that application was founded and which was so forcibly and eloquently impressed on the house had been obtained from the stores of Mr. Crawford. He trusted he should be excused in offering this tribute of respect to the talents and exertions of Mr. Crawford whilst bringing forward this present resolution, and as so much time had already been expended he would not detain them longer but merely read the Resolution.

"That the thanks of this Meeting be offered to W. W. Whitmore, Esq. M. P. for his disinterested, persevering, able and at length successful exertions in Parliament on our behalf."

This motion was seconded by Mr. J. SMITH, and carried unanimously.

COLONEL YOUNG in proposing the following resolution, said that as one of the Treasurers to the funds of the Inhabitants of Calcutta, he flattered himself that both he and his friend Mr Palmer had managed them with some degree of economy.

"That the Subscription for the support of our general Agency in England as heretofore, and for providing for the necessary expences of our Petitions be continued, and that the Treasures do use all diligence in promoting the same."

This motion was seconded by Mr. PATRICK and carried.

It was moved by Mr. PALMER, seconded by Mr BRACKEN, and carried unanimously. That the thanks of this Meeting be given to the Sheriff for his readiness in attending to the wishes of the requisitionists.

Mr. CALDER returned thanks.

It was next moved by Mr. J. SMITH, seconded by Mr. YOUNG, and carried unanimously. That the thanks of this Meeting be presented to the veteran and revered Chairman.

HINDOO THEISM.

Several learned and wealthy Hindoos have recently united in purchasing ground situated in the Chitpore Road, and erecting a building on it to be appropriated to religious purposes. The following extract from the Trust-Deed which has been executed, is at least curious if not instructive, as exhibiting the tendency of educated natives to reject all the established forms of belief and worship under the comprehensive tolerance of a universal Theophilanthropism.

"Upon trust and in confidence that they the said [*Here follow the names of the Trustees*] or the survivors or survivor of them, or the heirs of such survivor, or their or his assignees, shall, and do, from time to time, and at all times, forever hereafter permit and suffer, the said messuage, or building, land tenements, hereditaments and premises, with their appurtenances to be used, occupied, enjoyed, applied and appropriated, as, and for a place of Public Meeting of all sorts and descriptions of people without distinction, as shall behave and conduct themselves in an orderly, sober, religious, and devout manner, for the worship and adoration of the Eternal Unsearchable, and Immutable Being, who is the Author and Preserver of the Universe, but not under, or by any other name, designation, or title, peculiarly used for and applied to any particular Being or Beings, by any man, or set of men whatsoever, and that no graven image, statue or sculpture, carving, painting, picture, portrait, or the likeness of any thing shall be admitted within said messuage, building, land tenements, hereditaments and premises, and that no sacrifice, offering, or oblation of any kind or thing shall ever be permitted therein; and that no animal or living creature shall within or on the said messuage, building, land tenements hereditaments, and premises, be deprived of life, either for religious purposes, or for food; and that no eating or drinking (except such as shall be necessary by any accident for the present preservation of life) feasting or rioting, be permitted therein or thereon; and that in conducting the said worship and adoration, no object animate or inanimate that has been, or is, or shall hereafter become, or be recognized as an object of worship by any man, or set of men, shall be reviled, or slightly or contemptuously spoken of, or alluded to either in preaching, praying, or in the hymns, or other mode of worship that may be delivered, or used in the said messuage or building; and that no sermon, preaching, discourse, prayer, or hymn be delivered, made, or used in such worship, but such as have a tendency to the promotion of the contemplation of the Author and Preserver of the Universe, to the promotion of charity: morality, piety, benevolence, virtue, and the strengthening the bonds of union between men of all religious persuasions and creeds; and also that a person of good repute, and well known for his knowledge, piety and morality, be employed by the said trustees, or the survivors, or survivor of them, or the heirs of such survivor, or their or his assigns, as a resident, superintendent, and for the purpose of superintending the worship, so to be performed as is hereinbefore stated and expressed, and that such worship be performed daily, or at least as often as once in seven days."

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THE

CALCUTTA MAGAZINE

AND

MONTHLY REGISTER

Containing

- I. ORIGINAL PAPERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.
- II. THE SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS.
- III. GLEANINGS—LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.
- IV. REGISTER OF CIVIL, MILITARY, COMMERCIAL
AND DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

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THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

No. II.—FEBRUARY, 1830.

Contents.

I. ORIGINAL PAPERS.		Page.
The Young Homicide,.....		109
Stanzas, "the Boy with bright Hair,"		115
The Empty Glass,.....		116
On Mill's Essay on Government,		117
Verses written in the Album of a deceased Friend,...		130
Sentimental Sonnets to a distressed Cockroach,..		131
Ussud Oolla Khan,.....		133
Day Dreams, No. 1.....		139
Stanzas.....		143
A Sketch of Ranajit Sinh,.....		144
Love,		148
Stanzas to a Lady,.....		150
A Mail Coach Adventure,.....		151
The Warrior Married,.....		155
The Dying Buccaneer,.....		156
II. SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS.		
Character of the Turks,.....		25
The Old Gentleman's Tectotum		30
My last Cigar,		49
Melita, a fragment of a Greek Romance,		50
A Tale of the Plague in Edinburgh, ..		55
Henri Zschokke, the Swiss Novelist,.....		61
The Tinman of Naples,		63

III. GLEANINGS,—LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Poetical old Bachelors—The Brain—A Child with two heads—Results of the French Voyage of Discovery round the world—Locke—Anecdote of the Sultan and the Pacha of Egypt—Profit on the new edition of the Waverly Novels—False Notions of the "Sensibles" with respect to the Imaginative faculty—Professor Hansteen's magnetic discoveries—Songs of Scotland—Importance of the Fine Arts—African Patriotism and Bentham's theory of morals—New mode of Vaccinating—The lamentation of the Moors for the Battle of Lucena—A new Oratorio, by Neukomm—Confession of an Author—Lectures on the Progress of Society—The Sanjac-Sheriff—Hogarth—Personal appearance of men of genius—Poetry and Utilitarianism—Tavernier—Love at one Glimpse—M. Chabert's experiments—Opium eaters—English language in Germany—Food for Silk-worms—Zoological Weather Glass—New Actor at Paris—Bavarian Sculptures—Phenomena on boring for water—Anecdotes of the Duke of Orleans—A Speaking Dog—Botany—Oriental Archery—The great American Bittern—The Chateau of Malmaison—French newspapers.

IV. BENGAL GENERAL REGISTER.

For January.	{	Addresses on the Abolition of Suttee,.....	xvii
		Proceedings respecting Messrs. Palmer and Co.....	xxiii
		Meeting of the Asiatic Society,.....	xxvii
		Meeting of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society,.....	xxviii
		Civil and Military Appointments,.....	1
		Commercial Intelligence,.....	7
		Shipping Arrivals and Departures,	8
		Arrival and Departure of Passengers,....	9
		Domestic Occurrences,	10

ADVERTISEMENT.

Subscribers are requested to observe that the *Calcutta Magazine* is divided into four distinct departments, and that the numbering and form of the pages are so arranged as to admit of the matter being bound into four separate volumes at the end of the year. Two volumes will consist of ORIGINAL PAPERS—a third, the SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS and the GLEANINGS—and a fourth will form a complete BENGAL GENERAL REGISTER.

At the end of the year separate Title Pages and Indexes to each volume will be supplied gratis by the Publishers.

THE YOUNG HOMICIDE.

In the year 18— there resided in the county of — in Scotland a country gentleman of the name of M——. My father's house was at least five miles distant from his residence, and I do not recollect that I had ever seen Mr. M——, but I had often heard him spoken of as a man generally respected. He possessed considerable landed property, and this combined with the excellence of his character, gave him some weight and consideration in the neighbourhood. He was married and had several children. At the time of which I write, his eldest son was about eighteen years of age, a tall, handsome, and intelligent young man, who had distinguished himself at the university during the preceding session. He was a high-spirited youth, somewhat presumptuous, and easily irritated by opposition, but otherwise of a kind and generous disposition, and exceedingly popular among the farmers and peasantry. His father's principal farm servant had a son of nearly the same age; a great favourite with his young master, and his constant companion in his field sports.

On the morning of the 27th of October of the year I have mentioned, these two young men went out coursing, with a couple of Mr. M——'s greyhounds. They had not returned at the usual dinner hour, four o'clock, although it was found that the dogs had been home for some time. This caused little surprise at the time, and I believe no alarm, for as it had been raining heavily since noon, it was concluded that the young men had sought shelter in one of the neighbouring cottages, from which the dogs might, either accidentally or purposely, have been excluded. As it continued to rain till a late hour, they were hardly expected that night; but considerable anxiety was excited by their not appearing on the following morning, and by noon this anxiety had deepened into serious alarm on the part of the parents; enquiries were made in every direction, but no information could be obtained. They had not been seen beyond the adjoining fields. More extended enquiries produced a similar result, and on the following day the whole neighbourhood was in commotion. The feelings of the parents of the young men I shall not attempt to describe. Every forest in the vicinity was searched and re-searched; every river was dragged; and hardly a bush escaped investigation; it was all in vain. Neither had the objects of their search been seen on any road or highway near or remote. Under such circumstances the idea of their having been murdered must have presented itself to every mind; but

to whom could suspicion attach? and what could have become of the bodies? The young men were as generally loved as known. They had nothing about them to excite cupidity; they were strong and active, and though only armed with sticks, could not have been easily overpowered, at least not by a single individual; and besides, it was a part of the country in which a murder had not been known within the memory of man. I need not repeat any of the various opinions which this mysterious circumstance engendered, regarding the means, human or superhuman, by which these two lamented youths had been swept, as it were, from the face of the earth, without a vestige being left by which their flight might be traced, or the place and manner of their death divulged. The most ingenious failed in inventing even a probable surmise, and conjecture consequently took a range far beyond the bounds of possibility; but any attempt at a reasonable solution of the mystery, was at last abandoned in despair.

I had then just completed my sixteenth year. I was not tall for my age, and had a boyish appearance, though I was not deficient in strength or agility. On the day preceding that on which young M—— and his companion disappeared, a friend of my father, who had taken a fancy to me, had made me a present of a double barrel gun. Young as I was, I was a practised sportsman of three years standing, and had often used such a gun before, but had never had one of my own. I was proud of it accordingly. I sallied forth therefore on the following morning after finishing an early breakfast, confident in my own skill, for my aim then was as quick as it was sure, and not doubting that my new acquisition would do ample justice to it. At this late period of the season, the partridges had become shy, and though my dog was well-trained and staunch, I had bagged only a single brace. By this time I had wandered in a southerly direction about four miles from home, and now stood on the brow of an eminence, taking a survey of the adjacent country, and giving occasionally an anxious glance at the aspect of the sky, which had been lowering since morning, and now threatened rain. Before me lay a marsh, or as it is there called "a mire," considerably upwards of a mile in length, and at its eastern end opposite to which I stood, perhaps half a mile broad; which breadth gradually decreased towards the west till it terminated almost in a point. The marsh had a brownish hue, the moss which grew upon it being interspersed with heather. The surface was much broken towards the middle, shewing longitudinal stripes of shallow water, covering a great depth of a soft mixture of mud and sand. From the spot where I stood a gentle slope led to it: a range of low hills rose more abruptly

from the opposite side. The country was open towards the east affording a distant prospect of the sea ; the view towards the west was more limited, being closed by an adjacent wood. At some distance from the western termination of the marsh, a low and narrow embankment had been thrown across, apparently in an attempt to bring that part of the marsh which lay beyond it into a state of cultivation. This having failed, a second attempt of the same nature equally unsuccessful seemed to have been made about forty paces nearer to the extremity. These embankments served now as footpaths to the sportsman. By others the place was little frequented. There was neither farm house nor cottage within sight, except at a great distance to the eastward.

I directed my course along the northern side of the marsh, in the hope that a few snipes might have made their appearance. I was disappointed and on reaching the second embankment, determined to cross over. Ere I had proceeded halfway, I saw a hare come over the rising ground from the south, and run towards the embankment which lay between me and the centre of the marsh. When opposite to me, in crossing it, being within shot I fired and killed her : and immediately proceeded to the spot. I had just begun to load, when two greyhounds came from the same direction, and stood at gaze on the summit of the rising ground, as if looking for an object of recent pursuit. Two young men, the owners of the dogs, next made their appearance, and came rapidly towards me. Just as I had loaded my gun, and bagged my hare, they were near enough to address me. In advancing along the narrow embankment, one necessarily preceded the other. The appearance of the first indicated his connection with the higher classes of society, while that of his follower as evidently shewed that he belonged to the peasantry of the country. The first had dark hair and eyes, those of the other were fair and blue : both were tall and good looking : the former had a common walking stick in his hand ; the latter a kind of pole, use in leaping ditches. The flashing eye and flushed brow of the first who approached me betrayed a considerable degree of irritation, for which I was not conscious of having given cause, and his language, tone and manner were from the beginning, insulting and menacing. " So my lad" he began, " you have killed our hare have you ?"—" *Your* hare !" I replied, " I have killed a hare, but I had shot her before I saw either you or your dogs, and was not aware that you had put her up"—" I dare say," but where is your certificate? we will make you pay for your insolence !"—My smile on hearing this was one of contempt and defiance, nor had I time for further reply, for he immediately resumed—" I thought so, a poacher ! give up your gun Sir !"—One lock was immediately

cocked, and I think the look which accompanied this action must have expressed a degree of resolution, which would have deterred many from further aggression ; but to be thus braved by a boy served only to inflame the wrath of the rash and choleric youth who now stood before me. He put a just interpretation on my look and action, when he exclaimed, " So you will not give it up ! Come on Allan !" and he rushed forward to close with and overpower me.

Ere the reader condemn me for what followed, let him reflect on my immature age and on the provocation I had received, let him also consider that as a young sportsman, I looked on the retention of my gun as a point of honour. I believe also that I was naturally brave, for although on common occasions I had little confidence in myself, and was subject to embarrassment from trivial causes, yet I have since found the immediate presence of danger can nerve my heart, and compose my mind. I knew not this when young, for I had not then ever been placed in imminent peril ; although I was sensible that I was free from those terrors with which many are impressed, on beholding the convulsions of nature, and witnessing the strife of the elements. I can recollect that when a mere boy, returning home with some of my school-fellows we were overtaken by a tremendous thunder-storm—My terrified companions hurried on while I lingered behind alone, absolutely delighted with the elemental war that was raging above and around me. Yet it was an awful sight. It seemed as if a whole legion of demons had entered that dense and murky cloud, whence they were darting their forked and fiery arrows on the reptiles of the earth, while its innermost caverns reverberated the echoes of their dissonant and diabolical mirth. This however might not be courage, for the idea of danger never crossed my imagination. But be this as it may, I was when irritated by insult, as inaccessible to fear as reckless of consequences. " Come on Allan !" exclaimed my proud and impetuous assailant—the next instant he was prostrate before me, a strong sudden groan burst from his lips as he fell. The concentrated charge of shot had perforated his heart ; and he lay as lifeless as the earth, which with outspread arms he appeared to grasp. I looked on him but for a moment, the conviction flashed upon me at once that I had another antagonist to deal with who would take my life in revenge or lose his own. I was not mistaken. While I retired a few paces keeping my eye fixed upon him, he stood gazing on the body of his companion with a look of astonishment and horror ; but in a moment every other feeling seemed to be absorbed by a desire of revenge. He spoke not a word, but grasping his formidable staff with both hands sprang over the dead body. A

single blow from his weapon might have been fatal, but ere the stroke fell, the hand of the striker had been paralysed by death! He fell forward like his companion, but a little to one side of the path, and rolled over on his back. He raised his right hand as if to place it on the wound which was near his heart, but it sunk extended by his side. I heard not a groan—only the gurgling of the blood in his throat—In a few seconds he was quite dead.

It might be supposed that the feelings of a youth of sixteen situated as I now was, would have hurried him at once from the scene of slaughter, but this was not the case. Irritation had subsided, and leaning on my gun I stood looking on the dead bodies, with no other feeling but regret. I was roused from my reverie by the whining of the greyhounds which stood behind the farthest body, evidently in distress, and apparently impressed with terror, in which feeling my own dog seemed to share. I passed the bodies and called to the greyhounds, which came up to me, but with some hesitation, though they seemed thereafter to consider me as a friend. My first impulse now was to go to the nearest dwelling, and relate what had passed; but a little reflection served to convince me that even if the truth were admitted to its full extent, the known fact would have a ruinous effect on my character. My resolution was soon taken. I knew that the soil of the marsh was of the nature of a quicksand, and that the bodies if once immersed would never rise again. By the side of the path on which I stood the surface of the marsh was broken, and though the water was quite shallow, I ascertained by means of Allan's pole that the soft mud extended to a great depth. It was now raining, and there was little fear of interruption. With some difficulty I dragged the body of him whom I had first shot to the spot I have mentioned, and threw it in. I did not sink into the mud so fast as I had expected, but by stirring it with the pole it soon disappeared; and I continued to agitate it till it had sunk to a considerable depth. The other body I disposed of in the same way, and every thing that belonged to them; last of all the pole itself which I had used in submersing them. The few stains of blood upon my clothes might be supposed to have come from the hare, and though the blood which had flowed from the bodies was still visible upon the ground, yet as the rain was now falling fast, I felt confident that in the course of another hour, every trace of the awful tragedy so recently acted would be obliterated from the face of the earth.

Up to this time I had retained the utmost composure and presence of mind. It was not till I had quitted the marsh, that I became at all agitated. On pausing to look around me it seemed as if the earth had spun round, and that I now

saw the distant sea on the *western* horizon! I soon found however that instead of being on the northern side of the marsh, whither I had intended to proceed, I was now standing at the base of the low hilly ridge on the south. My attention was next called to the distress of the greyhounds, which seemed inclined to follow me, but this I discouraged, and they at last left me, though with apparent reluctance. Instead of recrossing the marsh I hastened to the adjoining wood, and emerging from its opposite side, directed my course homeward. It was never suspected that I had any knowledge of young M—— and his companion, far less that I had been the sole cause of their mysterious and untimely fate.

It has been a matter of surprise to me, that the event which I have now related should have affected me so little for some time after its occurrence, and that time should have deepened instead of erased the impression it had left—At first I felt only regret, but when I began to reflect on the promising adolescence of those whom I had slain; and the distress in which I had involved their kindred and parents; my regret became mingled with a painful degree of remorse. I left my native land, and have endeavoured to estrange even the recollection of it from my mind, as if the deed could be forgotten with the scene which beheld it. I was long cold and unsocial, and if not altogether unfriended could hardly be said to be a friend, for nearly ten years a tear never gathered in my eye; my heart, seared by remorse, was cold and hard as the polar iceberg. It was softened at last by the kindness of one individual, my better feelings were renovated, and I was again brought within the pale of human society, from which I had been alienated by my own conscience. Yet even now, if I observe in those with whom I associate, the slightest appearance of aversion or dread; if I imagine for a moment, that familiarity is repulsed, or kindness withheld: I cannot help fancying that my features still reveal the existence of that homicidal fierceness, of which the first fatal ebullition had quelled in my heart the elation of youth, and crushed the spirit of manhood—the remembrance of which had been a blight on the blossom of pleasure, and a canker at the root of happiness.

A. W.

Stanzas.

THE BOY WITH BRIGHT HAIR.

I.

Oh know you the vale of the streamlet and wood,
 Where the ash and the willow hang over the flood,
 And garden gems spring in ground rugged and hoar,—
 The site, whence a palace rose stately of yore?
 And have you forgotten the boy with bright hair,
 Who carelessly roamed with his trolling-rod there?

II.

Above on the edge of the park in their pride
 The giant oaks frown where the hares love to hide,
 Remember the steed, which the Squire bestrode,
 And the favorite hounds, that expectingly stood,
 And how his white locks were borne back by the wind
 As the gallant old man left his fellows behind
 When, oh OBERON fleet as the wind, on the trace
 Of SNOWBALL and DART he would close in the chase,
 Till they killed on the skirts of the fir-grove, and where,
 Though panting and flushed, stood the Boy with bright hair.

III.

Time flies on, Time flies on! Do you mind when the young
 And the lovely had met, and in jubilee sprung?
 When the galliard was tripped, as if life might be blest,
 And fathers, through tears, gazed on those, they loved best,
 Did you see one so beauteous of all the sweet throng,
 So fitted for love, and so worthy of song,
 As she, who still danced, though her mother was there,
 With a youth, erst the Boy of the bright curling hair?

IV.

Did you know the old church how it stood where the graves
 Rose around it, in rugged confusion, like waves:
 A stern gothic structure? Within it the pew
 Of the Lord of the Manor was chiefest in view,
 And there, bending low shone his patriarchal head,
 Whose spring had been useful, by winter o'erspread,
 Heavens smiles seemed to light on his tresses of snow,
 And bless him superior to passion or woe.
 Here many sweet souls to devotion were given,
 And many I doubt not were dreaming of heaven;
 But mark what I tell, for 'tis all of it true,
 Heaven here was I fear little thought of by two,
 And one, who so sadly neglected her prayer,
 Was the Lady, that danced with the Boy with bright hair.

V.

Time flies on, Time flies on, and its gall-dripping wing
 Dashes cups, which we fill in lifes' garden of spring :
 In a year or an hour the nectar grows dim,
 And the goblet is bitterness, up to the brim.
 Now the young, and the gay in the valley may rove,
 By the wood and the brook they may whisper of love ;
 And the rich and the proud other pictures may place
 Than those, which were once wont the old Hall to grace ;
 And portraits may hang, if a corner's to spare
 Of the grey headed Squire, and the Boy with bright hair.

VI.

But OBERON's shot; DART and SNOWBALL are dead ;
 The Hall with new hangings and carpets is spread ;
 The Manor-pew's altered ; and death has made room
 For some, who could see little beauty in gloom,
 Who have robbed the old church of its time-hallow'd air
 Endear'd to the good by whole centuries of prayer,
 Have polluted with modern inventions the aisle,
 And coated with plaster the grey frowning pile ;
 While a stone strives to number the virtues of one,
 Who to Abraham's bosom, a spirit is gone ;
 And she whom we sang of so beauteous, and fair
 Is married, but not to the Boy with bright hair.

VII.

Hark heard you the signal, which boomed round the hill
 The caves of the valley re-mutter it still.
 Ah ! some in that vessel, whose sails flap the mast,
 On the home of their fathers to-day look their last ;
 And one there is silent, and friendless and lone,
 None kiss his pale cheek, he is wept for by none,
 Not a soul says " God bless him."—The gale fresh and fair
 Bears far from his kindred the Boy with bright hair.

 THE EMPTY GLASS.

Oh ! thou art like life, when its joys are all flown
 And the smiles that enlightened our manhood are gone ;
 As brief is the pleasure, that floats in the ray
 Ere the joys which thou givest, ebb brightly away,

Yet still can the Goblet, thy glories restore,
 And make thee as joyous and bright as before ;
 So the heart fondly hopes after sorrow and pain
 That the life-drops of Heav'n may illumine it again,

ON MILL'S ESSAY ON GOVERNMENT.

When a certain king had the Ptolemaic system expounded to him, he ventured to say that if he had been admitted to the councils of the Deity, he would have advised a better arrangement of sun and planets. Various writers have, with less felicitous presumption, suggested improvements in political arrangements, and entire plans of Government; for it may be safely asserted that no radically new plan has ever been devised which it would be wise to adopt; or has been carried into execution without frightful disorder, terror and suffering. One of the most ingenious speculations of this sort is Hume's "Idea of a perfect commonwealth." His plan is a Republic governed by a Senate, and provincial or county legislatures; the former elected out of, and by the latter; the latter elected by all freeholders of 20 pounds a year, and all householders worth 500 pounds. Every new law was to be first debated in the senate, and passed by a majority of counties. This plan comes far short of universal suffrage, and affords considerable checks on the unstableness of the multitude; yet so sensible was Hume of the danger of trusting to the high *a priori* road to legislation, that he begins by declaring that "to tamper in this affair, or try experiments, merely upon the credit of supposed argument and philosophy, can never be the part of a wise magistrate, who will bear a reverence of what carries the marks of age; and though he may attempt some improvements for the public good, yet will he adjust his innovations, as much as possible of the ancient fabric, and preserve entire, the chief pillars and supports of the constitution."

The failure of Mr. Mill to construct a commonwealth, is the more signal in proportion as his pretensions to profundity and logical precision, even to the extent of infallibility, are higher than those of his predecessors. He has deduced the science of government, synthetically, from a handful of the principles of human nature, to the exclusion of an infinite variety of other principles, and circumstances by which the result is affected; as if the business of legislation were as simple as that of buying and selling, or the administration of criminal justice. That it is so simple, in the estimation of the Utilitarians, is manifest; but it was scarcely to have been expected that one of their chief organs, the Westminster Review, would commit itself so far as to declare that the frame of a government, though more extensive had in it

FEBRUARY 1830. B 2

no more complication than that of a Police Office; that the working of each related to the *same* operations on a different scale; and that there was no essential difference between the nature of legislative and executive functions. Yet all that is distinctly asserted in the following passage, "What did ever any body imagine to be the end, object, and design of government as it ought to be, but the *SAME* operation on an extended scale which that meritorious chief Magistrate (Sir Richard Birnie) conducts on a limited scale at Bow-street: to wit, the preventing one man from injuring another."

Mr. Mill has endeavoured to demonstrate, that good government cannot possibly result from Democracy, meaning thereby the entire, collective, unrepresented community; nor from Aristocracy, nor from Monarchy; nor from any mixture of them. He has also undertaken to prove that no such mixture can exist; and the proof is as follows. "Any two of the parties, by combining may swallow up the third. That such combination will take place, appears to be as certain as any thing which depends upon human will; because there are strong motives in favour of it, and none that can be conceived in opposition to it. Whether the portions of power, as originally distributed to the parties be supposed to be equal or unequal, the mixture of three of the kinds of Government, it is thus evident, cannot possibly exist." One of the three having been thus swallowed up, what will be the consequence if the powers of the remaining two, should be equal? "In the first place it seems impossible that such equality should ever exist. How, is it to be established? or by what criterion is it to be ascertained? If there is no such criterion it must in all cases, be the result of chance. If so, the chances against it are as infinite to one. The idea therefore is wholly chimerical and absurd." The stronger would infallibly swallow up the weaker, and there would remain but one absolute Government, or tyranny; which is proved by the usual formula: there would be strong motives in favour of it, and none that can be conceived in opposition to it. Would this result be averted even by the establishment of equality? By no means. "A disposition to overrate one's own advantages, and underrate those of other men is a known law of human nature. Suppose what would be little less than miraculous, that equality were established, this propensity would lead each of the parties to conceive itself the strongest. The consequence would be that they would go to war and contend till one or other was subdued. *Either those laws of human nature, upon which all reasoning with respect to Government proceeds, must be denied, and then the utility of Government itself may be denied, or this conclusion is demonstrated.*"

On the contrary, it is only by disregarding the laws of human nature as exemplified under the infinite diversity of Governments which have been, and now are in the world, that a conclusion so repugnant to experience can be maintained. It is only by giving to political discussions a dogmatical precision of which they are not susceptible, and which they cannot receive without excluding from consideration numberless important particulars and influential circumstances, that so many erroneous propositions are advanced in this Essay with all the confidence of physical or mathematical certainty.

Having denied the possible existence of that admirable balance of the three powers which the British Constitution has always been considered to exhibit, and which Cicero had the sagacity to characterise as the best form of government,* Mr. Mill leaves it to be inferred that in his judgment the British Constitution is an unbalanced Aristocracy, but makes no attempt to persuade us that what have been usually understood as the Monarchical and Democratical principles, are mere illusions. He seems to say that "the motley Aristocracy" collected in the House of Commons, must "insure that kind of misgovernment which it is the nature of Aristocracy to produce, and to produce equally, whether it is a uniform or a variegated Aristocracy; whether an Aristocracy all of landowners; or an Aristocracy in part landowners, in part merchants and manufacturers, in part officers of the army and navy, and in part lawyers." It is in commenting on an extract from a speech made in the House of Commons on the 6th of May, 1793 by the late Earl of Liverpool, wherein, following the theories of Paley and Barke, he represents it as one of the peculiar excellencies of the composition of the House of Commons, that from the varied sources of election and other causes, all the interests in the country, the agricultural, commercial, manufacturing, and professional, find in it representatives to explain and protect what immediately concerns them, that Mr. Mill represents such a congregation of representatives as equivalent, in point of sinister interest, to the absolute power of a homogeneous Aristocracy. He assumes, contrary to the fact, that the landholders, members of the House of Commons, must be chosen by landholders; the merchants by merchants; the lawyers by lawyers; the officers of the navy, by the officers of the navy; and the officers of the army, by the officers of the army. "Thus," he says, "it must at least be in *substance*, whatever the *form* under which the visible acts may be performed." Mr. Brougham is not placed in the House of Commons by lawyers, nor Sir Ronald Fergusson by the army,

* "Sensus esse optimæ constitutionis reipublicæ, in quo ex tribus generibus illis, regali, optimo, et populari, modice cunjuncta."

nor Sir Joseph Yorke by the navy. One man is a landholder, and also a lawyer; or an officer in the navy, or army; and has sons at the bar, or in the army or navy. Another is a merchant and also a landholder, or the son of a landholder. It is for the interest of all that the just and reasonable interests of each should be respected; and within those limits the interests of all—*omnes omnium charitates*—are in all respects coincident.

Lord Liverpool's theory is further mis-stated by exaggerating the power of the House of Commons. "Three, four, or five, or more clubs of men, have *unlimited* power over the whole community put under their hands." "Three, or four, or five fraternities of men, composing a small part of the community, have *all* the powers of government placed in their hands. If they oppose and contend with one another they will be unable to convert these powers to their own benefit. If they agree they will be able to convert them wholly to their own benefit, *and to do with the rest of the community just what they please*. The patrons of this system of representation assume that these fraternities will be sure to take that course which is *contrary* to their interest. The course which is *according* to their interest, appears as if it had never presented itself to their imaginations!" Mr. Mill, though seeming to speak hypothetically of what *would* be the result of a certain system of representation is speaking of an actual system, the British, and having denied the compatibility of Monarchy, Aristocracy and Democracy, he must be understood to mean that the members of the House of Commons do possess all the powers of Government, and convert them wholly to their own benefit. And if the British Monarchy were indeed, as he supposes, but an ostensible pageant, such consequences might well be apprehended; and other Pym's, Vanes, Hazelrigs, and Cromwells would arise.

Mr. Mill's remedy for the tyranny which rules in England, and in all countries except perhaps North America, is *universal suffrage* and *annual parliaments*. He makes no mention of *voting by ballot*, but the probability is that he is not a dissenter from so important an article of Benthamism. At these conclusions he arrives by more compendious but less plausible methods than the old advocates of the rights of man. "The community cannot have an interest opposite to its interest." "One community may intend the evil of another: never its own." "It is very evident that if the community itself were the choosing body, the interest of the community and of the choosing body, would be the same. The question is whether that of any portion of the community, if erected into the choosing body would remain the same." "Suppose in the first instance that it embraces

the majority, the question is whether the majority would have an interest in oppressing those who, upon this supposition, would be deprived of political power? If we reduce the calculation to its elements we shall see that the interest which they would have of this deplorable kind, though it would be something, would not be very great. Each man of the majority, if the majority were constituted the governing body, would have something less than the benefit of oppressing a single man. If the majority were twice as great as the minority, each man of the majority would only have half the benefit of oppressing a single man. In that case the benefits of good government, accruing to all, might be expected to overbalance to the several members of such an elective body the benefits of misrule peculiar to themselves. Good government would therefore have a tolerable security." It follows that if the whole community are constituted the "governing," that is the electing body, each man of the community would not have the benefit of oppressing the smallest fraction of a single man, and there would be the highest security for good government. The effect of this arrangement would be to give the same preponderance of *power* to the poor and ignorant, which in all countries they bear *in number* over the rich and intelligent. The evils of so unnatural an arrangement, so violent a disorganization of society, though wasting, lamentable, and uncompensated, could not indeed but be temporary; and are never to be dreaded as the fruits of mere sophistry. While a government by King, Lords, and Commons, continues to perform its functions as well as it has done for the last hundred and forty years, and to be as susceptible of the improvements indicated by practical inconveniences, the cold and arid abstractions of Mr. Mill will remain unnoticed and unknown. Even the the momentary interest that they have excited is less owing to the small degree of perverse ingenuity which can be ascribed to them, than to the many valuable contributions to the science of jurisprudence for which we are indebted to the leader of the Utilitarians. Mr. Mill's House of Commons, thus constituted, would be a simple Democracy; the only inconvenience attending that form of government, the impossibility of continually assembling the whole community, being completely removed by "the grand discovery of modern times, the system of representation." It would be wholly unbalanced by any power residing in the King, or House of Lords; for Mr. Mill has demonstrated that "the mixture of three of the kinds of government," under whatever distribution or modification of powers, "cannot possibly exist;" and that "if any theory deserve the epithets of wild, visionary, chimerical, it is that of the balance." If you ask whether such a body of representatives would understand and respect all the interests of the

community, and be exempt from the agitations of ambition, faction, and intimidation, the answer is, that their interests are identified with those of the community; that the community within itself and with respect to itself can have no sinister interest, and is incapable of intending evil to itself. It is pretty certain that we should not find in such a House of Commons "every thing illustrious in rank, in descent, in hereditary and in acquired opulence, in cultivated talents, in military, civil, naval and political distinction that the country can afford." Some one denomination of men would greatly preponderate; and the spirit of the following passage referring to the composition of the second and third Estates of the States General of France in the year 1789, would be strictly applicable to a House of Commons after the Utilitarian model. "It is said that twenty-four millions ought to prevail over two hundred thousand. True, if the constitution of a kingdom be a problem of arithmetic. This sort of discourse does well enough with the lamp-pest for its second: to men who *may* reason calmly it is ridiculous. The will of the many and their interest must very often differ; and great will be the difference when they make an evil choice. A government of five hundred country attorneys and obscure curates is not good for twenty-four millions of men, though it were chosen by eight and forty millions; nor is it the better for being guided by a dozen of persons of quality, who have betrayed their trust in order to obtain that power."

Having denied the possibility of the King and House of Lords participating in the power thus concentrated in the House of Commons, let us see how Mr. Mill considers it nevertheless possible that a King and House of Lords could coexist with it. "The executive functions of Government consist of two parts, the administrative and the judicial. The administrative, in this country, belongs to the King; and it will appear indubitable, that, if the best mode of disposing of the administrative powers of Government be to place them in the hands of one great functionary, not elective, but hereditary; a King, such as ours, instead of being inconsistent with the representative system, in its highest state of perfection, would be an indispensable branch of a good Government; and even if it did not previously exist, would be established by a representative body whose interests were identified, as above, with those of the nation."

The same reason will apply exactly to our House of Lords. Suppose it true, that, for the perfect performance of the business of legislation, and of watching over the execution of the laws, a second deliberative assembly is necessary; that an assembly, such as the British House of Lords, composed of the proprietors of the greatest landed estates, with dignities and privileges, is the best adapted to the end: it follows, that a body of representatives

whose interests were identified with those of the nation would establish such an assembly, if it did not previously exist; for the best of all possible reasons; that they would have motives for it, and none at all against it." Excellent security! Admirable demonstration! If the best mode of disposing of the administrative power—if a second deliberative assembly be necessary—they will place all patronage, civil, ecclesiastical, naval, and military in the hand of a King, and will allow their ordinances to be cast out by a House of Lords! They would have motives for, and none at all against it! Nothing is more common with Mr. Mill, nothing more rare in private and public life than to find all the motives on one side of a question. As well might it be said that, if the Emperor of Austria should consider that the best mode of disposing of the legislative power would be to divide it with a House of hereditary Nobles, and another of elective Commons, he would grant a Charter instituting such co-ordinate legislative bodies; and for the best of all possible reasons; that he would have motives for, and none at all against it. In the British, and in every Constitution, or form of Government, absolute or limited, the different orders in the state preserve their relative stations by the weight and consideration that respectively belong to them. None are dependent on the benevolence, caprice, or theories of the rest; but each subsists by virtue of its inherent power resulting from the combined operation of property, law, religion, opinion, and habit.

Mr. Mill quotes Montesquieu in support of his proposition that unlimited power will certainly be abused; but the great difference between these two writers is that the latter acknowledges the efficacy of various checks by which power is limited in European Monarchies; whereas the former recognizes one alone, that of an assembly of representatives annually renewed by universal suffrage. Such an assembly he indeed describes as a check on the executive government, though it would be itself a depository of unlimited power; and yet would have no motives to abuse that power by encroaching on the functions of a King, or House of Lords! Montesquieu examines the nature and principles of Governments, under three descriptions, the Republican, Monarchical, and Despotie. According to Mr. Mill there are but two kinds; one free, namely a Representative Democracy, under which alone freedom and justice can be enjoyed; the other absolute, which is subdivided into Monarchical and Aristocratical. The latter, including every Government in Europe without exception, are not only absolute, but necessarily despotic, oppressive, and tyrannical; for Mr. Mill insists that "the very principle of human nature upon which the necessity of Government is founded; the propensity of one man to possess himself of the objects of desire at the cost of another,

leads on by infallible sequence, where power over a community is attained and nothing checks, not only to that degree of plunder which leaves the members (excepting always the recipients and instruments of the plunder) the bare means of subsistence, but to that degree of cruelty which is necessary to keep in existence the most intense terror." If we say that in certain countries of Europe, in Denmark for instance, there is no such boundless rapacity and terror, he replies that "Experience, if we look at the *outside* of the facts, appears to be divided on the subject ;" for as he thinks himself compelled by historic verity to acknowledge that the people of Denmark "under their absolute Monarch are as well governed as any people in Europe," (which is more than truth will warrant,) so is he forbidden by his theory of the principles of human nature to admit that they can possibly be exempt from oppression. Wherefore, says he, "as the *surface* of history affords no certain principle of decision, we must go beyond the surface and penetrate to the springs within." On the surface he finds good government, peace, justice, mildness : what does he find beneath ? rottenness, fraud, violence ? No : but a postulate, that there is, by the very principle of human nature, an irresistible tendency, an infallible propensity in absolute Monarchs and Aristocracies to perpetrate every species of misgovernment !

On this part of Mr. Mill's Essay it has been well observed by the Edinburgh Review, (No. 97. p. 162,) that "the very circumstances he mentions prove that the *a priori* method is altogether unfit for investigations of this kind, and that the only way to arrive at the truth is by induction. *Experience* can never be divided, or even appear to be divided, except with reference to some hypothesis. When we say that one fact is inconsistent with another fact, we mean only that it is inconsistent with the *theory* which we have founded on that other fact. But, if the fact be certain the unavoidable conclusion is, that our theory is false ; and in order to correct it, we must reason back from an enlarged collection of facts to principles." To this unanswerable objection, the Westminster Review, (No. 21. p. 255,) professing unqualified adherence to Mr. Mill as a true champion of the seamless sect of the Utilitarians ; and affecting to welcome his adversary as one who from weakness and unskilfulness was "worth a host of friends", replies by flatly contradicting Mr. Mill's minor proposition, and substituting one utterly irreconcilable with his theory ! "The answer," says the Westminster, "is that the king of Denmark, is *not* a despot. He was put in his present situation, by the people turning the scale in his favor in a balanced contest between himself and the nobility. And it is quite clear that the same power would turn the scale the other way, the moment a king of Denmark should take into his head to be

Caligula. It is of little consequence by what congeries of letters the majesty of Denmark is typified in the royal press of Copenhagen, while the real fact is that the sword of the people is suspended over his head in case of ill behaviour, as effectually as in other countries where more noise is made upon the subject. Every body believes the sovereign of Denmark to be a good and virtuous gentleman ; but there is no more super-human merit in his being so, than in the case of a rural squire who does not shoot his land-steward, or quarter his wife with his yeomanry sabre."

There cannot be greater discordance than between Mr. Mill and his brother Utilitarian of the Westminster. The reasoning of the former is as follows :

"It is of great importance to remark, that not one item in the motives which had led English gentlemen to *make slaves of their fellow creatures*, and to reduce them to the very worst condition in which the negroes have been found in the West Indies, can be shown to be wanting, or to be less strong in the set of motives, which universally operate upon the men who have power over their fellow creatures. It is proved, therefore, by the closest deduction from the acknowledged laws of human nature, and by direct and decisive experiments, that, the ruling One, or the ruling Few, would if checks did not operate in the way of prevention, reduce the great mass of the people subject to their power, at least to the condition of negroes in the West Indies."

Any system of representation short of universal suffrage will enable the ruling Few, and ability will, by the unfortunate constitution of human nature necessitate them, to reduce the people to the condition of negroes in the West Indies.

But in Denmark there is no system of representation; the king, by the revolution of 1660, was invested with absolute power ;* and yet property and person are there respected as much as in any country in Europe.

Therefore the testimony of experience is delusive, and we must revert to the principles of human nature in order to prove, synthetically, the major proposition.

When the glaring defects in this reasoning are pointed out, the Westminster replies

"Mr. Mill has rightly stated the propensity to plunder and cruelty inherent in human nature, and the true nature of the only effectual remedy : that is, representation by universal suffrage is indispensable to the protection of the people."

* "As absolute a monarchy," says Lord Molesworth, "as any is at present in the world."

Nevertheless that remedy is *not* indispensable ! Without universal suffrage, without any system of representation, the power of the Government may be restrained by the latent power of the people as effectually as in other countries where more noise is made upon the subject ; and the people of Denmark are in as little danger of being reduced to the condition of slaves, and have as little reason to dread oppression, or misgovernment, as an English country gentleman's wife has to fear that her husband will cut off her head.

The Westminster next denies that a Government may be saturated with the objects of desire, because it would be unsafe to trust to saturation in a thief. " Tell it not in Bow-Street, whisper it not in Hatton Garden." " Why do not the owners of pocket handkerchiefs try to ' saturate ? ' " A thief takes secretly and appropriates the whole to himself. Government takes openly for the purposes of administration and luxury, according to its power as limited by law, custom, and opinion. In Asia the Sovereign in taking the rent of all the land in his kingdom takes only his own. In Europe he takes such contributions from the real and personal property of his subjects as they consider reasonable or tolerable, with reference to ancient usages and present exigencies. *Ad Cæsarem potestas omnium pertinet ; ad singulos proprietas ;* Cæsar hath power over all, and every man property in his own. But if we suppose a thief to deal in something better than pocket-handkerchiefs and silver spoons ; and to enrich himself by some whole-sale iniquity, he would really be saturated, and become himself a subject for thieves to prey on.

Nobody has described in stronger language than Mr. Mill has done in his Essay on Jurisprudence, the intensity with which men desire the good opinion of others, and dread their contempt ; yet in exaggerating the evil propensities of rulers he omits all mention of so powerful a restraint. In reply to the observations of the Edinburgh on this omission, the Westminster urges that " no one cares for the good opinion of those he has been accustomed to wrong." The planter and slave-driver care not for the opinion of the negro ; " the goodly land-owner who lives by morsels squeezed from the waxy hands of the cobbler," cares not for his hatred and contempt, but finds sufficient solace in the contemplation of his own wealth. Even the planter, however, may find that the ill treatment of his slaves exposes him not only to various kinds of vindictive retaliation on their part, but to reproachful looks and speeches from his equals and superiors. The land-owner, too, has his equals and superiors ; he cannot wrongfully squeeze a farthing from the gripe of the cobbler, and dare not offer him a personal indignity. Englishmen, Danes, Prussians, not being " accustomed to wrong," or be wronged,

are acutely sensible to pleasure and pain from the good and ill opinion of their neighbours and the public; and so far was Horace from applying his *At mihi plaudo, Ipse domi*, universally or generally, that he refers the sentiment to some memorable miser of those days, some Athenian Elwes or Farquhar, one who by the morbid contraction of his mind, and revolting sordidness of his habits, was utterly without ambition or capacity for public life.

The Westminster is pleased to assert that "it is diametrically opposed to history and the evidence of facts that the poor are the class whom there is any difficulty in restraining. It is not the poor but the rich that have a propensity to take the property of other people. There is no instance upon earth of the poor having combined to take away the property of the rich; and all the instances habitually brought forward as examples of it, are gross misrepresentations, founded upon the most necessary acts of self-defence on the part of the most numerous classes." It is utterly untrue that the French Revolution took place because 'the poor began to compare their cottages and sallads with the hotels and banquets of the rich'; it took place because they were robbed of their cottages and sallads to support the hotels and banquets of their oppressors. It is utterly untrue that there was either a scramble for property or general confiscation; the classes who took part with the foreign invader lost their property, as they would have done here, and ought to do every where." How, it may be asked, are the rich to benefit by robbing the poor? The very existence of property, as distinguished from community, implies the primary distribution of the annual revenue of the whole society into rent, profits, and wages; and its secondary distribution into the wages of productive and of non-productive labour. The rich who derive their incomes from rent, profits, salaries, and fees, cannot also appropriate the wages of the labourer; they cannot take to themselves the means of comfortable subsistence by which the ploughman, miller, carpenter, &c. are enabled to minister to all their wants and enjoyments. On the other hand the many poor cannot benefit by dividing among themselves the property of the few rich. The great mass of mankind are doomed to live by the labour of their hands, and must do so if the existing accumulations of land and stock were equally divided among all.

The natural condition of society is that the rich exercise an influence in the administration of its affairs in proportion to their wealth, intelligence, and leisure; and that the poor acquiesce in their preponderance and guidance. But if from abuse of power on the part of the rich, or from other causes exciting dissension and commotion, the poor are elevated into political

importance, and induced to stimulate the envious feelings of those who have placed power in their hands, property is not safe ; and will not regain its security till the new men are saturated, and the due connection between property and power is restored. It is only when there is great discordance between the political institutions and the actual state of property and opinion in a nation, especially if aggravated by dear corn or low wages, that mischief can follow from the Utilitarian doctrine, that a landholder lives by morsels squeezed from the waxy hands of the cobbler ; and that the hotels and banquets of the rich are supported by robbing the poor of their cottages and sallads. When they are thus persuaded that plunder is but self defence and resumption of their own, we do not find that their violence is stayed by the calculation on which Mr. Mill lays so much stress ; that each man of the majority would only have a ten-thousand part of the benefit of oppressing a single man.

During the French Revolution it might as well be asserted that the lives of the innocent were spared, as that their property was respected. It is not the less true, because the fury of the tempest has long past and left traces of its purifying operation, that murder and confiscation did rage uncontrolled. While the streets ran with blood, men were driven into emigration by fear, and stripped of their property for emigrating *before* the declaration of war ; and the clergy were robbed and massacred without the shadow of guilt. Such were the results of an experiment conducted resolutely on Utilitarian principles, and with every security for good government which Mr. Mill could desire. There were annual parliaments and universal suffrage. The interests of the chosen were identified with the interests of the choosers ; and the interests of the choosers were identified with those of the community ; and the community within itself, and with respect to itself, can have no sinister interest.

Having concluded a most lame and impotent reply to the Edinburgh Review, the Westminster is not more fortunate in the remainder of the article, which contains "the history of the common-sense principle of morals and politics."

That the good of the governed ought to be the object of all governments is a principle coeval with human society. The American hunter knows it, the Scythian shepherd recognizes it. It is many centuries since Cicero said, *Unum debet esse omnibus propositum ut eadem sit UTILITAS unius cujusque et universorum ; quam si ad se quisque rapiat, dissolvetur omnis humana consortio.* The phrases *bonum publicum* and *salus populi* are more than two thousand years old, and mean that the ruling principle of statemen ought to be to promote "the greatest happiness of the greatest number for the greatest length of time ;" that "magnificent proposition," which has now received its latest

improvement by the retrenchment of superfluity, and been revealed in the simple grandeur of "THE GREATEST HAPPINESS principle." On the promulgation of that discovery we are assured that "the awful names of Justice and Liberty,—which men had long felt after, if happily they might comprehend them, ceased to designate unknown powers; and *Justice* stood forth as the rule of appropriation which produced the greatest happiness, while *Liberty* was the being subject to no restraints except what were necessary for the promotion of the same end." "All the sublime obscurities which had haunted the mind of man from the first formation of society,—the phantoms whose steps had been on earth, and their heads among the clouds,—marshalled themselves at the sound of this NEW principle of connection and of union, and stood a regulated band, where all was order, symmetry, and force. What men had struggled for and bled, while they saw it but as through a glass darkly,—was made the object of substantial knowledge and lively apprehension. The bones of sages and of patriots stirred within their tombs, that what they dimly saw and followed had become the world's common heritage." Now the only novelty connected with that vaunted principle, which was familiar to the sages and patriots who lived in the old time before our fathers, is that the Utilitarians immediately deduce from it the proposition that men "should govern *themselves*," by annual parliaments and universal suffrage; whereas no such conclusion could stand if the intervening propositions drawn from a sufficient induction of facts were supplied. They err first by misplaced and gratuitous exultation at the pretended discovery of a swaggering major, which proves nothing: secondly, by jumping from less than "demi-premises and half-principles" to the false conclusion, that because government should consult the benefit of *all*; therefore *all* should have an equal share in constituting and controlling the Government.

They err thirdly, in supposing that the principle of utility or greatest happiness, however coincident with, can ever supersede the ideas and sentiments of justice and virtue, which are distinct from, and antecedent to the observation of such coincidence. The controversy which has hitherto been maintained on this subject has related not to the rules of duty and the maxims of justice, but to the *origin* of moral obligation,* and the *merit* of justice and other virtues; whither they should be traced to *reason* or *sentiment*; whether they were deducible by argument, or impressed by natural feeling. On both sides of the question, and in a middle space between both sides, infinite ingenuity felicity of illustration, and eloquence have been displayed by Butler,

* *Utilitas justi prope mater et equi, says Horace.*

Hume, Adam Smith, Paley and Dugald Stewart; sages whose bones will never be disturbed by the *anti*-common sense paradoxes of the Utilitarians, that before their time "Justice was an unknown power," and that what conduces to the general happiness is not only prescribed and sanctioned by virtue, but is the principle and substance of virtue itself.

Verses

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A DECEASED FRIEND.

1.

Oh, for the sweet gales of Youth's morning time!
 Oh, for the rich breath of the mountain flowers!
 Oh, for the forest birds! the cheerful chime
 Of village bells that on the ear, like showers
 On sultry meadows, fell!—Oh, for the streams
 That lullabied my infancy, while dreams,
 Such as fly far from manhood's slumber hours,
 A tissue veil cast o'er the hidden store
 Of thoughts,—deep bedded then within my bosom's core!

2.

Oh! for the moonlight ramble by the river,
 That to the winking stars its night-chant sung!
 Oh! for those waters, gushing on for ever
 In an eternal freshness;—cool and young
 As when their spring, in far gone ages, first
 From the earth's womb in strength and glory burst,
 With a rich flood, that fertile verdure flung
 On many a spot, barren and waste before,
 But now with flowers and herbs all strewed and sprinkled o'er.

3.

Is it that o'er the smiling brow of youth
 A spell to conjure happiness is hung?
 Is it that innocence, and peace, and truth,
 Die with our childhood?—while the hopes that clung
 To the young heart, like ivy to the rock,
 In manhood wither 'neath the tempest-shock
 That spoils the bright buds which to youth belong,
 Crushing them all;—yet Hope, though changed remains
 Sole bliss that deigns to mix with manhood's bitter pains.

4.

It is a sadd'ning and a wounding thought
 That tells us. Life for aye with care is clouded.
 We toil from day to day,—we slave for nought
 Save sighs and tears, and pains in pleasures shrouded;
 We purchase aching heads and breaking hearts,
 And cheat our spirits with degrading arts,
 Until, upon our bosoms, thickly crowded,
 We heap grief-burthens, that with every hour
 Gain heavier force to quell the spirit's buoyant power!

5.

Why should we then to court the public praise
 Thus bask our hearts in pride's deceitful beam?
 Why give our youth's first purity to rays
 That do not warm, but scorch with fiery gleam?
 Oh! happiness of Innocence! O! child
 Fresh from thy Mother's breast!—as free as wild
 As is the hill-begotten vernal stream,
 Why canst thou not thus even live?—or, why
 Live on?—*Now*, in thy happy brightness smile, and—*die*!

SENTIMENTAL SONNETS TO A DISTRESSED COCKROACH

I.

Poor persecuted Insect! Denizen
 Of hole and corner, though the live-long day
 Modest, thou seek'st retirement, and away
 Abidest from the haunts of busy men,
 Nor till the night-fall from thy lonely den
 Thou ventur'st timid forth, a scanty meal
 To glean from useless rind—stale crust—or peel—
 Or drink from savoury oil-glass—and again
 Retire thee at the approach of dawn, to dwell
 Darkling, in solitary nook, thy cell
 Some fragrant drain—old chest—or wash-hand-stand—
 — Yet all avails not; persecution rife
 Pursues thee; and against thy brittle life
 Raised is each slippered foot! uplift each deadly hand!

II.

And yet thou art not armed, like angry *Bee*,
 Or fierce intrusive *Wasp*, or musical
Mosquito; and no sting to wound withal
 Hast thou, to furnish Fear with coward's plea
 To palliate murder; e'en the tiny *Flea*
 That 'mid the fur disports (in populous swarms)
 Of pet Grimalkin, is most fierce in arms
 Compared—thou injured, harmless thing!—with thee?
 Thou dost not, as the odorous *Bug*—dispense
 Perfumes, that overpower the delicate sense
 Of Damsel, and avenge th' incautious crush:
 Then why this universal loathing? why
 With one accord resolved, that thou must die,
 Do young and old to trample on thee rush?

III.

They say thou 'rt hideous to behold! If true
 That were, at best, a very lame apology
 For giving thee a place in martyrology,
 And one, that nine in ten of us might rue—
 —Being ill favoured! But thy shape, thy hue
 To eyes unprejudiced seem lovely. *That*
 Symmetrically oval—*this*, as my hat—
 —Black; yet disclosing to fond artists' view
 Tints of Burnt-Umber edged with Burnt-Sienna
 Fading to Roman-ochre! Then thy antennæ
 Silken and taper, wandering to and fro—
 Trembling! Thy mail-clad wings so gossamery!
 Thy legs—would they were not so thin and hairy!—
 For, as to beauty, I confess they're but so-so!!

IV.

Soft is thy footstep as Camilla's! Light
 She skimmed the unbending corn; nor skimmed it brisker
 Than thou, fair Lady's curl or Dandy's whisker;
 As sallying, when bright-lamps announce the night
 Thou plyest thy busy wing with whirring flight
 In brief gyrations, and exhausted drop
 On face of warbling Nymph, or sudden pop
 'Mid circling throngs, giving and taking fright,
 Changing to shrilly scream the gentle song!!
 — Alas! thy days are numbered! round thee throng
 Indignant Beaux; soon shalt thou rue the rash
 Intrusion! see! they urge the hot pursuit!
 And now beneath the stamp of ponderous boot
 Crushed is thy fragile form, with frightful squash!!!

USSUD OOLLA KHAN.

Ussud Oolla Khan, was descended from a family of high respectability, with which nobility and royalty had connected themselves by marriage, and which had in former times obtained the gift of a Jageer or rent free estate from the reigning prince. Like the rest of their nation Ussud Oolla's father and grandfather preferred a life of indolence and splendour to one of cautious yet honorable independence; wherefore they both continued hangers on of the court, and endeavoured to excel others twice as rich as themselves, in the rarity of their dress, in the number of their servants, and in their breed of horses. To procure funds for this extravagance, the Jageer was let piecemeal for long terms, and then as the leases fell in was mortgaged, so that matters were in a bad state and seemed speedily in a fair way to be worse. One thing alone was wanting to reduce the family to beggary, viz. five or six sons to divide the patrimony among themselves, each thinking it necessary to keep up the same state as his father. Fate, however, in this case was favourable, for what remained of the leased out and mortgaged Jageer, descended to Ussud Oolla undivided, at the period of his father's death.

Ussud Oolla, as is the custom with Mussulmans, had married early, and as his parents, together with those of his wife, were the contracting parties, and all of them agreed in excluding the subjects of the contract from the consultation, the match could hardly be called a willing one. Yet Ussud Oolla was in no way sorry, when on his marriage day, having escaped the buffets and gibes of his harrassing friends, he secluded himself in his Zenana, to find his spouse an elegant and sylph-like being, whose gentle yet piercing black eyes seemed living fountains of love. Time which detracted in splendour from Fyzun's beauty, increased her attractions by developing her mental accomplishments, for wonderful to say, besides beating the *tom tom* she could sing well to her own accompaniment on the *Sitar*, and could absolutely read common Persian books, without making more than two or three blunders in a line. Timid as a fawn and languid as the drooping cypress, the eye of her husband rested on her proportions in luxurious repose; but Ussud found likewise, that when excited, his wife could be as resolute and fierce as the tiger famishing from a three days fast. Occasions, however, seldom presented themselves for an exhibition of these fiery qualities, and as Fyzun's whole soul was wrapped in her husband, the

thoughts of whom filled her bosom for every waking moment. Ussud thought himself a happy man at least in his own house: the more especially as he beheld so many of his friends, who quitted theirs, as if they were haunted by a ghoul.

Matters went on thus, well and peaceably in the interior of Ussud Oolla's house, but the pleasing prospect was confined to that alone. The confusion in which Ussud's father had left his concerns, still increased in spite of all his son's endeavours to unravel it; several mortgages were foreclosed, bankers pressed for payment of bonds, servants demanded wages, and the Cutwal of the city had not received his usual fee for a year. It was in vain, Ussud Oolla prayed the merchants to advance him money for the purpose of redeeming his property; all they knew was, that his estate was going rapidly, nor could Ussud by any arguments persuade them to the contrary; whenever he approached their shops, they locked up their treasure boxes and took to counting out couries. In this extremity Ussud Oolla was at his wits end, and whether he looked to the right hand or to the left, all seemed dark; yet action was necessary, for ten days more would otherwise find him in jail. Sitting one day in the cool of the evening on his house top, he had heaped a heavy sigh, and ceased ruminating on what appeared inevitable; having dropped his hookah on the ground, he sat vacantly gazing at the kites, which the native ladies and gentlemen amuse themselves by flying. His opposite neighbours on the house top, as was apparent from their joyous voices, and repeated exclamations, were deeply engaged in this aerial task, but their persons were concealed by the usual brick wall which surrounds the house tops, where females walk. This solid curtain was however, on the present occasion doomed to betray its trust; on a sudden, the string of one kite hitched on the brick wall, and to release it from thence, first appeared a snowy arm covered with jewels, and then rose a face, for a passing second, but it was such a face, that when once seen, could not be forgotten.

A sudden thought came across Ussud Oolla's mind, which made him involuntarily start—for it presented the means of gratifying his passion and of obtaining a release from his difficulties. The opposite house was inhabited by the Court Treasurer, and that the visible invisible was his daughter Ussud he could not doubt. He considered of making his proposals of and conferring the title of second wife, on this lovely flower, and why should he not, since he as yet had but one wife, while the law allowed him four. He then fell into a second reverie, in which his rapid imagination pictured to himself, two pretty wives' estates redeemed from pledge, personal liberty, official rank, and many other most Alnaschar-like schemes, until he hit upon the solitary unconnect-

ed reality, his wife Fyzun. He was here at a loss; he knew perfectly well, that such a proposition made to her, would meet with instantaneous and indignant rejection; he was conscious that she would never consent to be placed, inevitably as she must be, in the second rank—and he was afraid of that feline practice, so common to cats, tigers and females, called clawing. All these were heavy considerations, and extreme dangers, but hazarded they must be, or Ussud Oolla was a ruined man. He summoned up courage, therefore, and proceeding to his wife Fyzun, in as delicate a way as possible laid his condition before her and proposed the remedy. Ussud Oolla expected an explosion, but Fyzun contrary to his expectation, said hardly a word. She spoke not much, but she said, she had read and heard of, but never till that moment had believed in, the perfidy of man. Ussud Oolla attempted to remove this impression, and shewed her the necessity of the case, but she listened coolly, and calmly looking her disbelief retired. As she went out, she seemed like the heavy sky, lowering and dark, but still as death. There was no storm as yet, but no one could say when it would burst out, and all could see, that when it came it would be terrible. Of this however Ussud Oolla had no conception, but was agreeably surprised at the way in which his proposition had been received; had Fyzun raved he would have desisted, but as the case stood he dressed himself in his best, cocked his turban on one side of his head, and combed his long hair out on the other, and crossing over the way laid his proposals before the treasurer.

Cazim Beg, the treasurer was a minion of the prince high in station from favour, but low in birth. He was glad to get an alliance with an old and respectable family, such as that of Ussud Oollus, although depressed. He broke off a match then on foot between his daughter Ameena and a young Pytaun of tolerable family, and promised her to Ussud. This affair was soon noised abroad, and a treasurer's daughter, if her father be in favor at court, can never get married without show and bustle. To Ussud Oolla the change was soon apparent, for the servants who had quitted his service returned, declaring they had only fallen sick, mortgagees offered to give up their deeds, and bondholders told him his glory was great and rather than harass him for money, they would cancel the bonds, while the merchants in the bazaar no longer locked their chests as he approached. On the next day he was made a captain in the king of Delhi's body guard, and was endowed with the title of Behadur; surely never was so great a change in a few days. Fyzun alone remained sullen and silent. But sullenness and silence could effect nothing and Ameena and Ussud Oolla, were duly married, the Cazy read the Service, and the dowry was fixed (although Ussud had

not a thousand rupees of his own) for the honor of the family, at a lack of rupees and one gold mohur. A long description of the wedding and the ceremonies, more splendid than are usually seen, might be given, but suffice it to say, that all the bystanders and visitors wished the couple good luck, and the astrologers positively declared the aspect of stars to be more favourable, but there was one star which they did not take into consideration, and that was a malignant one.

Two or three months passed in happiness without the occurrence of any particular accident worthy of note. Fyzun received her new associate and rival with all respect, nay affection, but to Ussud Oolla himself, who was assiduous in his attentions to her, she would relax nothing. Ussud Oolla on going out of his door one evening, brushed roughly against a tall personage who was standing near and looking about him; the stranger let him pass and retired, but as he went, continued gazing on the house. The circumstance struck Ussud, and apprehending no good from such strict observance, took good care to lock his door and bolt it well. The stranger did not again appear until a few days afterwards, when he was observed in the same position, and subsequently he was again seen at the back of the house. Whatever might be the meaning of this Ussud Oolla was equally bound to enquire, so arming himself he proceeded to interrogate the stranger; that person however had proceeded some way up the street ere Ussud arrived, and the latter had only time to see him speak to two individuals who were coming down the lane, and then turn the corner. These individuals he determined to accost. On going up to them he found one was an acquaintance, and on enquiry discovered that the person from whom they had just parted was Zorab Khan, the young Pytaun who had been the destined husband of Ameena, before she had been married to himself. What his feelings were at these tidings none, but a jealous Oriental, or perhaps a Spaniard can imagine; he hastened home and taxed his wife Ameena with a criminal correspondence. She, poor girl, denied any evil, and plainly declared her ignorance of what former arrangements her parents had made, and for having seen Zorab Khan, it was impossible. Truth innocence and artlessness prevailed, and the husband's heart was eased of a heavy load. Fate however had decreed that he should suffer a heavier burthen, and he had hardly time to felicitate himself on freedom from suspicion, when he was again thrown into doubt. A few days subsequently, in the evening, a heavy storm came on; the rain poured copiously, the lightning flashed, and the wind blew a hurricane, while Ussud Oollah sat smoking his *hookah* and listening to some singing girls. The storm was very loud and nearly extinguished the voices of

the minstrels, but the tymphanum of a jealous ear is tender, and Ussud thought that the trees in his garden shook with more vehemence than that of a storm. He sallied out alone and examined his garden with no effect, until a flash of lightning discovered to him a man perched in the tree above his head. Ussud drew a pistol and fired, but the ball missed its object, while the man in the tree, not liking perhaps a similar risk, let himself drop perpendicularly on Ussud Oolla, at the same time making a thrust with his dagger. This stratagem succeeded, for Ussud Oolla was borne forcibly to the ground, and ere he could arise, his foe had escaped over the wall; he discovered however that it was Torab Khan.

This new attempt at the sanctity of his house, completely bewildered Ussud; Ameena must be the object of it. Yet who could look on her gentle innocence and guileless heart, and say she was an intriguer. He passed that night in extreme distraction and did not mention the cause of his anxiety to any one, but at last resolved, before he took further measures, to consult with his father-in-law, who was a powerful man and a cunning one. When the morning arrived, Ussud Oolla went to Casim Beg; and to him related his sorrows; the treasurer heard him, but strange to say, with indifference, although the honour of his own daughter was concerned. He had made his bargain, and acquired the reputation of a good connection and for aught else, he cared not. Irritated and perplexed, Ussud Oolla was returning to his own home, when a letter as if by accident dropped at his feet, great was his surprise when on picking it up he found it directed to himself. The letter in short, but emphatic terms, apprized him of Torab Khan's clandestine visits to his wife Ameena, and informed him, that the correspondence on his side, might yet be found, if the cushions of his wife's bed were opened. He lost not a minute in making the search directed, and to his utter astonishment six letters were found, filled with the most endearing terms, addressed to Ameena and bearing the seal of Torab Khan. Ameena was too astounded to deny the accusation, it would have been useless had she done so, but her husband never asked her. To him the facts were proofs as strong as holy writ, and the resuscitation of his prophet from the dead would not have convinced him to the contrary. Fyzun, when she heard of this, bewailed loudly, but suggested a hundred different excuses assured her husband that Torab could never have entered the house, and when she found it impossible to shake his conviction, proposed various punishments, of which shaving the criminal's head was the very highest. But Ussud Oolla's mind was made up on this subject, and he informed Ameena with great coolness, that she must that night prepare for travel, and

that she should speedily be removed from her gallant and be secluded in a rural residence of her husband's. The evening was fitful and gusty, and the moon looked watery and unpleasant when Ameena's close covered carriage driven by a household slave, and followed by her husband alone, passed along the streets of Delhi. After quitting the suburbs, the road wound through a dreary plain and then turned through a grove of trees by the side of the river. Here Ussud Oolla told the driver that his mistress wished to alight, and let him retire. He then called to Ameena and told her to descend and view the scenery; she prepared to do so; and as she slowly drew back the curtains and her head appeared, her husband's sword fell, and with one stroke severed it from her body. The head he spurned with his foot, and backing the bullocks, the whole carriage with the mangled trunk and the animals, were precipitated into the river.

The rest of the tale is soon told. Ussud Oolla wiped his bloody sword, with a grim smile returned it to its sheath, mentally devoted its next stroke to Torab Khan, and rode slowly home. On his return, he found his wife Fyzun gone, but she had left a packet for him. It contained copies of all the letters found in Ameena's cushions, a forged seal resembling that of Torab Khan, and a letter to her husband, stating how she had allured Torab to the house by making use of Ameena's name, and how she had forged letters as if from him to Ameena.

The affair was never enquired into. The treasurer had influence at court, and on hearing from Ussud Oolla the details, said that God was great, what was destined to happen, would happen, and that no more would now be heard of it, wherefore no person else being interested in stirring the affair, it dropped. Ussud Oolla lived a few years longer, but was one day killed by a bullet when riding through the suburbs of Delhi, supposed to have been directed by the hand of Fyzun; of her however, nothing more was ever heard.

R.

DAY DREAMS.

No. I.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

Oft in the stillly night
 E're slumber's chain has bound me
 Fond Memory brings the Light
 Of other days around me.

Moore.

I was always fond of day dreaming, and I rather think that it was born with me, for as a child I was most grievously addicted to stealing into bye-corners with a book in my hand and musing over the contents, while my imagination expatiated on the subject so widely as to add many instances to those contained in the volume which I was perusing. Even in the gaiety of a merry circle round the Christmas fireside, I would frequently fix my eyes on the glowing coals, conjuring up a thousand wild forms in the shape of death's Heads, witches on broomsticks, flying Dragons, and such like tickle-brain fancies. Yet alas! the long train of images which I had thus carefully raked up in the glowing ashes (like the airy castles of many of my fellow children of a larger growth) would be demolished on a sudden by an invidious thrust from my grandfather's walking stick or be buried under a huge heap of smoky chaos from the coal-scuttle.

There are few perhaps who do not love to dwell upon these dim shadowings of early imagination; for who has not clung to his nurses knee in trembling delight and listened with reverential awe to the good woman's "Tales of Eld," while the wind whistled round the house and the little circle crept closer to the fire as it cast a more fitful light around the chamber? They are amongst the earliest and most delightful impressions which we receive and perhaps they last the longest. How to account for that universal belief which has pervaded all nations of the world of the existence of airy beings and shadowy shapes "half human, half divine," we know not: but I am unwilling to philosophize on a subject which can admit of no particular proof—yet for my own part, I must confess that this disposition for the romantic and the marvellous has "grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength" for even now in my old age I often feel a sort of restless curiosity totally unworthy of my years, to listen to sundry out-of-the-way stories and adventures which never happened to any but the narrator.

Of my school days the remembrance is attended with the utmost disgust. Few love them or look back to them with

pleasure for it is a period when we feel the miseries of dependence and the rigour of restraint without being able to appreciate the value of early laying the foundations of knowledge. I was sufficiently idle to deserve punishment but generally fortunate enough to escape it. In the common amusements of boyhood I never felt very keen delight, for I was over reached by urchins much younger than myself who were deeply skilled in the mysteries of Peg-top and Hop-Scotch and various other pastimes at which I was always a scoundrel bungler, I preferred throwing myself down under the shade of an old tree and poring over the disasters of Robinson Crusœ or tracing the Wanderings of Admiral Byron thro' the Isle of Chilœ.

For me the varied appearances of nature always held out irresistible charms. The heart indeed never expands with such placid feelings as when it is holding communion with her works. They are feelings which at different periods of after life come back upon the heart "like the remembered tone of a mute Lyre" calling up a thousand happy remembrances of those days of innocence and delight which have long passed into the lapse of ages. — There was a bank which had been partly cut away, but enough was left to nourish and support the roots of a beautiful old Beech, at the foot of which the little brook that formed the Parish boundary used to run. At the foot of that Beech I have sat for hours in a kind of Waking Dream, the past crowding upon my mind with such rapidity that the present was quite lost, while I felt myself unconsciously recurring to those pages in the volume of existence which contained the first faint memorials of my earliest childhood. In these delightful reveries, I frequently watched the gossamer-thread floating calmly about in the stilly idleness of a summer mid-day (when scarcely a breath stirred to waft it with its little aeronaut inhabitant from place to place) with all the ardour of a young and romantic mind. A single Coot or Moorhen would sometimes steal from its concealment in the Bullrush and Sedge that skirted the margin of the brook giving a wildness of repose to the scenery that sunk deep into my heart, while I scarcely ventured to breathe lest I should dissipate the delicious love of thought which the beauty of the scene had aroused. The spires of Churches dimly peeping through the trees, the faint tinkle of the sheep bell and an occasional distant swell of the bugle announcing the arrival of coaches to the surrounding villages added much food to my reveries. It is in such moments that we forget our material existence and live only in that deep voluptuous Idealism when the mind like the light thread of the gossamer floats gently about with every little breeze. It is bitter to descend from such feelings to pursue the common track

of human affairs, to be changed as it were from an airy spirit into the cold and limited form of a child of clay.

But this state of mental intoxication ceases with our boyhood, at an early age I found myself thrust out into the world to struggle with its prejudices, to imitate its follies, and to grasp at its baubles. My destination was a foreign shore, I was to mingle with men of worldly manners whose feelings and opinions were widely different from my own, I was to pant under the influence of a tropical sun and in visiting an imaginary Eldorado, to quit, perhaps for ever, that little home-scene of the heart, an English fireside. The hour of separation arrived and a tear escapes me now when I call to mind, those melancholy moments in which we try to hush up the bitterness of parting by the interchange of a thousand little kindnesses which are given and received with a suppressed sigh and a sorrowful heart. We gaze anxiously on the face which perhaps we are never to behold again and then turn away our glance with a kind of despair that burthens the heart with its stillness and embitters the few remaining moments that necessity has left us to look and love our last. But I am talking of what occurred more than forty years ago—and yet it may be forgiven in a grey headed Sexagenarian to dwell with a kind of melancholy pleasure on the scenes of his early life, to pause over those little gems of happiness which memory has snatched from the wrecks of former days, for the feelings naturally require something to lean upon and in the absence of present comfort will fondly call up the shadows of departed hours to soothe their loneliness.

To me it has ever appeared particularly harsh and unmannerly to throw down the gauntlet of defiance before our own breasts and come to an open rupture with a whole host of its better affections : yet after we have entered the world and become closely allied to its pursuits and pleasures we are apt to oust out the old tenants who formerly inhabited the little nooks and corners of our hearts—to descend from our thoughts, those who have as it were grown grey in the service of our affections and to put in their place others whom vanity, interest or caprice may point out. But my commerce with the world never relaxed the purer feelings of earlier years and my thoughts always reverted with renewed pleasure to the home of my boyhood, that place to which the affections of all at times turn—that word which conjures up such a strange medley of gay remembrances shared with the softest touches of melancholy.

It has been said, (I know not with what justice) that on going abroad, people are apt to forget England—to become paracides of good sturdy John Bullism by habituating themselves to

all the indolence and luxury of foreign climes. For others I cannot answer—for myself, how often during my exile did my heart yearn to mingle again with those scenes so deeply mirrored in my remembrance by the pure associations of early days ! How has my mind expanded with pleasure at the supposition that perhaps some careless trifle which belonged to me in my childhood, might by chance meet the eye of those with whom my dawning years glided peacefully away and be hoarded with an affectionate regret for him whom they might perhaps never see again ! With what a thrill did I anticipate the time when I should return to the home of my youth ! But in these delightful anticipations I seemed to forget that before my return, a long period would have elapsed since I left it—that times and manners would be changed and every thing modernized and refined, that the house in which my boyish revels were committed would be disrobed of its venerable tiling and diamond window panes, the trees which I had so often climbed to rob the Chaffinch of her nest would be cut down and not so much as an old post be left to hang a single recollection on ! Those who had been the sharers in my youthful gambols and frolics ; where would they be ? dispersed and scattered about the world, their affections resting on others and so diffused that scarcely a tithe would be left for their old play fellow—nay, the very urchins of the village whom I had left running about as wild and as ragged as young colts would be found decent sober Grandfathers, with a long live of strange descendant's trooping at their heels, putting me in mind of the vast lapse of time and of the few faint steps between me and the grave.

Though the greater portion of life is spent in endeavours rather to avoid its evils than to enjoy its blessings yet there is a period to which every man looks forward with calm delight ; when having shaken off the trammels and cares of daily business he may pass the rest of his days in the reciprocation of benevolence and the happy exuberance of social converse ; when competency shall have secured him from the anxiety of future provision and the maturity of age given solidity to his opinions and respect to his character. To this period the finger of hope is constantly pointing and he is content to forget present privation, in the contemplation of future enjoyment : to this period, have I now arrived—but enjoyment alas ! like the cup of Tantalus has shrunk from my lips—I have returned to the home of my childhood and found myself a stranger in the land that gave me birth, I have asked “ the friends of my youth, where are they ? ”—and an echo has answered “ where are they ? ” I have visited the village church-yard, and gazed upon the descriptive stones which record little else but their names and have found that my own

bosom is the only sepulchre where their virtues and tenderness lie enshrined ! It is to soothe the languor of declining years that I have now recourse to the fairy charms of imagination, and if I can cheat the reader of any single one of those many melancholy moments which the rugged reality of life is continually thrusting upon us, I shall feel satisfied that I have not written in vain.

 STANZAS.

Ah ! this were but a weary world
 Without its hopes and fears,
 A pool by no light breezes curled
 A cheerless sight appears—
 A calm interminable plain
 Is sadder than the stormy main ;
 Yet these similitudes would be
 Of endless life's monotony,
 If human sighs and human tears
 Ne'er stirred, nor stained the stream of years.

* * * * *

Oh ! God ! there are who madly dare
 To question thine eternal will ;
 Who own this glorious globe is fair
 Yet mourn permitted ill ;
 And deem it strange Almighty power
 Should yield to sin one mortal hour,
 Or suffer care, and pain, and strife,
 To chequer all the scenes of life,
 Or let one darkening shadow lie
 Between us and eternity.

These see not what the wise may see
 (Lost wanderers in the storm !)
 How far above mortality
 As man above the worm,
 Is He whose awful glory seems
 Impalpable to earthly dreams.
 Yet man to rayless blindness given
 Would pierce the mystic veil of heaven,
 And with delirious boldness scan
 His unseen Maker's secret plan,
 Forgetful that he might not part
 The curtain of his own proud heart !

D. L. R.

A SKETCH OF RANAJIT SINH.

BY BAROO KASIPRASAD GHOSH.

Ranajit Sinh is the son of Maha Sinh, of the tribe of Sahasi. He is about fifty years of age and of a middle stature, neither too thin, nor too stout. He has lost the use of one of his eyes in consequence of an attack of the small pox. His beard is long and flowing, but he does not suffer his nails to grow, which is criminal according to the tenets of the religion of the Sheiks. His dress is plain white, and he wears his turban across his forehead, the left part of which descending down and covering the eye-brow of the left eye which is blind, so as to shade it a little. His disposition is said to be very mild, insomuch, that when he formerly used to go about his country in disguise to learn the disposition of the people towards the Government, he used to question them respecting the conduct of their Magistrates, Collectors, or their Prince; whenever he heard any complaint and was spoken ill of, he inquired into the nature of the grievance, calmly listened to it, and afterwards arriving at a station judged it impartially, and often to the satisfaction of his people.

He rises at 3 o'clock in the morning, bathes and then retires to a private room, where no one, not even his servants are suffered to go. In this solitary situation he counts over his beads and offers prayers till midday when his priest Madhusudana Pundit goes and reads to him passages from the Puranas. At this time he usually offers gifts to the Brahmanas. When it is daylight he either repairs to the Fort to see the discipline of his troops or holds his *Durbar* till ten or eleven o'clock; after which he retires from his Court and takes his meal. The rest of his time till nine in the evening when he retires to rest is according to circumstances variously employed.

He has three sons, viz. Kherga Sinh, Shair Sinh, and Tara Sinh, but the two latter are not recognised by him as his sons and are not therefore treated by him as Princes. It is said that they were adopted by Ranajit Sinh's first wife. When they came to years of maturity, they could have no power as Princes but their mother's father having died without any other issue Shair Sinh, the elder brother inherited his estates and is at present a general under Kherga Sinh. Nevertheless the three brothers are said to bear great affection for each other.

Ranajit Sinh has a grandson named Navanehal Sinh by his son Kherga Sinh. He is a promising boy of about twelve years of age, and is a great favourite of Ranajit Sinh.

The principal officers of Ranajit Sinh may be thus enumerated, viz.

<i>Motichund,</i>	Prime Minister, the son of Mokumchand the former Minister who was surnamed FUTEH NASEER , i. e. "of a victorious lot," on account of the success which attended him wherever he marched.
<i>Desa Sinh,</i>	The principal Thanadar or the Collector of Lahore, and the Governor of the Fort, as also the Chief of the Criminal Authority.
<i>Visakha Sinh,</i>	Is at the head of the Civil authority of Justice.
Brothers. {	The principal Treasurer.
	Is intrusted with the internal management of conquered provinces.
	Superintendent of the estates. 'This Office is of great trust with all Asiatic Princes.
	Two brothers in charge of the Royal Palace and great favourites of Ranajit Sinh.
<i>Azeezuddin,</i>	
<i>Nuruddin,</i>	
<i>Shahabuddin,</i>	
<i>Dhaun Sinh, and } Golaub Sinh, } Govind Ram } The son of Nanda Sinh } Madhusudana Pundit, } Devidas, } Bhavanidas,</i>	Embassador of Ranajit Sinh, at Delhi. Head Chaplain to Ranajit Sinh. Chief Secretary. Private Secretary to Ranajit Sinh.

There is no distinct person at the head of the Command of the Army. Ranajit Sinh is himself the Commander-in-Chief.

Of all the native princes of the present day, Ranajit Sinh is the only one who can be properly called independent. He is possessed of a very enterprising spirit, by which he has not only raised himself to Sovereignty over his own nation, (for the Sheiks were formerly divided into many petty independent states) but has also attacked his Mahomedan neighbours with success. His father Maha Sinh laid the ground-work of the rising power of his son. He enlarged his territories by making successful encroachments upon the adjacent states, till at last he possessed himself of Lahore on the death of Khan Behadur the Newab of that country. He soon after died and left his acquisitions to his son, who as mentioned before by a mixture of courage and conduct completely overthrew what is called the Sheik federacy and has made considerable conquests. At first his victorious career and growing ambition were for some time checked by the dread of an invasion by Zeman Shah King of Cabul who had entertained designs of extending his dominions on this side of India, but upon his giving up those designs Ranajit Sinh was encouraged to attack the forces of the Monarch of Cabul and gained success. At present his kingdom extends from Tatta on the South, to the borders of Thibet on the

North, and from Cabul on the West, to a little beyond the Setlez on the East, comprising a very large extent of territories.

The army which Ranajit Sinh maintains is said to be very large. Besides a considerable body of cavalry on which the chief strength of an Asiatic King depends, there are eighty regiments of infantry under the superintendence of French commanders. These regiments are disciplined, equipped and armed according to the European method. Ranajit Sinh has likewise made considerable improvements in his artillery department, under the inspection of French commanders. His army is supplied with a great number of cannons which are used according to the European mode also. It is said that the French employed by Ranajit Sinh have nothing to do with the command of the divisions to which they are respectively attached. In time of war they are imprisoned, and in peace, they teach European discipline to their respective corps. But the army upon the whole is rather in the Asiatic style. It has several petty chiefs enjoying a certain degree of independence and fixed portions of land allotted to them by Ranajit Sinh. In this point of view Khorga Sinh the eldest son of Ranajit Sinh is himself a petty chief ruling over a tract of land in many ways independent of his father. The principal arsenal of Ranajit Sinh is at Amartasar otherwise called Umritsar.

But the greatest care of Ranajit Sinh seems to be to have an extensive treasury which is so much needed in time of war. His principal treasury which is at Fort Govind (or Govind-Garrah as it is called by the natives) in Amartasar is said to be very large. Its contents are variously described and the immense plunder in money received in Cabul and Moulton was all transmitted to it. Besides, a certain sum is every day thrown at the principal treasury which is never made use of, but reserved perhaps for the most urgent and necessitous times. The sort of coin used on this occasion is chiefly the Nanakshahi so called from Nanakshah the founder of the religion of the Sheiks. The Mahomedshahi money is also current in the dominions of Ranajit Sinh. He had two Mints at Amartasar where both the Nanakshahi and the Mahomedshahi coins were struck, but one of them which is said to have been founded by one of his mistresses has a few years ago been abolished; and in the other the Nanakshahi is only struck at present.

His revenue cannot be properly and accurately estimated. The land tax for a cornfield is half the produce. But the taxes of other lands vary according to the article produced. In a place where there is no established tenure or where the land is farmed without any condition, the collector of the place when the crop is ripe appoints a Moonshee with an assistant and two peons to measure out the land (if it were not previously measured) ascer-

tain the nature of the crop and fix the temporary tax for that season only under a certain fixed rate. A land holder cannot sell his estate or any part of it, but by the permission of government; the right of selling or buying lands therefore depends upon the pleasure of Government.

Visakha Sinh as mentioned before is at the head of the judicial authority and there are under him one or two or even three judges in every district. The Sheiks have no code or fixed laws, but the decision of law matters, depends entirely upon the caprice of the judge. If a person be not satisfied with the decision of the subordinate judge he may make his complaint to Visakha Sinh, and if he be still dissatisfied he may appeal to Ranajit Sinh. But in so doing there is something to be dreaded. In case the complainant loses his case by the judgment of Visakha Sinh or Ranajit Sinh, he suffers a severe punishment, not only for the unreasonableness of his complaint, but also for his presumption in having endeavoured to bring the decision, and consequently the character of the judge in question. But the power of Visakha Sinh is limited only to civil cases. Neither he nor any of the subordinate judges can judge a criminal case which should be referred to the Thanadars or the Collectors of the place, who also exercises the civil authority and whose decision is final. The Thanadar or the Collector is also the governor of a Fort if there be one.

Nothing is deemed more criminal by Ranajit Sinh or any of the Sheiks than an injury to a Brahman or a cow, both of whom are as, by every other Hindu sect, regarded with great veneration by the Sheiks, and the death of either is punished with the same. This has greatly ingratiated Ranajit Sinh in the favour of his people as well as all the Hindus in general. His munificence towards the Brahmans has not less contributed to his popularity. His usual gift to a Brahman on certain religious days among the Sheiks is a golden bracelet of great or small value. It may be worth while here to observe that scarcely any Hindu prince has ever treated the Brahmans with illiberality.

A third great cause of Ranajit Sinh's popularity among the Hindus is his dreadfully ill treatment of the Mussulmans in his territories in so much that they are among the many instances of cruelty and oppression partly exercised by orders of Ranajit Sinh but mostly by his officers, prevented to utter their Namaz (a daily prayer performed at morning, noon, and evening) sufficiently loud, that is, they are allowed to read it at their home, or where it may not be heard by any Sheik without the accompaniment of all those vocal sounds which usually attend it. This exclusion of the Mussulmans from their religious ceremonies is considered by every Hindu as an act of great piety and was one of the causes of a rebellion which but a short time ago took place in Cabul, but which was subsequently suppressed after a great slaughter on both sides.

LOVE.

"Love is not in our choice, but in our fate."

Dryden's Palamon and Arcite.

Careless, jocund, mild and gay,
I past each idle hour away,
Nor, heedless, thought that ever I
Should bend beneath Love's tyranny.

The smiling rogue was vexed to see
A heart so thoughtless and so free ;—
"I'll teach thee, youth," he slyly spoke
"To bend beneath my sov'reign yoke,
"And make thee worship at the shrine,
"Where wiser heads have bowed, than thine!"
Then from his quiver snatched a dart,
And aim'd the poison at my heart ;
Straight for the mark the arrow bore ;—
— I never felt so strange before !

Too soon I found, an abject slave,
Maria's eyes the venom gave ;
Quick, quick it flew thro' every part,
And pierced at once my trembling heart,

* * * * *

The soft meek light of that blue eye,
Like Angel glance from yonder sky,
And all those thousand nameless charms
That keep alive true love's alarms,
Mixed such sweet pleasure with my pain,
I wished not to be free again.

Two happy years soon past away ;—
Two years, I fondly day by-day
Still worship'd at that lovely shrine,
And knew that gentle heart was mine,
But woe is me !—it was decreed
That love's true victim soon should bleed ;
— No matter why, or where, or when,
This heart was doomed to grief and pain,
— I never saw that form again !—

Yet once beneath love's tyrant power,
I feel its impulse every hour,
And never may resist the sway
Of beauty's soft bewitching ray.
My heart now wanders every where,
To fill the vacant corner there—

But Oh ! first love is sweeter far,
And burns with purer glow,
Than any other love that e'er
The heart again can know ?

A bashful Mary next possest
Each tender feeling of my breast ;
But soon I saw sweet Caroline,
And gave her up this heart of mine,
Tho' both so fair and both so kind,
That long I was to doubt inclined ;—
But just as I made up my mind,
—The stately Isabel stept in,
And threw me into doubt again.—

My heart then sad and dormant lay
For many a long and weary day,
And many hopeless dreams it formed
Of her, who first that heart had warmed ;
When gentle smiling Fanny came,
Rekindled soon the dying flame ;
On those blue orbs I gazed with sighs
— They were so like Maria's eyes,
I almost thought with thrilling pain
I bask'd in that dear light again.

Oh ! then a tyrant beauty came
And set my wand'ring heart in flame,
A quenchless fire within me burn'd
When that bright glance on me was turned,
A flame so new, so wild and fierce,
As did my inmost bosom pierce ;
All other thoughts, all other bliss,
Or feelings, were absorbed in this—
That glare of light, that glare of light,
From these dark eyes it shone so bright,
My brain grew dizzy at the sight—
I roamed distemper'd o'er the plains,
A maniac bound in silken chains
Whom one kind word that fondness proved,
Whom one kind glance from her he loved,
Could calm, and ease his troubled pain
And bring back reason's light again—
I ne'er was under such wild sway,
Since first I felt love's warming ray.

But now that wild vision of love is o'er,
The maniac's frenzy is now no more ;
The love that bewildered his reason and peace,
Her glances have told him can never be his ;

And tho' many a heart-throb, and many a sigh,
 And many a tear-drop dashed from the eye,
 And many a pang of deep sorrow and grief,
 And many an effort to gain relief,
 Have been his—yet his passion is conquered at last,
 And he calmly can think on the love that is past;
 And he prays that a blessing from yon pure sky,
 May alight on the Maid of the dazzling eye!

A. D. C.

STANZAS TO A LADY.

SEEN FOR A FEW HOURS ONLY IN A PUBLIC ASSEMBLY

AT CALCUTTA.

Full many a sweet face smiling nigh
 Had caught my wandering gaze,
 But thine alone could claim a sigh,
 Or passion's tumults raise.

Twas true that we no more might meet,
 Our paths were far apart.
 I might not hear thy lips repeat
 The dictates of thine heart:

But yet our meeting looks revealed
 Far more than words could tell,
 And love with eager transport sealed
 His long enduring spell.

O! twas bewildering bliss to know
 The Boy-God's subtle power!
 I would not for a world forego
 The madness of that hour.

Though distant far our feet may stray
 We share love's golden dream,
 As 'neath the same unbroken ray
 The clouds, though parted, gleam,

D.

A MAIL COACH ADVENTURE.

It was on a fine bracing morning in the latter end of the month of October, of the year 182— that I mounted one of those heavy vehicles, commonly called *light Post Coaches* which proceed northward from the great commercial town of Liverpool. My feelings were expanded with the idea of soon rejoining my friends from whom I had been for some period separated, and my spirits were in unison with my thoughts, as I retraced with pleasure the scenes and feats of my childhood. The coachman cheering his horses now and then, arrested my attention without disturbing the train of my reflections, and I alternately whistled or sung as we rolled along, with a consciousness of happiness I had not experienced for many months before, perhaps too there might be feelings of more powerful interest for I was at that crisis of life when tender attachments are generally more serious and lasting than on the first dawn of manhood.

We had proceeded as far as Garstang before any thing occurred to disturb the visions of my excited imagination, when just as the coach stopped to change, a beautiful female voice was heard from the inside, requesting the coachman in the most touching accents to allow her to get on the top; she was immediately accommodated with a seat, and I proceeded to render her all the attention in my power. She said she felt ill and her pallid yet lovely cheek and heavy eye did not belie the assertion. My attempt to amuse her (as we were the only outside passengers) very shortly superseded the chilling formalities of regular introduction which are now much to the comfort of travellers dispensed with in stage coaches. She soon felt considerably revived by the cool air, and in the course of the day I related to her a few of the incidents of the Summer which I had spent in the East Indies. "You are returning to see your friends," she said after a short pause, and "your mother, how happy she will be to see you again." I do not know how it was, yet I thought I had never found the name of "mother" strike so deeply upon my heart, as at that moment. The being who had given me birth, I had lost soon after she had brought me into the world, but it was in name only that I had lost her, as her place had been supplied by one who had tenderly administered to all my wants with the most careful kindness and attention.

Though my reflections had passed almost instantaneously they had not been lost upon my fellow traveller, and on raising my head to answer her question, I perceived she was observing me

minutely with an expression of deep pity. "You have then no mother?" she enquired; before I could speak, her countenance instantly assumed an expression of inward suffering so great that it was some minutes before she could compose herself. I was now convinced that my companion was unhappy and that the iron hand of affliction seemed to have set its mark upon one, whose loveliness alone might have warranted the hope of a happier existence.

I explained in a few words that I had indeed lost my mother but at so early a period of life that I had never felt that loss; she seemed to muse on my answer, and I saw the big tear steal silent and fast down her pale cheek. I remained silent, unwilling to hazard remarks the propriety of which might have been questionable on so short an acquaintance. The evening set in cold and on her complaining of its effects I prevailed on her to accept a spare top coat I had to cover her, she thanked me for my attention, and sunk again into silence interrupted only now and then with a deep sigh. To attempt to delineate my sensations would be impossible, but I believe they would be what all men would feel for loveliness in distress. It certainly was not love for I had long —————, but I felt more for this female than I could ever have imagined a few hours before.

It was quite dark when we arrived at Burton, and on the stopping of the Coach a tall elderly looking gentleman who seemed to have been waiting for her enquired for miss T—. "I am here Uncle" answered, my companion. She extended her hand to bid me farewell and thanked me again, and I saw her depart like a pleasant dream which on waking we wish to prolong. Yet I wondered how a being whose very existence but a few hours before I was totally unacquainted with and of whom I now know nothing but her name, could have so powerfully interested me.

Two hours before day break the next morning, I was again upon the road, and for sometime I was completely absorbed with reflecting on the events of the preceding day; as the morning however advanced and the rich and magnificent scenery which lies between Kendal and Ambleside gradually opened out I was soon lost to every thing but the beauties of the surrounding country. It was not only with the feeling of an ardent admirer of nature, that I contemplated the scenes before me, for in every abrupt precipice, heath-clad mountain and wooded slope now mellowed with the richer tints of autumn just fading into winter, I traced spots familiar to my memory and endeared by youthful sports and early recollections,—they were indeed my native mountains.

After a short sojourn amongst my friends I was soon again immersed in the busy toils of life, and in less than 12 months after

the above incidents, I had become a resident in British India. Commerce and its concomitant cares scarcely left room for reflection on other subjects, and it is probable that the remembrance of my fair fellow-traveller seldom or never intruded itself upon me. Time wore on—five years had elapsed and ill health, the effects, of the baneful climate of Bengal compelled me to visit some more congenial clime and I again embarked for England.

It was six years afterwards, a little later in the year, that I again booked myself in the mail to travel the same road from Liverpool. As we passed along memory was busy on the various scenes of my chequered life which had occurred since that period. The world did not present such bright visions to my senses as it had then done. I was again returning home, but that home was altered; the enthusiasm of youth was gone and I had ceased to look upon things with a more favourable aspect than what they really presented. Sorrow, and sickness had deadened the energies of life and there were events fresh in my memory which might indeed call for the poet's question.

"Can fancy's fairy hands no veil create
To hide the sad realities of fate."

Insensibly the remembrance of my last fair companion stole upon me and I entertained a hope which in a short time conjured up into a certainty that we should again meet, and it was not until we arrived at Kendal in the fall of the evening that I could bring myself to relinquish it. Having refreshed ourselves for half an hour, the horses, were again put to, and I had given up the hope of meeting with the mysterious lady. The night though lovely was intensely cold when we set out and for the first hour the moon had not risen, yet the snow which was thick upon the ground as we advanced into the mountainous district afforded a sufficient light to distinguish objects around. At length as we reached the summit of an eminence, the pale round moon was seen just topping the rugged height of a range of black mountains on the right, which extend between Shap and Kendal. Already the long ridge of Helvellyn enveloped with thick snow had caught and reflected her beams, and as she gradually emerged from the barrier, a portion of the beautiful lake of Windermere just tinged with her rays could faintly be distinguished from the chaos of mountains which frowned in sterile grandeur on the left. Between lay thick and dark waving larch and oak wood, and fancy could almost define in the distance the conspicuous head of gigantic Gkiddam. I had seen nature arrayed in her sublimest forms in every quarter of the earth; the Himalahas with their eternal snows; but they presented no charms or awakened no feelings that could compare in effect with these insignificant Hills. Many a night like

this I had gazed upon them, and the days of childhood, happiness, innocence and love now rushed upon my memory.

My brow felt feverish in spite of the intense frost. I thought I should feel invigorated (for I was still an Invalid) by being outside for a short time, the change was soon accomplished, but I had scarcely got myself seated and wrapped up, when descending a steep, but short declivity in the road which was now very slippery, from the frost, one of the leaders fell, and in an instant the mail was upon the poor animal. All was now in confusion. The guard and Coachman used all their exertions to rescue the beast, which was effected with much difficulty in about ten minutes, when it was found that one of the wheel horses had been lamed also, and it now became the duty of the guard to proceed with the Mail bags on one of the uninjured horses and we were left in the awkward predicament of looking out for assistance, and some place to which to convey the luggage of the Mail. Before any thing could be suggested, and whilst my only fellow traveller, a peevish old south of England gentleman, was venting his curses both "loud and deep" and in good round terms also, on the barbarous state of the country and roads, the sound of a horse's hoofs, was heard approaching at a short distance, and in a few seconds a gentleman rode up. On seeing the state of things (for the moon was now high, and the reflection of the snow made every thing as distinct as in broad daylight) he instantly dismounted and addressing himself to me expressed his hope, that no person had been hurt by the accident, and on being answered in the negative he desired my companion and myself to accompany him to his house which he said was about a quarter of a mile distant, and he would send assistance to the Coachman, who was employed with the lamed horses. We retraced the road about 100 yards and having entered a small wicket gate, which led into an avenue of half grown Scotch firs which appeared studded with myriads of diamonds from the effect of the moon-beams on their icicled branches, we perceived a cheering fire blazing through a window at a short distance and a few minutes brought us to one of those beautiful villas with which the neighbourhood of Windermere abounds. 'By what name shall I introduce you to my wife,' said our conductor, as he led us by the hand to the door my companion and myself gave our names, we were ushered into a small neat parlour, where a female was sitting sewing with a child playing at her feet, she raised her head at our entrance and judge of my surprise when I instantly recognised in the lady of our kind host, my quondam interesting fellow traveller. On my name being mentioned she looked intently, as if the recollection of having heard it before suddenly crossed her, and I took the opportunity of remarking that, "I believed we had once seen

each other before." She might well have found difficulty in recognising the emaciated figure before her, so much was I changed. On adverting to the deep melancholy, under which she was then suffering, she told me with a sigh what I had before surmised, she had lost her only parent, her mother, and was proceeding to her uncle who had been appointed her guardian, and whom I had seen at Kendal. If I had admired her in distress, she now appeared ten times more amiable in the natural liveliness of her disposition, after an hour's pleasant stay, the mail was announced to be ready for proceeding with the assistance of another horse, furnished by our kind friend. I then bade them adieu, promising if fate should lead me that road again to become their guest for a longer period.

Y. H.

THE WARRIOR MARRIED.BY CAPTAIN R. CALDER CAMPBELL.

I.

SEB laid his sword in the myrtle boughs
That wave o'er the rustic porch ;
And long ere the summer's sunny close
Ye might see, by the glow worm's torch,
The rusted blade, once red with guilt,
With pure dew wet,—whilst in the hilt
A sparrow had built its little nest,
Where the warrior's hand had loved to rest.

II.

She hung his spear mid the clustering vines
That clung round the window sill ;
And red is its point—and it brightly shines,
As if bathed in life's current still ;
For round it the ripest grapes twist thick,
But they hang so high that none may pick,—
They have burst, in their pride, and their juice shines o'er
The spear that shall glisten with blood no more !

III.

His shield rests now in the cottage room,
And his helmet nods on the wall,
But ah ! she hath pilfered its painted plume
For the sports of the festival !
And his war cloak is there,—o'er that basket flung,
Where his first born child, in its beauty young,
Slumbers in peace, as free from guile
As his father's breast, or his mother's smile !

THE DYING BUCCANEER.

I've been a man of daring deeds,
 Have stained my life with many a crime,—
 And there's a gnawing worm that feeds
 Upon my vitals ere its time.

Yet in the fervid hour of strife
 Have I not bloodiest bathed my brow?
 Danger and havoc were—my life!—
 And shall I be a coward now?

Still, as I sink beneath the wave,
 No eye for me shall drop the tear;
 No prayer shall follow to the grave
 The outcast—friendless Buccaneer;

No sigh of memory e'er shall grace
 Of my dark life, one little spot;—
 I shall go down unto my place
 As one whom men desire forgot.

Forgot?—It is the peaceful fate
 Of many a mightier than I:—
 Oh, could I but in turn *forget*,
 'Twere not so difficult to die,

Still—still, for that I feel my heart
 Accusing me of coward fears,—
 In death—in death I'll play the part
 Which I have lived—a Buccaneer's!

What though no memory bless my grave,
 And what though peal for me no dirge,
 I'll sleep as sound beneath the wave—
 My death-knell the eternal surge:

And let the world their falsehoods bring
 Even in my ashes to upbraid me;—
 I am not—never was the thing
 Their blackening calumnies had made me!

To them—to them I owe this death;—
 Ha! but for their sakes feel it dear,
 Bequeathing with my latest breath
 The curses of the Buccaneer!

CAPEL SOUTH.

CHARACTER OF THE TURKS.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST.]

The Turk is a voluptuary on principle. In office or out of it, invested with power, or lazily whiling away his days, his women and his pipe, opium or the bottle, together with his personal decoration, engage and absorb the greater part of his thoughts and his time. His harem is the most ornamented part of his establishment, and women the chief drain upon his expenditure: when at home he is chiefly with them, and they are brought up in utter ignorance of every thing but the obligation and the art of ministering to the gratification of their lord and master. The man of quality in Constantinople assumes a look of gravity—we take the chief features from Mr. Madden's *Travels in Turkey*, &c.—walks a slow pace, has an air of indolence and shuffles somewhat in his gait. This is a mark of *bon ton*. He wears his turban over his right eye, sports a nosegay, and an immense structure of pantaloons, and smokes his chibouque for hours, without uttering a word, wrapped in solemn reverie. This is true dignity. Relaxing from the fatigues of dignity, he slides along the streets towards the coffee-house, with an amber rosary dangling at his wrist, looking neither to the right nor the left, nor even regarding any thing that meets his eye—the corpse of a rayah, or the truncated head of a Greek. The trembling Jew flies at his approach; and the unwary Frank, if he obstructs his path, gets elbowed out of the way, it is too troublesome to kick him. On reaching the caffè, an abject Christian, an Armenian, salaams him to the earth,—spreads the newest mats for the Effendi, presents the richest cup, and kisses the hem of his garment, or at least his hand. If the coffee displeases, the Turk storms, and perhaps hurls the cup, with a thousand curses on his mother, at the head of the frightened Armenian. If a friend enters the apartment, some minutes elapse before they exchange salaams, and if conversation ensues, it is only by a word at a time, and at intervals of the smoking of a pipe. Topics of discourse are usually scarce. One exhibits a knife, and the other examines it, hilt and blade, and when he has got through his pipe, exclaims, with reference to the workmanship, or his own enjoyments, “God is great!” A brace of pistols is next produced—this, is an eternal theme—eternal, as a topic, like the weather with us, not of continuous conversation. They are admired, and in due time honoured with the same exclamation as the knife; and nothing farther is uttered, till perhaps some learned Ulema (the ulemas are the great talkers, like the lawyers elsewhere,) expatiates upon some interesting point, astronomy or politics, for the edification of the smokers. How, for instance, the sun shines in the east and the west, and every where beams on a land of Moslems—how the Padishaws of Europe pay the Sultan tribute—how the Giaours of England are greater than those of France, because they make better knives and pistols—how the Dey of Algiers took the Eng-

February 1830.

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lish admiral in the late engagement, destroyed his fleet, and dismissed him on condition of paying an annual tribute—and how the Christian ambassador came, like a dog, to the footstool of the Sultan, to feed on the imperial bounty. The Effendi now quits the *café* with the usual pious ejaculation, the waiter bowing him out, in the fulness of his gratitude for the fourth part of a farthing, and retires haughtily and slowly to his harem, glancing, perhaps, at a merry-andrew as he moves along, but never suffering even a smile to play upon his lips.

In the harem, the women vie with each other in eliciting the smiles of their common lord; one shows the rich silk she has embroidered for his vest, another plays on a sort of spinet, and a third displays her voluptuous form in a *pas de seul*. At his evening ablutions, one obsequious lady fetches a phial of rose-water to perfume his beard, another brings a mirror with a mother-of-pearl handle, another carries an embroidered napkin. Supper is brought in by a host of slaves and servants; for, contrary to the common representation, especially Pouqueville's, in most harems, Mr. Madden says, the ordinary attendants have access to the women's apartments. The ladies stand before the great man while he eats; and when he finishes, fresh dishes are brought in, and the ladies show their breeding by helping themselves with the finger and thumb only, and in not very voraciously swallowing the sweetmeats. After supper, small bottles of *rosoglio* are often produced; and of this liqueur, Mr. Madden, whose profession gave him frequent admittance to these sacred retreats, has seen the ladies take three or four glasses in the course of a few minutes. One of the first slaves generally presents the pipe on his knee, and sometimes one of the wives brings the coffee, and kisses her lord's hand at the same time. The ceremonial is, perhaps, often loosely observed; and Pouqueville must be mistaken, in asserting the Turks return to their harems without relaxing one particle of their gravity. The evening is often spent with all the levity and tumult of licentiousness, and roars of laughter are audible in adjoining houses. Mr. Madden even ascribes the gravity of the Turk, during the day, to the exhaustion of his spirits from previous excitement. In company with a French physician, he often dined with a young Effendi, who had no scruple about exhibiting his wives, who attended on the guests at table. He has seen a Turk reclining on the divans, smoking his long chibouque, and one of his wives, generally the favourite, shampooing his feet with her soft fingers, and performing this operation for hours together. This must be supreme luxury. The most delightful of his reveries, when eating opium, a Turk assured him, was imagining himself thus shampooed by the dark-eyed houries of Paradise.

Mr. Madden has entered the penetralia of harems belonging to high and low, and, among the lowest, found no dearth of luxury or loveliness. In the harem of a pipe-manufacturer, who kept a stall in the bazaar, he was ushered into an apartment furnished with costly carpets and richly-covered divans. Among the women, he distinguished the pale Circassian, the languid Georgian, the slender Greek, and the voluptuous Ottoman. His skill and his patience were taxed by all, but only one, a Sciote girl just purchased, required his assistance. The malady of the

poor girl was grief, and the burden of her complaints importunities to him to persuade her master to sell her, and get some Christian to redeem her; which eventually he accomplished, and had the pleasure of seeing the grateful Sciote return to her countrymen. She had cost the Turk three hundred dollars, while all the pipes on his stall were not worth fifty. But this was not the only case, in the matter of domestic expense, which surprised Mr. Madden. "There is hardly a Turk of my acquaintance," says he, "who does not lead a life of indolence, smoke his pipe all day, spend his time in sauntering from caffè to caffè, sport a splendid suit at the Beiram (Turkish Easter), and maintain three or four wives, and double the number of slaves; and yet has no ostensible means of living, no profession, no apparent income, no available resources. Such is the condition," he adds, "of two-thirds of Constantinople." These cannot all subsist upon extortions from the Rayahs, as Mr. Madden apparently supposes; many of them are probably owners of Siams and Timares; but Turks will not talk of their affairs. If you ask a question, all the answer you get is, "God is great,"—which puts an extinguisher upon further enquiry.

Turkish women, however high their rank, Mr. Madden affirms, can neither read nor write. Dr. Clarke must have mistaken the papers found in the Seraglio, for such as were probably written by the black eunuchs. In all his travels in the Turkish empire, Mr. Madden never found but one who could write, and that was a Damietta. She was a Levantine Christian, and her peculiar talent was regarded as something superhuman. Dr. Clarke describes the teeth of Turkish women as generally dyed black, which Mr. Madden denies, with a *credat Judeus*. To Mr. Madden, the women appear never to feel the constraint of confinement. They are gay and happy; they embroider, play on a rude sort of spinnet, and sing interminable songs—voice and music equally execrable. They are the loveliest women in the world as to features, but their forms have no advantage of dress; they are kept in no shape, and to be fat is an object of passionate desire. Their complexion is carefully preserved—pale and transparent—and beautifully contrasted by very black hair, and eyes as soft and dark as the gazelles. "Their eyes are full of sleep, and their hearts full of passion." The larger the eye, and the more arched the brow, the greater the charm. The frequent use of the bath softens and smooths the complexion, but renders it more sensible to the insidious approaches of time. Personal attractions are, of course, all in all with Turkish women, and every art is used to enhance them. Cosmetics abound, and Mr. Madden got into high favour with one lady by suggesting a substitute for something, the use of which she disliked. The *surme*, a sort of pigment, is used not to elevate the arch of the brow, but to extend it; the beauty of the eye depends on the elongation, and the Turkish ladies have made the discovery. They stain their nail and finger-tops yellow, and some even the toes. Women of a lower rank use rouge, but others only paint the lips. Amulets are worn in abundance, for various purposes—to make them fat, or fruitful, or to avert an evil eye, or the devil. A triangular piece of paper is worn to preserve the lustre of the eye, and a bag with mummy-dust for some-

thing else. Notwithstanding their size, they are graceful in their movements—easy, and even elegant, in their manners; and, “strange as it may sound,” says Mr. Madden, with some enthusiasm, “I have often thought there was as much elegance of attitude displayed in the splendid arm of a Turkish beauty, holding her rich chibouque, (the ladies smoke,) and seated on her Persian carpet, as even in the form of a lovely girl at home, bending over her harp, or floating along with the music of the waltz.”

The confinement to the walls of the harem is neither so close nor so irksome, continues Mr. Madden, as most people imagine. “The women visit one another frequently; and once a-week they revel in the bath, which is the terrestrial paradise, the Italian opera, in Turkey, of a Mahometan lady. They pass the entire day there; breakfast, dine, and sup in the outer apartment, and are as happy as possible. They have plenty of looking-glasses, and lots of sugar-plums. Lady M. W. Montague’s description of the bath would be excellent, if it were correct; but her Ladyship has certainly overlooked the features of her beauties too much, and has exhibited truth, though in *puriis naturalibus*, in too attractive forms. Here whatever intrigue is practised, is usually carried on through the medium of female emissaries; but I believe it to be less than in any large city in Christendom—the penalty is death! The detection of a single imprudent act, every woman knows, leads to a short consultation with the Cadi, and that summary process to the Bosphorus, through the intervention of a eunuch and a sack. The ladies are therefore extremely circumspect.”

Mr. Madden was present at a Turkish feast, given by a Bey of Anatolia, a patient of his; a Byn Bashi and a Cadi were among the guests, and of course all the refinement of Constantinople was practised. The entertainment of the evening consisted of a series of cruelties, under the name of practical jokes, played off upon a hired buffoon. It was the wretch’s trade, and he bore marks enough of the effects on his cicatrized visage. Powder was exploded in his pipe, which drove the tube against the palate with great violence, and bathed the lips in blood, the sight of which excited roars of merriment. A plate was then filled with flour, and in the flour were stuck twenty short pieces of lighted candle. The buffoon and his companion, placed on their knees in the centre of the room, opposite each other, held the plate with their teeth, and at a signal, blew the particles of flour through the flame into each other’s faces. The slowest performer of course suffered most; the victim was severely burnt in the upper part of the face and brows; but this was all the fun, and shouts of savage laughter rose, as the miserable fellow smeared oil over his face to allay the pain.

Rum and rakee are drunk as freely as Europeans might drink small-beer. Mr. Madden himself gave a dinner to five respectable Turks, one a merchant of large property. He provided three bottles of rum and three of strong Cyprus wine. The rum was exhausted before the second course. Though two of them were very tipsy, it did not prevent their joining in the Mogreb-prayer. Their host had some difficulty in preventing one of the party from shooting a Greek at an opposite window.

The tenure of land, according to Mr. Madden, is not a whit more secure than the honour of office, which sanctions the rapacity of the holder. The first and best security in Turkey is the settlement called *Vacuf*, by virtue of which, property, whether money, land, or houses, is given in reversion to some mosque. This is inviolable; the Sultan cannot touch a paras of it: at the death of the possessor, the property goes to the next heir; and in default of heirs, falls to the mosque. The *Vacuf* is thus gradually absorbing the whole property of the country. There are in cases of litigation, several courts of justice, and the plaintiff, it seems, chooses as he pleases. This choice is represented as an advantage, because he gives the first bribe; but this, surely, may as well be regarded as favourable to the defendant, for when he knows what the plaintiff has done, he has only to bid above him. For a few piastres you may get witnesses to swear any thing; and for a little more you may have your adversary decoyed into a *caffé*, treated with opium and tobacco, and seduced into the admission of any thing you please. No Christian evidence is admissible against a Turk; but then the Christian has only to purchase Moslem evidence, which may be had on easy terms. "It is difficult to do justice, said one conscientious Cadi to another, where one of the parties is rich, and the other poor."—"No!" replied his less scrupulous friend; "I find no difficulty in such case, I always decide for the rich; the difficulty is when *both* are rich!"

Mr. Madden contrasts the characters of the Greek and Turk, and sums up nearly in these terms. The Turks are generally considered to be honestest than the Greeks, and perhaps they are, or at least they appear so. If they are not so ready at lying, it is because they are too stupid to lie with dexterity. Their probity depends, not on any moral repugnance to deceit, but solely on their want of talent to deceive. "I never," says he, "found a Turk who kept his word when it was his interest to break it; but then, I never knew a Greek who was not superfluously and habitually a liar. He is subtle in spirit, insidious in discourse, plausible in his manner, and indefatigable in dishonesty. He is an accomplished scoundrel; and beside him, the Turk, with all the desire to defraud, is so *gauche* in knavery, that, to avoid detection, he is constrained to be honest."

Mr. Madden will not deny the bravery of the Turks; but of course, every body knows how to fight best behind stone walls. He gives a ludicrous, and perhaps not very exaggerated account of an engagement between them and the Greeks. This is the spectacle:—"After the dreadful note of preparation has long been heard, the two armies appear in the field, at a convenient distance from each other—the Greeks, the most religious people in the world, posted, probably, behind a church; the Ottomans, the best soldiers in the world for a siege, affording their lines the shelter of a wood, or perhaps a wall. Instead of the thunders of the artillery, comes a parley, on the classic ground, and in Homeric style; the Moslems magnanimously roaring, 'Come on, ye uncircumcised Giaours, we have your masters for our slaves! May the birds of Heaven defile your fathers' heads! Come on, ye Caffres!' The descendants of Themistocles, not a whit intimidated, vociferate in return, 'Approach, ye

turbaned dogs ! come and see us making wadding of your koran ! Look at us, trampling on your faith, and giving pork to your daughters ! Then follow two or three-hundred shots, the armies meanwhile invisible to each other ; and, when ammunition fails, a few stones fly. At night, when the carnage ceases, the dead prove to amount to half-a-dozen a-side, most of them from the bursting of guns. The Greeks wrangle over the bodies of their own men for the shirts, and the Turks cut off the ears of their fallen friends, to send to Constantinople as trophies from the heads of the rebels. At Napoli, the Greek chants a *Te Deum* for his victory over God's enemies ; and at Constantinople, the Turk glorifies the Prophet for the defeat of the Infidels ; at home, the 'Times' exults on the great victory achieved by the struggling Greeks, and the 'Courier' tells of the signal defeat the Greek rebels have just sustained. Such is the arrogance of the Turks, the effrontery of the Greeks, and the cowardice of both. *Lector judice !*"

THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S TEETOTUM.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR AUGUST.]

AT the foot of the long range of the Mendip hills, standeth a village, which, for obvious reasons, we shall conceal the precise locality of, by bestowing thereon the appellation of Stockwell. It lieth in a nook, or indentation, of the mountain ; and its population may be said, in more than one sense of the word, to be extremely dense, being confined within narrow limits by rocky and sterile ground, and a brawling stream, which ever and anon assumes the aspect of an impetuous river, and then dwindles away into a plaything for the little boys to hop over. The principal trade of the Stockwellites is in coals, which certain of the industrious operative natives sedulously employ themselves in extracting from our mother earth, while others are engaged in conveying the "black diamonds" to various adjacent towns, in carts of sundry shapes and dimensions. The horses engaged in this traffic are of the Resinante species, and, too often, literally raw-boned ; inasmuch, that it is sometimes a grievous sight to see them tugging, and a woful thing to bear their masters swearing, when mounting a steep ascent with one of the aforesaid loads.

Wherever a civilized people dwell, there must be trade ; and consequently, Stockwell hath its various artisans, who ply, each in his vocation to supply the wants of others ; and moreover, it hath its inn, or public house, a place of no small importance, having for its sign a swinging creaking board, whereon is emblazoned the effigy of a roaring, red, and rampant Lion. High towering above the said Lion, are the branches of a solitary elm, the foot of which is encircled by a seat especially convenient for those guests whose taste it is to "blow a cloud" in the open air ; and it is of two individuals, who were much given thereon to enjoy there "*otium cum dignitate*," that we are about to speak.

George Syms had long enjoyed a monopoly in the shoemaking and cobbling line, (though latterly two oppositionists had started against him,) and Peter Brown was a man well to do in the world, being "the man wot" shod the raw-boned horses before mentioned, "him and his father, and grandfather," as the parish-clerk said, "for time immemorial." These two worthies were regaling themselves, as was their wonted custom, each with his pint, upon a small table, which was placed, for their accommodation, before the said bench. It was a fine evening in the last autumn; and we could say a great deal about the beautiful tints which the beams of the setting sun shed upon the hills' side, and undulating distant outline, and how the clouds appeared of a fiery red, and, anon, of a pal- yellow, had we leisure for description: but neither George Syms nor Peter Brown heeded these matters, and our present business is with them.

They had discussed all the village news—the last half of the last pipe had been puffed in silence, and they were reduced to the dilemma wherein many a brace of intimate friends have found themselves—they had nothing to talk about. Each had observed three times that it was very hot, and each had responded three times—"Yes, it is." They were at a perfect stand-still—they shook out the ashes from their pipes, and yawned simultaneously. They felt that indulgence, however grateful, is apt to cloy, even under the elm-tree, and the red rampant lion. But, as Doctor Watts says,

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do,"

and they agreed to have "another pint," which Sally, who was ever ready at their bidding, brought forthwith, and then they endeavoured to rally; but the effort was vain—the thread of conversation was broken, and they could not connect it, and so they sipped and yawned, till Peter Brown observed, "It is getting dark."—"Ay," replied George Syms.

At this moment an elderly stranger, of a shabby-genteel appearance, approached the Lion, and enquired the road to an adjoining village. "You are late, sir," said George Syms.—"Yes," replied the stranger, "I am;" and he threw himself on the bench, and took off his hat, and wiped his forehead, and observed, that it was very sultry, and he was quite tired.—"This is a good house," said Peter Brown; "and if you are not obliged to go on, I wouldn't, if I were you."—"It makes little difference to me," replied the stranger; "and so, as I find myself in good company, here goes!" and he began to call about him, notwithstanding his shabby appearance, with the air of one who has money in his pocket to pay his way.—"Three make good company," observed Peter Brown.—"Ay, ay," said the stranger. "Holla there! bring me another pint! This walk has made me confoundedly thirsty. You may as well make it a pot—and be quick!"

Messrs. Brown and Syms were greatly pleased with this additional guest at their symposium; and the trio sat and talked of the wind, and the weather, and the roads, and the coal trade, and drank and smoked to their hearts' content, till again time began to hang heavy, and then the stranger asked the two friends, if ever they played at teetotum.—

"Play at what?" asked Peter Brown.—"Play at what?" enquired George Syms.—"At tee-to-tum," replied the stranger, gravely, taking a pair of spectacles from one pocket of his waistcoat, and the machine in question from the other. "It is an excellent game, I assure you. Here sport, my masters!" and he forthwith began to spin his teetotum upon the table, to the no small diversion of George Syms and Peter Brown, who opined that the potent ale of the Ramping Red Lion had done its office. "Only see how the little fellow runs about!" cried the stranger, in apparent ecstasy. "Holla, there! Bring a lantern! There he goes, round and round—and now he's asleep—and now he begins to reel—wiggle waggle—down he tumbles! What colour, for a shilling?"—"I don't understand the game," said Peter Brown.—"Nor I neither," quoth George Syms; "but it seems easy enough to learn."—"Oh, ho!" said the stranger; "you think so do you? But, let me tell you, that there's a great deal more in it than you imagine. There he is, you see, with as many sides as a modern politician, and as many colours as an Algerine. Come, let us have a game! This is the way!" and he again set the teetotum in motion, and capered about in exceeding glee.—"He, he, he!" uttered George Syms; "Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed Peter Brown; and being wonderfully tickled with the oddity of the thing, they were easily persuaded by the stranger just to take a game together for five minutes, while he stood by as umpire, with a stop-watch in his hand.

Nothing can be much easier than spinning a teetotum, yet our two Stockwellites could scarcely manage the thing for laughing; but the stranger stood by, with spectacles on nose, looking alternately at his watch and the table, with as much serious interest as though he had been witnessing, and was bound to furnish, a report of a prize-fight, or a debate in the House of Commons.

When precisely five minutes had elapsed, although it was Peter Brown's spin, and the teetotum was yet going its rounds, and George Syms had called out yellow, he demurely took it from the table and put it in his pocket; and then, returning his watch to his fob, walked away into the Red Lion, without saying so much as good-night. The two friends looked at each other in surprise, and then indulged in a very loud and hearty fit of laughter; and then paid their reckoning, and went away, exceedingly merry, which they would not have been, had they understood properly what they had been doing.

In the meanwhile the stranger had entered the house, and began to be "very funny" with Mrs Philpot, the landlady of the Red Lion, and Sally, the purveyor of beer to the guests thereof; and he found it not very difficult to persuade them likewise to take a game at teetotum for five minutes, which he terminated in the same unceremonious way as that under the tree, and then desired to be shewn the room wherein he was to sleep. Mrs Philpot immediately, contrary to her usual custom, jumped up with great alacrity, lighted a candle, and conducted her guest to his apartment; while Sally, contrary to her usual custom, reclined herself in her mistress's great arm-chair, yawned three or four times, and then exclaimed, "Heigho! it's getting very late! I wish my husband would come home!"

Now; although we have a very mean opinion of those who cannot keep a secret of importance, we are not fond of useless mysteries, and therefore think proper to tell the reader that the teetotum in question, had the peculiar property of causing those who played therewith, to lose all remembrance of their former character, and to adopt that of their antagonists in the game. During the process of spinning, the personal identity of the two players was completely changed. Now, on the evening of this memorable day, Jacob Philpot, the landlord of the rampant Red Lion, had spent a few convivial hours with mine host of the Blue Boar, a house on the road-side, about two miles from Stockwell; and the two publicans had discussed the ale, grog, and tobacco in the manner customary with Britons, whose insignia are roaring rampant red lions, green dragons, blue boars, &c. Therefore, when Jacob came home, he began to call about him, with the air of one who purposeth that his arrival shall be no secret; and very agreeably surprised was he when Mrs. Philpot ran out from the house, and assisted him to dismount, for Jacob was somewhat rotund; and yet more did he marvel when, instead of haranguing him in a loud voice, (as she had whilom done on similar occasions, greatly to his discomfiture,) she good-humouredly said that she would lead his nag to the stable and then go and call Philip the ostler. "Humph!" said the host of the Lion, leaning with his back against the door-post, "after a calm comes a storm. She'll make up for this presently, I'll warrant." But Mrs. Philpot put up the horse, and called Philip, and then returned in peace and quietness, and attempted to pass into the house, without uttering a word to her lord and master.

"What's the matter with you, my dear?" asked Jacob Philpot; "a'n't you well?"—"Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Philpot, "very well, I thank you. But pray take away your leg, and let me go into the house.—But didn't you think I was very late?" asked Jacob.—"Oh! I don't know," replied Mrs. Philpot; "when gentlemen get together, they don't think how time goes." Poor Jacob was quite delighted, and, as it was dusk, and by no means, as he conceived, a scandalous proceeding, he forthwith put one arm round Mrs. Philpot's neck, and stole a kiss, whereat she said, "Oh, dear me! how could you think of doing such a thing?" and immediately squeezed herself past him, and ran into the house, where Sally sat, in the arm-chair before mentioned, with a handkerchief over her head, pretending to be asleep.

"Come, my dear," said Jacob to his wife, "I'm glad to see you in such good-humour. You shall make me a glass of rum and water, and take some of it yourself."—"I must go into the back kitchen for some water then," replied his wife, and away she ran, and Jacob followed her, marvelling still more at her unusual alacrity. "My dear," quoth he, "I am sorry to give you so much trouble," and again he put his arm round her neck. "La, sir!" she cried, "if you don't let me go, I'll call out, I declare."—"He, he—ha, ha!" said Jacob; "call out! that's a good one, however! a man's wife calling out because her husband's a-going to kiss her!"—"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Philpot; "I'm sure it's a shame to use a poor girl so!"—"A poor girl!" exclaimed the landlord, "ahem! was once, mayhap."—"I don't value your insinuations

February 1830.

5 2

that," said Mrs. Philpot, snapping her fingers; "I wonder what you take me for!"—"So ho!" thought her spouse, "she's come to herself now; I thought it was all a sham; but I'll coax her a bit;" so he fell in with her apparent whim, and called her a good girl; but still she resisted his advances, and asked him what he took her for. "Take you for!" cried Jacob, "why, for my own dear Sally to be sure, so don't make any more fuss."—"I have a great mind to run out of the house," said she; "and never enter it any more."

This threat gave no sort of alarm to Jacob, but it somewhat tickled his fancy, and he indulged himself in a very hearty laugh, at the end of which he good-humouredly told her to go to bed, and he would follow her presently, as soon as he had looked after his horse, and pulled off his boots. This proposition was no sooner made, than the good man's ears were suddenly grasped from behind, and his head was shaken and twisted about, as though it had been the purport of the assailant to wrench it from his shoulders. Mrs. Philpot instantly made her escape from the kitchen, leaving her spouse in the hands of the enraged Sally, who, under the influence of the testotum delusion, was firmly persuaded that she was justly inflicting wholesome discipline upon her husband, whom she had, as she conceived, caught in the act of making love to the maid. Sally was active and strong, and Jacob Philpot was, as before hinted, somewhat obese, and, withal, not in excellent "wind;" consequently it was some time ere he could disengage himself and then he stood panting and blowing, and utterly lost in astonishment, while Sally saluted him with divers appellations, which it would not be seemly here to set down.

When Jacob did find his tongue, however, he answered her much in the same style; and added, that he had a great mind to lay a stick about her back. "What! strike a woman! Eh—would you, you coward?" and immediately she darted forward, and, as she termed it, put her mark upon him with her nails, whereby his rubicund countenance was greatly disfigured, and his patience entirely exhausted: but Sally was too nimble and made her escape up stairs. So the landlord of the Red Lion, having got rid of the two mad or drunken women, very philosophically resolved to sit down for half an hour by himself to think over the business, while he took his "night-cap." He had scarcely brewed the ingredients, when he was roused by a rap at the window; and in answer to his enquiry of "who's there?" he recognised the voice of his neighbour, George Syms, and, of course, immediately admitted him; for George was a good customer, and, consequently, welcome at all hours. "My good friend," said Syms, "I daresay you are surprised to see me here at this time of night; but I can't get into my own house. My wife is drunk, I believe."—"And so is mine," quoth the landlord; "so, sit you down and make yourself comfortable. Hang me if I think I'll go to bed to-night!" "No more will I," said Syms; "I've got a job to do early in the morning, and then I shall be ready for it." So the two friends sat down, and had scarcely begun to enjoy themselves, when another rap was heard at the window, and mine host recognised the voice of Peter Brown, who came with the same complaint against his wife, and was easi-

ly persuaded to join the party, each declaring that the women must have contrived to meet, during their absence from home, and all get fuddled together. Matters went on pleasantly enough for some time, while they continued to rail against the women; but, when that subject was exhausted, George Syms, the shoe-maker, began to talk about shooing horses; and Peter Brown, the blacksmith, averred that he could make a pair of jockey boots with any man for fifty miles round. The host of the rampant Mad Lion considered these things at first as a sort of joke, which he had no doubt, from such good customers, was exceedingly good, though he could not exactly comprehend it: but when Peter Brown answered to the name of George Syms, and George Syms responded to that of Peter Brown, he was somewhat more bewildered, and could not help thinking that his guests had drunk quite enough. He, however, satisfied himself with the reflection that that was no business of his, and that "a man must live by his trade." With the exception of these apparent occasional cross purposes, conversation went on as well as could be expected under existing circumstances, and the three unfortunate husbands sat and talked, and drank, and smoked, till tired nature cried, "hold, enough!"

In the meanwhile, Mrs. George Syms, who had been much scandalized at the appearance of Peter Brown beneath her bedroom window, whereinto he vehemently solicited admittance, altogether in the most public and unblushing manner; she, poor soul! lay, for an hour, much disturbed in her mind, and pondering on the extreme impropriety of Mr. Brown's conduct, and its probable consequences. She then began to wonder where her own goodman could be staying so late; and, after much tossing and tumbling to and fro, being withal a woman of a warm imagination, she discerned, in her mind's eye, divers scenes, which might probably be then acting, and in which George Syms appeared to be taking a part that did not at all meet her approbation. Accordingly she arose, and throwing her garments about her, with a degree of elegant negligence, for which the ladies of Stockwell have long been celebrated, she incontinently went to the house of Peter Brown, at whose bedroom window she perceived a head. With the intuitive knowledge of costume possessed by ladies in general, she instantly, through the murky night, discovered that the cap on the said head was of the female gender; and therefore boldly went up thereunto, and said, "Mrs. Brown, have you seen any thing of my husband?"—"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, "haven't you seen him? Well, I'd have you see after him pretty quickly, for he was here, just where you stand now, more than two hours ago, talking all manner of nonsense to me, and calling me his dear Betsy, so that I was quite ashamed of him. But, howsomever, you needn't be uneasy about me, for you know I wouldn't do any thing improper on no account. But have you seen any thing of my Peter?"—"I believe I have," replied Mrs. Syms, and immediately related the scandalous conduct of the smith beneath her window; and then the two ladies agreed to sally forth in search of their two "worthless, good-for-nothing, drunken husbands."

Now it is a custom with those who get their living by carrying coal, when they are about to convey it to any considerable distance, to commence their journey at such an hour as to reach the first turnpike a little

after midnight, that they may be enabled to go out and return home within the twenty-four hours, and thus save the expense of the toll, which they would otherwise have to pay twice. This is the secret of those apparently lazy fellows, whom the Bath ladies and dandies sometimes view with horror and surprise, sleeping in the day-time, in, on, or under carts, benches, or waggons. It hath been our lot, when in the city of waters, to hear certain of these theoretical "political economists" remark somewhat harshly on this mode of taking a siesta. We should recommend them henceforth to attend to the advice of Peter Pindar, and

" Mind what they read in godly books,
And not take people by their looks ;"

for they would not be pleased to be judged in that manner themselves ; and the poor fellows in question have, generally, been travelling all night, not in a mail-coach, but walking over rough roads, and assisting their weary and over-worked cavalry up and down a succession of steep hills.

In consequence of this practice, the two forsaken matrons encountered Moses Brown, a first cousin of Peter's, who had just dispatched his waggoner on a commercial enterprise of the description just alluded to. Moses had heard voices as he passed the Lion ; and being somewhat of a curious turn, had discovered, partly by listening, and partly by the aid of certain cracks, holes, and ill-fitting joints in the shutters, who the gentlemen were whose good-will and pleasure it was " to vex the dull ear of night " with their untimely mirth. Moses, moreover, was a meek man and professed to be extremely sorry for the two good women who had two such roaring, rattling blades for their husbands : for, by this time, the bacchanalians, having exhausted their conversational powers, had commenced a series of songs. So, under his guidance, the ladies reconnoitred the drunken two through the cracks, holes, and ill-fitting joints aforesaid.

Poor George Syms was, by this time regularly " done up," and dosing in his chair ; but Peter Brown, the smith, was still in his glory, and singing, in no small voice, a certain song, which was by no means fitting to be chanted in the ear of his spouse. As for Jacob Philpot, the landlord, he sat erect in his chair, with the dogged resolution of a man who feels that he is at his post, and is determined to be " no - starter." At this moment Sally made her appearance in the room, in the same sort of dishabille as that worn by the ladies at the window, and commenced a very unceremonious harangue to George Syms and Peter Brown, telling them that they ought be ashamed of themselves, not to have been at home hours ago ; " as for this fellow," said she, giving poor Philpot a tremendous box on the ear, " I'll make him remember it, I'll warrant." Jacob hereupon arose in great wrath ; but ere he could ascertain precisely the exact centre of gravity, Sally settled his position by another cuff, which made his eyes twinkle, and sent him reeling back into his seat. Seeing these things, the ladies without began, as fox-hunters say, to " give tongue," and vociferously demanded admittance ; whereupon Mrs. Philpot put her head out from a window above, and told them that she would be down and let them in in a minute, and that it was a great pity gentlemen

should ever get too much beer: and then she popped in her head, and in less than the stipulated time, ran down stairs and opened the street door; and so the wives were admitted to their delinquent husbands; but meek Moses Brown went his way, having a wife at home, and having no desire to abide the storm which he saw was coming.

Peter Brown was, as we said before, in high feather; and, therefore, when he saw Mrs. Syms, whom he (acting under the tetotum delusion) mistook for the wife of his own particular bosom, he gaily accosted her, "Ah, old girl!—is it you? What! you've come to your senses, eh? Slept it off, I suppose. Well, well; never mind! Forgive and forget, I say. I never saw you so before, I will say *that* for you, however. So, give us a buss, old girl! and let us go home;" and without ceremony he began to suit the action to the word, whereupon the real Mrs. Brown flew to Mrs. Sym's assistance, and, by hanging round Peter's neck, enabled her friend to escape. Mrs. Syms, immediately she was released, began to shake up her drowsy George, who, immediately he opened his eyes, scarcely knowing where he was, marvelled much to find himself thus handled by, as he supposed, his neighbour's wife: but with the maudlin cunning of a drunken man, he thought it was an excellent joke, and therefore threw his arms round her, and began to hug her with a wondrous and unusual degree of fondness, whereby the poor woman was much affected and called him her dear George, and said she knew it was not his fault, but "all along of that brute," pointing to Peter Brown, that he had drunk himself into such a state. "Come along, my dear," she concluded, "let us go and leave him—I don't care if I never see him any more."

The exasperation of Peter Brown, at seeing and hearing, as he imagined, his own wife act and speak in this shameful manner before his face, may be "more easily imagined than described;" but his genuine wife, who belonged, as he conceived, to the drunken man, hung so close about his neck that he found it impossible to escape. George Syms, however, was utterly unable to rise, and sat, with an idiotlike simper upon his face as if giving himself up to a pleasing delusion, while his wife was patting, and coaxing, and wheedling him in every way, to induce him to get upon his legs and try to go home. At length, as he vacantly stared about, he caught a glimpse of Mrs. Brown, whom, to save repetition, we may as well call his teetotum wife, hanging about his neighbour's neck. This sight effectually roused him, and before Mrs. Syms was aware of his intention, he started up and ran furiously at Peter Brown, who received him much in the manner that might be expected, with a salutation in "the bread-basket," which sent him reeling on the floor. As a matter of course, Mr. Syms took the part of her fallen husband and put her mark upon Mr. Peter Brown; and as a matter of course, Mrs. Peter Brown took the part of her spouse, and commenced an attack on Mrs. Syms.

In the meanwhile Sally had not been idle. After chastening Jacob Philpot to her heart's content, she, with the assistance of Mrs. Philpot and Philip the hostler, who was much astonished to hear her "order the mistress about," conveyed him up stairs, where he was deposited, as he was, upon a spare bed, to "take his chance," as she said, "and sleep off

his drunken fit." Sally then returned to the scene of strife and desired the "company" to go about their business, for she should not allow any thing more to "be called for" that night. Having said this with an air of authority, she left the room; and though Mrs. Syms and Mrs. Brown were greatly surprised thereat, they said nothing, inasmuch as they were somewhat ashamed of their own appearance, and had matters of more importance than Sally's eccentricity to think of, as Mrs. Syms had been cruelly wounded in her new shawl, which she had imprudently thrown over her shoulders; and the left side of the lace on Mrs. Brown's cap had been torn away in the recent conflict. Mrs. Philpot, enacting her part as the teetotum Sally of the night, besought the ladies to go home, and leave the gentlemen to sleep where they were, *i. e.* upon the floor, till the morning: for Peter Brown, notwithstanding the noise he had made, was as incapable of standing as the quieter George Syms. So the woman dragged them into separate corners of the room, placed pillows under their heads, and threw a blanket over each, and then left them to repose. The two disconsolate wives each forthwith departed to her own lonely pillow, leaving Mrs. Philpot particularly puzzled at the deference with which they had treated her, by calling her "Madam," as if she was mistress of the house.

Leaving them all to their slumbers, we must now say a word or two about the teetotum, the properties of which were to change people's characters, spinning the mind of one man or woman into the body of another. The duration of the delusion, caused by this droll game of the old gentleman's depended upon the length of time spent in the diversion; and five minutes was the specific period for causing it to last till the next sunrise or sunset *after* the change had been effected. Therefore, when the morning came, Mrs. Philpot and Sally, and Peter Brown and George Syms, all came to their senses. The two latter went quietly home, with aching heads and very confused recollections of the preceding evening; and shortly after their departure Mrs. Philpot awoke in great astonishment at finding herself in the garret; and Sally was equally surprised, and much alarmed, at finding herself in her mistress's room, from which she hastened in quick time, leaving all things in due order.

The elderly stranger made his appearance soon after, and appeared to have brushed up his shabby genteel clothes, for he really looked much more respectable than on the preceding evening. He ordered his breakfast, and sat down thereto very quietly, and asked for the newspaper, and pulled out his spectacles, and began to con the politics of the day much at his ease, no one having the least suspicion that he and his teetotum had been the cause of all the uproar at the Red Lion. In due time the landlord made his appearance, with sundry marks of violence upon his jolly countenance, and, after due obeisance made to his respectable-looking guest, took the liberty of telling his spouse that he should insist upon her sending Sally away, for that he had never been so mauled since he was born; but Mrs. Philpot told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and she was very glad the girl had spirit enough to protect herself, and that she wouldn't part with her on any account. She then referred to what had passed in the back kitchen, taking to herself the credit of

having inflicted that punishment which had been administered by the hands of Sally.

Jacob Philpot was now more than ever convinced that his wife had been paying her respects to a huge stone bottle of rum which stood in the closet; and he "made bold" to tell her his thoughts, whereat Mrs Philpot thought fit to put herself into a tremendous passion, although she could not help fearing that, perhaps, she might have taken a drop too much of something, for she was unable, in any other manner, to account for having slept in the garret.

The elderly stranger now took upon himself to recommend mutual forgiveness, and stated that it was really quite pardonable for any one to take a little too much of such very excellent ale as that at the Red Lion. "For my own part," said he, "I don't know whether I didn't get a trifle beyond the mark myself last night. But I hope, madam, I did not annoy you."

"Oh dear, no, not at all, sir," replied Mrs. Philpot, whose good-humour was restored at this compliment paid to the good cheer of the Lion, "you were exceeding pleasant, I assure you, just enough to make you funny; we had a hearty laugh about the tectotum, you know."—"Ah!" said the stranger, "I guess how it was then. I always introduce the tectotum when I want to be merry."

Jacob Philpot expressed a wish to understand the game, and after spinning it two or three times, proposed to take his chance, for five minutes, with the stranger; but the latter, laughing heartily, would by no means agree with the proposition, and declared that it would be downright cheating, as he was an overmatch for any beginner. "However," he continued, "as soon as any of your neighbours come in, I'll put you in the way of it, and we'll have some of your ale now, just to pass the time. It will do neither of us any harm after last night's affair, and I want to have some talk with you about the coal trade."

They accordingly sat down together, and the stranger displayed considerable knowledge in the science of mining; and Jacob was so much delighted with his company, that an hour or two slipped away, as he said, "in no time;" and then there was heard the sound of a horse's feet at the door, and a somewhat authoritative billo!

"It is our parson," said Jacob, starting up, and he ran to the door to enquire what might be his reverence's pleasure. "Good morning," said the Reverend Mr. Stanhope, "I'm going over to dine with our club at the Old Boar, and I want you just to cast your eye on those fellows in my home close; you can see them out of your parlour window."—"Yes, to be sure, sir," replied Jacob.—"Hem!" quoth Mr. Stanhope, "have you any body in doors?"—"Yes, sir, we have," replied Jacob, "a strange gentleman, who seems to know a pretty deal about mining and them sort of things. I think he's some great person in disguise; he seems regularly educated, up to every thing."—"Eh, ah! a great person in disguise!" exclaimed Mr. Stanhope, "I'll just step in a minute. It seems as if there was a shower coming over, and I'm in no hurry, and it is not worth while to get wet through for the sake of a few minutes." So he alighted from his horse, soliloquizing to himself, "Perhaps the Lord Chancellor!

Who knows? However, I shall take care to shew my principles;" and straightway he went into the house, and was most respectfully saluted by the elderly stranger; and they entered into a conversation upon the standing English topics of weather, wind, crops, and the coal trade; and Mr. Stanhope contrived to introduce therein sundry unkind things against the Pope and all his followers; and avowed himself a staunch "church and king" man, and spake enthusiastically of our "glorious constitution," and lauded divers individuals then in power, but more particularly those who studied the true interests of the church, by seeking out and preferring men of merit and talent to fill vacant benefices. The stranger thereat smiled significantly, as though he could, if he felt disposed, say something to the purpose; and Mr. Stanhope felt more inclined than ever to think the landlord might have conjectured very near the truth, and, consequently, redoubled his efforts to make the agreeable, professing his regret at being obliged to dine out that day, &c. The stranger politely thanked him for his polite consideration, and stated that he was never at a loss for employment, and that he was then rambling, for a few days, to relax his mind for the fatigues of an overwhelming mass of important business, to which his duty compelled him to attend early and late. "Perhaps," he continued, "you will smile when I tell you that I am now engaged in a series of experiments relative to the power of the centrifugal force, and its capacity of overcoming various degrees of friction." (Here he produced the tetotum.) "You perceive the different surfaces of the under edge of this little thing. The outside, you see, is all of ivory, but indented in various ways; and yet I have not been able to decide whether the roughest or smoothest more frequently arrest its motions. The colours, of course, are merely indications. Here is my register," and he produced a book, wherein divers mathematical abstruse calculations were apparent. "I always prefer other people to spin it, as then I obtain a variety of impelling power. Perhaps you will do me the favour just to twirl it round a few times alternately with the landlord? Two make a fairer experiment than one. Just for five minutes. I'll not trouble you a moment longer, I promise you.—"Hem!" thought Mr. Stanhope.

"Learn'd men, now and then,
Have very strange vagaries!"

However, he commenced spinning the tetotum, turn and turn with Jacob Philpot, who was highly delighted both with the drollery of the thing, and the honour of playing with the parson of the parish, and laughed most immoderately, while the stranger stood by, looking at his stop-watch as demurely as on the preceding evening, until the five minutes had expired; and then, in the middle of the Rev. Mr. Stanhope's spin, he took up the little toy and put it into his pocket.

Jacob Philpot immediately arose, and shook the stranger warmly by the hand, and told him that he should be happy to see him whenever he came that way again; and then nodding to Mr. Stanhope and the landlady, went out at the front door, mounted the horse that stood there, and rode away. "Where's the fellow going?" cried Mrs Philpot; "Hillo! Jacob, I say!"—"Well, mother," said the Reverend Mr. Stanhope, "what's the matter now?" but Mrs. Philpot had reached the front of the

house, and continued to shout, "Hillo! hillo, come back, I tell you!"—"That woman is always doing some strange thing or other," observed Mr. Stanhope to the stranger. "What on earth can possess her to go calling after the parson in that manner?"—"I declare he's rode off with squire Jones's horse," cried Mrs. Philpot, re-entering the house. "To be sure he has," said Mr. Stanhope; "he borrowed it on purpose to go to the Old Boar."—"Did he?" exclaimed the landlady; "and without telling me a word about it! But I'll Old Boar him, I promise you!"—"Don't make such a fool of yourself, mother," said the parson; "it can't signify twopence to you where he goes."—"Can't it?" rejoined Mrs. Philpot. "I'll tell you what, your worship!"—"Don't worship me, woman," exclaimed the teetotum parson; "worship! what nonsense now! Why, you've been taking your drops again this morning, I think. Worship, indeed! To be sure, I did once, like a fool, promise to worship *you*; but if my time was to come over again, I know what——But, never mind now—don't you see it's twelve o'clock? Come, quick, let us have what there is to eat, and then we'll have a comfortable pipe under the tree. What say you sir?"—"With all my heart," replied the elderly stranger. Mrs. Philpot could make nothing of the parson's speech about worshipping her; but the order for something to eat was very distinct; and though she felt much surprised thereat, as well as at the proposed smoking under the tree, she, nevertheless, was much gratified that so unusual an order should be given on that particular day, as she had a somewhat better dinner than usual, namely, a leg of mutton upon the spit. Therefore she bustled about with exceeding goodwill, and Sally spread a clean cloth upon the table in the little parlour for the parson and the strange old gentleman; and when the mutton was placed upon the table, the latter hoped they should have the pleasure of Mrs. Philpot's company; but she looked somewhat doubtfully till the parson said, "Come, come, mother, don't make a bother about it; sit down, can't you, when the gentleman bids you." Therefore she smoothed her apron and made one at the dinner table, and conducted herself with so much precision, that the teetotum parson looked upon her with considerable surprise, while she regarded him with no less, inasmuch as he talked in a very unclerical manner; and, among other strange things, swore that his wife was as "drunk as blazes" the night before, and winked at her, and behaved altogether in a style very unbecoming a minister in his own parish.

At one o'clock there was a great sensation caused in the village of Stockwell, by the appearance of their reverend pastor and the elderly stranger, sitting on the bench which went round the tree, which stood before the sign of the roaring, rampant Red Lion, each with a long pipe in his mouth, blowing clouds, which would not have disgraced the most inveterate smoker of the "black diamond" fraternity, and ever and anon moistening their clay with "heavy wet," from tankards placed upon a small table, which Mrs. Philpot had provided for their accommodation. The little boys and girls first approached within a respectful distance, and then ran away giggling to tell their companions; and they told their mothers, who came and peeped likewise: and many were diverted, and

many were scandalized at the sight: yet the parson seemed to care for none of these things, but cracked his joke, and sipped his ale, and smoked his pipe, with as much easy nonchalance as if he had been in his own arm-chair at the rectory. Yet it must be confessed that now and then there was a sort of equivocal remark made by him, as though he had some faint recollection of his former profession, although he evinced, not the smallest sense of shame at the change which had been wrought in him. Indeed this trifling imperfection in the change of identity appears to have attended such transformations in general, and might have arisen from the individual bodies retaining their own clothes, (for the mere fashion of dress hath a great influence on some minds), or perhaps, because a profession or trade, with the habits thereof, cannot be entirely shaken off, nor a new one perfectly learned, by spinning a testotum for five minutes. The time had now arrived when George Syme, the shoemaker, and Peter Brown, the blacksmith, were accustomed to take their "pint and pipe after dinner," and greatly were they surprised to see their places so occupied; and not a little was their astonishment increased, when the parson lifted up his voice, and ordered Sally to bring out a couple of chairs, and then shook them both warmly by the hand, and welcomed them by the affectionate appellation of "My hearties!" He then winked, and in an under tone, began to sing—

Though I'm tied to a crusty old woman,
Much given to scolding and jealousy,
I know that the case is too common,
And so I will ogle each girl I see.

Tol de rol, lol, &c.

"Come, my lads!" he resumed, "sit you down, and clap half a yard of clay into your mouths." The two worthy artisans looked at each other significantly, or rather insignificantly, for they knew not what to think, and did as they were bid. "Come, why don't you talk?" said the testotum parson landlord, after a short silence. "You're as dull as a couple of tomcats with their ears cut off—talk, man, talk—there's no doing nothing without talking." This last part of his speech seemed more particularly addressed to Peter Brown, who, albeit a man of a sound head, and well skilled in such matters as appertained unto iron and the coal trade, had not been much in the habit of mixing with the clergy: therefore he felt, for a moment, as he said, "non-plused;" but fortunately he recollected the Catholic question, about which most people were then talking, and which every body professed to understand. Therefore, he forthwith introduced the subject; and being well aware of the parson's bias and having, moreover, been told that he had written a pamphlet; therefore (though to do Peter Brown justice, he was not accustomed to read such publications) he scrupled not to give his opinion very freely, and concluded by taking up his pint and drinking a very unchristianlike malediction against the Pope. George Syme followed on the same side, and concluded in the same manner, adding thereunto, "Your good healths, gemmen."—"What a pack of nonsense!" exclaimed the parson. "I should like to know what harm the Pope can do us! I tell you what, my lads, it's all my eye and Betty Martin. Live and

let live, I say. So long as I can get a good living, I don't care the toss of a half-penny who's uppermost. For my part, I'd as soon live at the sign of the Mitre as the Lion, or mount the cardinal's hat for that matter, if I thought I could get any thing by it. Look at home, say I. The Pope's an old woman, and so are they that are afraid of him." The elderly stranger here seemed highly delighted, and cried, "Bravo!" and clapped the speaker on the back, and said, "That's your sort! Go it, my hearty!" But Peter Brown, who was one of the sturdy English old-fashioned school, and did not approve of hot and cold being blown out of the same mouth, took the liberty of telling the parson, in a very unceremonious way, that he seemed to have changed his opinions very suddenly. "Not I," said the other; "I was always of the same way of thinking."—"Then words have no meaning," observed George Syme, angrily, "for I heard you myself. You talked as loud about the wickedness of mancipiation as ever I heard aman in my life, no longer ago than last Sunday."—"Then I must have been drunk—that's all I can say about the business," replied the other coolly; and he began to fill his pipe with the utmost nonchalance, as though it was a matter of course. Such apparently scandalous conduct was, however, too much for the unsophisticated George Syme and Peter Brown, who simultaneously threw down their reckoning, and much to their credit, left the turncoat reprobate parson to the company of the elderly gentleman.

If we were to relate half the whimsical consequences of the tectotum tricks of this strange personage, we might fill volumes; but, as it is not our intention to allow the detail to swell even into one, we must hastily sketch the proceedings of poor Jacob Philpot, after he left the Red Lion to dine with sundry of the gentry and clergy at the Old Boar, in his new capacity of an ecclesiastic, in the outward form of a somewhat negligently dressed landlord. He was accosted on the road by divers of his coal-carrying neighbours with a degree of familiarity which was exceedingly mortifying to his feelings. One told him to be home in time to take part of a gallon of ale that he had won of neighbour Smith; a second reminded him that to-morrow was club-night at the Nag's Head; and a third asked him where he had stolen his horse. At length he arrived, much out of humour, at the Old Boar, an inn of a very different description from the Red Lion, being a posting house of no inconsiderable magnitude, wherein that day was to be holden the symposium of certain grandees of the adjacent country, as before hinted.

The landlord, who happened to be standing at the door, was somewhat surprised at the formal manner with which Jacob Philpot greeted him, and gave his horse into the charge of the hostler; but, as he knew him only by sight, and had many things to attend to, he went his way without making any remark, and thus, unwittingly, increased the irritation of Jacob's new tectotum sensitive feelings. "Are any of the gentlemen come yet?" asked Jacob, haughtily, of one of the waiters. "What gentlemen?" quoth the waiter. "Any of them," said Jacob, "Mr. Wiggins, Dr. White, or Captain Pole?" At this moment a carriage drove up to the door, and the bells all began ringing, and the waiters ran to see who had arrived, and Jacob Philpot was left unheeded. "This is very strange

conduct!" observed he; "I never met with such incivility in my life! One would think I was a dog!" Scarcely had this soliloquy terminated, when a lady, who had alighted from the carriage, (leaving the gentleman who came with her to give some orders about the luggage) entered the inn, and was greatly surprised to find her delicate hand seized by the horny grasp of the landlord of the Red Lion, who addressed her as "Dear Mrs. Wilkins," and vowed he was quite delighted at the unexpected pleasure of seeing her, and hope the worthy rector was well, and all the dear little darlings. Mrs. Wilkins disengaged her hands as quickly as possible, and made her escape into a room, the door of which was held open for her admittance by the waiter; and then the worthy rector made his appearance followed by one of the "little darlings," whom Jacob Philpot, in the joy of his heart at finding himself once more among friends, snatched up in his arms, and thereby produced a bellying which instantly brought the alarmed mother from her retreat. "What is that frightful man doing with the child?" she cried, and Jacob, who could scarcely believe his ears, was immediately deprived of his burden, while his particular friend, the worthy rector, looked upon him with a cold and vacant stare, and then retired into his room with his wife and the little darling, and Jacob was, once more, left to his own cogitations. "I see it!" he exclaimed, after a short pause, "I see it! This is the reward of rectitude of principle! This is the reward of undeviating and inflexible firmness of purpose! He has read my unanswerable pamphlet! I always thought there was a laxity of principle about him!" So Jacob forthwith walked into the open air to cool himself, and strolled round the garden of the inn, and meditated upon divers important subjects; and thus he passed his time till the hour of dinner, though he could not but keep occasionally wondering that some of his friends did not come down to meet him, since they must have seen him walking in the garden. His patience, however, was at length exhausted, and his appetite was exceedingly clamorous, partly, perhaps, because his *outward* man had been used to dine at the plebeian hour of noon, while his *inward* man made a point of never taking any thing more than a biscuit and a glass of wine between breakfast and five o'clock; and even that little modicum had been omitted on this fatal day, in consequence of the incivility of the people of the inn. "The dinner hour was five *precisely*," said he, looking at his watch, "and now it is half past—but I'll wait a *little* longer. It's bad plan to hurry them. It puts the cook out of humour, and then all goes wrong." Therefore he waited a little longer; that is to say, till the calls of absolute hunger became quite ungovernable, and then he went into the house, where the odour of delicate viands was quite provoking; so he followed the guidance of his nose and arrived in the large dining-room, where he found, to his great surprise and mortification, that the company were assembled, and the work of destruction had been going on for some time, as the second course had just been placed on the table. Jacob felt that the neglect with which he had been treated was "enough to make a parson swear;" and perhaps he would have sworn, but that he had no time to spare; and, therefore, as all the seats at the upper end of the table were engaged, he deposited himself on a vacant chair about the centre, between

Two gentlemen with whom he had no acquaintance, and, spreading his napkin in his lap, demanded of a waiter what fish had gone out. The man replied only by a stare and a smile, a line of conduct which was by no means surprising, seeing that the most stylish part of Philpot's dress was, without dispute, the napkin aforesaid. For the rest, it was unlike the garb of the strange gentleman, inasmuch as that, though possibly entitled to the epithet shabby, it could not be termed genteel. "What's the fellow gaping at?" cried Jacob, in an angry voice; "go and tell your master that I want to speak to him directly. I don't understand such treatment. Tell him to come immediately. Do you hear?"

The loud tone in which this was spoken aroused the attention of the company; and most of them cast a look of enquiry first at the speaker, and then round the table, as if to discern by whom the strange gentleman in the scarlet and yellow plush waistcoat and the dirty shirt might be patronised: but there were others who recognised the landlord of the Red Lion at Stockwell. The whole, however, were somewhat startled when he addressed them as follows:—"Really, gentlemen, I must say, that a joke may be carried too far; and, if it was not for my cloth," (here he handled the napkin,) "I declare I don't know how I might act. I have been walking in the garden for these two hours, and you *must* have seen me. And now you stare at me as if you didn't know me! Really, gentlemen, it is too bad! I love a joke as well as any man, and can take one too; but as I said before, a joke *may* be carried too far."—"I think so too; said the landlord of the Old Boar, tapping him on the shoulder; "so come along, and don't make a fool of yourself here."—"Fellow!" cried Jacob, rising in great wrath. "go your ways! Be off, I tell you! Mr. Chairman! we have known each other now for a good many years, and you must be convinced that I can take a joke as well as any man; but human nature can endure this no longer. Mr. Wiggins! Captain Pole! my good friend Doctor White! I appeal to you!" Here the gentlemen named looked especially astounded. "What! can it be possible that you have *all* agreed to cut me! Oh no! I will not believe that political differences of opinion can run *quite* so high. Come—let us have no more of this nonsense!"—"No, no, we've had quite enough of it," said the landlord of the Old Boar pulling the chair from beneath the last speaker, who was consequently obliged again to be upon his legs, while there came, from various parts of the table, cries of "Chair! chair! Turn him out!"—"Man!" roared the teetotum parsonified landlord of the Red Lion, to the landlord of the Old Boar, "Man!" you shall repent of this! If it wasn't for my cloth, I'd soon—"—"Come, give me the cloth!" said the other, snatching away the napkin, which Jacob had buttoned in his waistcoat, and thereby causing that garment to fly open and expose more of dirty linen and skin than is usually sported at a dinner party. Poor Philpot's rage had now reached its acme, and he again appealed to the chairman by name. "Colonel Martin!" said he, "can you sit by and see me used thus? I am sure *you* will not pretend that you don't know me!"—"Not I," replied the chairman; "I know you well enough, and a confounded impudent fellow you are. I'll tell you what, my lad, next time you apply for a license, you shall hear of this." The landlord of

the Old Boar was, withal, a kind-hearted man; and, as he well knew that the loss of its license would be ruin to the rampant Red Lion and all concerned therewith, he was determined that poor Philpot should be saved from destruction in spite of his teeth: therefore, without further ceremony, he, being a muscular man, laid violent hands upon the said Jacob and, with the assistance of his waiters, conveyed him out of the room, in despite of much struggling, and sundry, interjections concerning his "cloth." When they had deposited him safely in an arm-chair in "the bar," the landlady, who had frequently seen him before, in his proper character, that of a civil man, who "knew his place" in society, very kindly offered him a cup of tea; and the landlord asked how he could think of making such a fool of himself; and the waiter, whom he had accepted on first entering the house, vouched for his not having had any thing to eat or drink; whereupon they spoke of the remains of a turbot, which had just come down stairs, and a haunch of venison that was to follow. It is a sad thing to have a mind and body that are no match for each other. Jacob's outward man would have been highly gratified at the exhibition of these things; but the spirit of the parson was too mighty within, and spurned every offer, and the body was compelled to obey. So the horse that was borrowed of the squire was ordered out, and Jacob Philpot mounted and rode on his way in excessive irritation, growling vehemently at the insult and indignity which had been committed against the "cloth" in general, and his own person in particular.

"The sun sunk beneath the horizon," as novelists say, when Jacob Philpot entered the village of Stockwell, and, as if waking from a dream, he suddenly started, and was much surprised to find himself on horseback, for the last thing that he recollected, was going up stairs at his own house, and composing himself for a nap, that he might be ready to join neighbour Scroggins and Dick Smith, when they came in the evening to drink the gallon of ale lost by the latter. "And, my eyes!" said he, "if I haven't got the squire's horse that the parson borrowed this morning. Well—it's very odd! however, the ride has done me a deal of good, for I feel as if I hadn't had any thing all day, and yet I did pretty well too at the leg of mutton at dinner." Mrs. Philpot received her lord and nominal master in no very gracious mood, and said she should like to know where he had been riding. "That's more than I can tell you," replied Jacob; "however, I know I'm as hungry as a greyhound, though I never made a better dinner in my life."—"More shame for you," said Mrs. Philpot; "I wish the Old Boar was a thousand miles off." "What's the woman talking about?" quoth Jacob. "Eh! what! at it again, I suppose," and he pointed to the closet containing the rum bottle. "Hush!" cried Mrs. Philpot, "here's the parson coming down stairs!"—"The parson!" exclaimed Jacob; "what's he been doing up stairs, I should like to know?"—"He has been to take nap on mistress's bed," said Sally. "The dickens he has! This is a pretty story," quoth Jacob. "How could I help it?" asked Mrs. Philpot; "you should stay at home and look after your own business, and not go rambling about the country. You shan't hear the last of the Old Boar just yet, I promise you." To avoid the threatened storm, and satisfy the

cells of hunger. Jacob made off to the larder, and commenced an attack upon the leg of mutton.

At this moment the Reverend Mr. Stanhope opened the little door at the foot of the stairs. On waking, and finding himself upon a bed, he had concluded, that he must have fainted in consequence of the agitation of mind produced by the gross insults which he had suffered, or perhaps from the effects of hunger. Great, therefore, was his surprise to find himself at the Red Lion in his own parish; and the first questions he asked of Mrs. Philpot were how and when he had been brought there. "La, sir!" said the landlady, "you went up stairs of your own accord, after you were tired of smoking under the tree."—"Smoking under the tree; woman!" exclaimed Mr. Stanhope; "what are you talking about? Do you recollect whom you are speaking to?"—"Ay, marry, do I," replied the sensitive Mrs. Philpot; "and you told Sally to call you when Scroggins and Smith came for their gallon of ale, as you meant to join their party."

The Reverend Mr. Stanhope straightway took up his hat, put it upon his head, and stalked with indignant dignity out of the house, opining that the poor woman was in her cups; and meditated, as he walked home, on the extraordinary affairs of the day. But his troubles were not yet ended, for the report of his public jollification had reached his own household; and John, his trusty man-servant, had been dispatched to the Red Lion, and had ascertained that his master was really gone to bed in a state very unfit for a clergyman to be seen in. Some remarkably good-natured friends had been to condole with Mrs. Stanhope upon the extraordinary proceedings of her goodman, and to say how much they were shocked, and what a pity it was, and wondering what the bishop would think of it, and divers other equally amiable and consolatory reflections and notes of admiration. Now Mrs. Stanhope, though she had much of the "milk of human kindness" in her composition, had, withal, a sufficient portion of "tartaric acid" mingled therewith. Therefore, when her beer-drinking husband made his appearance, he found her in a state of effervescence. "Mary," said he, "I am extremely fatigued. I have been exposed to-day to a series of insults, such as I could not have imagined it possible for any one to offer me."—"Nor any body else," replied Mrs. Stanhope; "but you are rightly served, and I am glad of it. Who could have supposed that you, the minister of a parish!—Fugh! how filthy you smell of tobacco! I vow I cannot endure to be in the room with you!" and she arose and left the divine to himself, in exceeding great perplexity. However, being a man who loved to do all things in order, he remembered that he had not dined, so he rang the bell and gave the needful instructions, thinking it best to satisfy nature first, and *then* endeavour to ascertain the cause of his beloved Mary's acidity. His appetite was gone, but that he attributed to having fasted too long, a practice very unusual with him; however, he picked a bit here and there, and then indulged himself with a bottle of his oldest port, which he had about half consumed, and somewhat recovered his spirits, ere his dear Mary made her reappearance, and told him that she was perfectly astonished at his conduct. And well might she say so, for now, the wine, which he had

been drinking with unusual rapidity, thinking, good easy man, that he had taken nothing all day, began to have a very visible effect upon a body already saturated with strong ale. He declared that he cared not a fig for the good opinion of any gentleman in the county, that he would always act and speak according to his principles, and filled a bumper to the health of the Lord Chancellor, and drank sundry more exceedingly loyal toasts, and told his astonished spouse, that he should not be surprised if he was very soon to be made a Dean or a Bishop, and as for the people at the Old Boar, he saw through their conduct—it was all envy, which doth “merit as its shade pursue.” The good lady justly deemed it folly to waste her oratory upon a man in such a state, and reserved her powers for the next morning; and Mr. Stanhope reeled to bed that night in a condition which, to do him justice, he had never before exhibited under his own roof.

The next morning, Mrs. Stanhope and her daughter Sophy, a promising young lady about ten years old, of the hoyden class, were at breakfast, when the elderly stranger called at the rectory, and expressed great concern on being told that Mr. S. was somewhat indisposed, and had not yet made his appearance. He said that his business was of very little importance, and merely concerned some geological enquiries which he was prosecuting in the vicinity; but Mrs. Stanhope, who had the names of all the ologies by heart, and loved occasionally to talk thereof, persuaded him to wait a short time little dreaming of the consequence; for the wily old gentleman began to romp with Miss Sophy, and, after a while, produced his teetotum, and, in short, so contrived it, that the mother and daughter played together therewith for five minutes. He then politely took his leave, promising to call again; and Mrs. Stanhope bobbed him a curtsy, and Sophia assured him that Mr. S. would be extremely happy to afford him every assistance in his scientific researches. When the worthy divine at length made his appearance in the breakfast parlour, strangely puzzled as to the extreme feverishness and languor which oppressed him, he found Sophy sitting gravely in an armchair, reading a treatise on craniology. It was a pleasant thing for him to see her read any thing, but he could not help expressing his surprise by observing, “I should think that book a little above your comprehension, my dear.”—“Indeed! sir,” was the reply; and the little girl laid down the volume and sat erect in her chair, and thus continued: “I should think, Mr. Nicodemus Stanhope, that after the specimen of good sense and propriety of conduct, which you were pleased to exhibit yesterday, it scarcely becomes you to pretend to estimate the *comprehension* of others.”—“My dear,” said the astonished divine, “this is very strange language! You forget whom you are speaking to!”—Not at all,” replied the child. “I know *my* place, if you don’t know yours, and am determined to speak *my* mind.” If any thing could add to the Reverend Mr. Nicodemus Stanhope’s surprise, it was the sound of his wife’s voice in the garden, calling to his man John to stand out of the way, or she should run over him. Poor John, who was tying up some of her favourite flowers, got out of her way accordingly in quick time, and the next moment his mistress rushed by, trundling a hoop, hallooing and laughing.

and highly enjoying his apparent dismay. Throughout that day, it may be imagined that the reverend gentleman's philosophy was sorely tried; but we are compelled, by want of room, to leave the particulars of his botheration to the reader's imagination.

We are sorry to say that these were not the only metamorphoses which the mischievous old gentleman wrought in the village of Stockwell. There was a game of teetotum played between a sergeant of dragoons, who had retired upon his well-earned pension, and a baker, who happened likewise to be the renter of a small patch of land adjoining the village. The veteran, with that indistinctness of character before mentioned, shouldered the peel,* and took it to the field, and used it for loading and spreading manure, so that it was never afterwards fit for any but dirty work. Then, just to shew that he was not afraid of any body, he cut a gap in the hedge of a small field of wheat which had just been reaped, and was standing in sheaves, and thereby gave admittance to a neighbouring bull, who amused himself greatly by tossing the said sheaves; but more particularly those which were set apart as tythes, against which he appeared to have a particular spite, throwing them high into the air, and then bellowing and treading them under foot. But—we must come to a close. Suffice it to say, that the village of Stockwell was long in a state of confusion in consequence of these games; for the mischief which was done during the period of delusion, ended not, like the delusion itself, with the rising or setting of the sun.

Having now related as many particulars of these strange occurrences as our limits will permit, we have merely to state the effect which they produced upon ourselves. Whenever we have since beheld servants aping the conduct of their masters or mistresses, tradesmen wasting their time and money at taverns, clergymen forgetful of the dignity and sacred character of their profession, publicans imagining themselves fit for preachers, children calling their parents to account for their conduct, matrons acting the hoyden, and other incongruities—whenever we witness these and the like occurrences, we conclude that the actors therein have been playing a game with the OLD GENTLEMAN'S TEETOTUM.

MY LAST CIGAR.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JULY.]

THE mighty Thebes, and Babylon the Great,
Imperial Rome, in turn, have bow'd to fate—
So this great world, and each "particular star,"
Must all burn out, like you, my last Cigar.
A puff, a transient fire, that ends in smoke,
Are all that's given to man—that bitter joke!—
Youth, Hope, and Love, three whiffs of passing zest,
Then come the ashes, and the long, long rest!

M.

* "Peel. A broad, thin board, with a long handle, used by bakers to put their bread in and out of the oven."—JOHNSON.

MELITA.

A FRAGMENT OF GREEK ROMANCE,

[FROM THE ATHENÆUM.]

MELITA was a maiden of Elis, and no fairer spirit had ever haunted that peaceful land. Her beauty was known but to few; for her mother had been long since dead, and her father was the humble inhabitant of an obscure abode. She had neither brother nor sister; and had seldom been seen by any eyes but those of her aged parent. His well-ordered industry and serene affection surrounded her with a clear unchanging life; and she scarcely knew of any variation in the world but day and night, autumn and spring, the gradual whitening of her father's hairs and the growth and impulse of her own feelings. As she approached to womanhood, her thoughts began to overleap the low and grassy mound with which the narrow plat of her existence had previously been encircled, and on which, even from her infancy, many bright phantoms had appeared to her to stand in the morning sunshine. Her wishes now attempted to follow the unknown flight of those gay shadows; and she longed to resemble them in rising with the lightness of a bird over the boundary which divided her from the busy and glittering world.

When Melita had reached her fifteenth year, the time came round for the celebration of the Olympic games. She heard from her father some short and broken accounts of the splendid festivals at which he had frequently been present; and she was lost in bewildering excitement while she fancied a succession of pageants led by glorious beings of whose forms she was utterly ignorant. But above all, she was possessed by the resemblance which she had wrought in her imagination of the deity to whose honour these rites and contests had been instituted.

In the morning of the first day of the games, she almost unconsciously expressed, in her father's presence, the earnest longing which she felt to behold the bodily presence of the great Jupiter. The old man started out of the usual tranquillity of his manner, and said to her, 'Unhappy, my daughter, is the mortal to whom such a vision shows itself; he who has conversed with a god is for ever unfitted to lead the life of earthly men. To eyes which long for the sight of superior natures, their desire is sometimes granted; but that for which they yearned is always fruitful of horror and destruction. I could tell you a prediction which your mother heard from the oracle; but'. He said no more, for the time had approached at which the solemnities were to begin; and he hastily left the house.

This conversation did not diminish the store of uneasy mystery which filled the mind of Melita. All day she brooded over the thoughts which had occupied her; and when her father returned in the evening, she was restless, eager, and confused. The dusk had come before his entry; and he had scarcely been able to speak to her when a slight knock was

heard, followed, as it seemed to them, by a faint groan. The old man turned the door on its sleepy hinges, and found lying on the earth a young man, who was evidently broken down by some malady. He lifted up the youth, and carried him into the house. The stranger was clothed in a remarkable dress, and appeared not more than eighteen. He was revived by the care of Melita and her father, but still continued feeble and suffering. They learned from his low and interrupted words, that he had come from one of the farthest Grecian islands, with the design of contending at the games for the prize of poetry. But he seemed almost delirious, and he told no connected tale. He remained for several hours pained in body and wandering in mind. Among other hints and ravings, he spoke some scattered phrases as to the magnificence and interest of the festivity which he had on that day, for the first time seen. He then was seized by the recollection of the ode which he had intended to recite on one of the subsequent days. The stanzas, which at intervals he murmured, were full of fervour, of religious awe, and splendid images; and belonged to a lyrical description of the intercourse of Jupiter with mortal maidens; some of the fragments were so passionate and impressive, and Melita listened with an interest so full of wonder and rapt excitement, that her father commanded her to retire, and to leave the patient under his care.

She lay awake for several hours; and fell, at last, asleep, with a brain and bosom possessed by tumultuous and gorgeous visions. Early in the morning, her father announced to her that the youth had, in the night, become much calmer, and that he had left him to obtain himself some short repose. When she had arisen, the boy was no longer to be found; but he had left behind him his rich and remarkable dress, and had only taken away an old mantle, which, while he lay on the couch, had been thrown over him by his host. Her father added, that he was now about to join the crowd at the games, and that he should not return till late in the evening. She placed herself in the room in which the youth had lain, and employed herself in putting together all she could remember of his strange and imperfect phrases, and in connecting them with the wishes and fantastic images which had filled her mind before. Near to her lay the garments which he had worn; Melita fixed her eyes on them, and she felt as if some unseen enchantment prevented her from looking away, even for a moment. As the day closed in, the evening wind arose, and brought to her ears the distant applauses of the Grecian people gathered at their chief solemnity. She gazed and mused, and after a struggle of fear, shame, curiosity, and vague wishfulness, she could no longer resist the temptation; she hastily put on the dress of the poet and left the house.

Her impetuous and winged feet bore her she knew not whither. In a short time, she had moved a considerable distance, when she beheld near her a procession of worshippers, headed by the priests, and accompanied by many attendants. She joined their ranks, and was surprised to see that the youths in the service of the gods were clothed exactly like herself, so as to secure that she would pass without notice. The train advanced to the sacred grove which surrounded the Olympian temple; and here

she beheld, with delight and astonishment, the long files of statues which exhibited the conquerors at the games, with the emblems of the exercises in which they had respectively triumphed. The evening light flowed beautifully through the interstices of the dark foliage, and fell with a soft illumination on the still and white heroic figures. The throng moved on; and while the greater number placed themselves before the lofty and shadowy portico of the temple, a few of the priests and of their attendant boys entered the building. Among these Melita ventured to glide, and, from the instant which gave her a glimpse of the god, she was insensible to all else.

She sank on the marble pavement in the shade of the gigantic deity, and watched his form as intently as the astrologer watches the star on which depends his entire destiny. The twilight was broken by the thin flames of a few distant censers; and it seemed to her that she distinguished the limbs and features of the statue rather by some radiance of their own than by any outward beam. The calm and mighty face was more beautiful than all she had imagined; the brow was girded with olive, and appeared a bright throne for heavenly supremacy; the deep eyes were filled with a solemn and a lovely spirit; and she felt that she would rejoice to breathe away her soul upon that mouth, so awful and yet so sweet. The gleam of dusky gold on the garments in which Jupiter was clad, gave the semblance of a faint and floating glory; but all that was in the temple of distinguishable light gathered itself on the celestial countenance, and kept it, even when night had almost closed without, a visible revelation of the greatest God.

The girl was startled amid her adoration by a voice appearing to come from beyond the portico, and singing the words of the hymn, snatches of which had been uttered by the poet in her father's house the day before. She thought, but could not be sure, that she recognised the same tones pronouncing the enthusiastic poetry of the ode which she had heard under such different circumstances; and they blended themselves strangely with her own fearful ecstasy at the presence of the king of heaven. When this ode had been sung by one low but earnest voice, a single strophe of a different style and manner was vociferated in thundering music by the whole company of priests and novices. Scared by this overpowering sound, Melita shrunk among the officiating train, and looked at the crowd of worshippers collected before the temple. She thought she recognized her father; and trembling and uncertain, she glided away, and, when she had gained the solitary wood, ran with all her speed through thickets of trees and groups, of glimmering statues, which she feared were living pursuers; till wearied and agitated, she reached her humble home. Her father speedily returned, but she had already changed her dress; and as soon as she had saluted him she retired to her chamber.

When she had thrown herself on her couch she began to meditate on the occurrences of the last few hours. The hint of the oracular prediction: the poet, with earnest tones, faint indeed and broken, but of exquisite sweetness; the distant sounds of the multitude congregated around the stadium; the long procession of priests and worshippers, with the

garlands" and the incense ; the green twilight of the consecrated grove, and the white gleam of those unmoving marble champions ; all these were present to her mind ; but chiefly the murmuring stillness of the vast temple, with the wavering flashes from the tripods, cutting the evening gloom, and over all the form of which the ivory limbs were wrapt in a golden shadow, the noblest exhibition of deified humanity, the king, the god, the beautiful, the one master of her soul, Jupiter, the wonder of Greece and glory of the earth, filled, overawed, agitated, and attracted her.

The deep dark night was around her, and she had remained for an hour absorbed in these contemplations, when suddenly a bright blaze started at once from the walls, the floor, and ceiling of the chamber, and covered them as if with a fiery drapery. It gave out no heat, but flamed with a steady and topaz-like lustre. Melita gazed in astonishment at the wondrous light, which did not however scare her with any resemblance of an earthly conflagration. It burned for a few seconds, and when she had, in some degree, overcome her first alarm by perceiving the innocence of the lights, innumerable snakes of the most different colours appeared to move and float along the walls, and to play in the lucid blaze. Green and white, black and crimson, blue, purple, and orange, starred with jewels, and streaked like the tulip, they wove together in that liquid illumination a thousand knots and momentary devices. Arching themselves like the rainbow, or in ranks like some gorgeous oriental cavalry, they moved from the sides of the chamber to the ceiling, or twined themselves around the simple furniture.

The serpents appeared to melt and mingle into each other, and were swallowed by the general splendour ; and the burning boundaries of the room widened and receded till they resembled the atmosphere of an evening sky, filled with the richest and most sparkling clouds ; and amid these, as if disclosed from the burning disk of the sun, a large bird of as brilliant plumage as the fabled Phoenix, flew forward, and passed before her. But soon it appeared to change its shape and lose its glory, and became a gigantic owl with round bright eyes. The evening prospect darkened into night ; the white crescent of the moon stood over the shaded hills ; and the grey bird perched on a rock which overhung the sea. The new moon in that world of witchery appeared to rise at nightfall, and for a moment she watched its silent ascension. A faint musical sound caused her to look away, and on the rock where she had seen the owl alight, the young poet was now leaning ; the sea glimmered at his feet, one arm rested on a projection of the crag, and his eyes were turned as her's had been to the diamond curve that adorned the darkness of the sky. She fancied that in his countenance she discovered a resemblance to the pale and majestic loveliness of that statue of Jupiter, which to her was far more than a statue. Clouds came over the heavens, and obscured the view. The youth was no longer visible, but a dull twilight covered the foreground, and through this two small red stars were burning. She looked at them intently, and shuddered at discerning the form of a gigantic lion couched, as it seemed, at a little distance from her, and watching her with the glowing eyes which had first drawn her attention to the object. He seemed to grow nearer and nearer to her : and the

whole picture had soon disappeared, leaving nothing but the shaggy monster and the dim and narrow room. The lion rose, and with a light bound, laid himself on the bed before her feet. The enormous shape became less terrible when she was within its reach; and while her foot appeared to touch its flank, and its mane lay spread on part of the mantle which, in her terror, she had let fall from around her, she thought that it was no more than an enormous and threatening shadow.

When the chaotic dimness of the chamber was dispersing into the clear transparency of a summer night, Melita remembered the tales she had heard of Proteus and his wonders; and the bewilderment of her mind had little of terror or suffering. The desert-shape which shared her couch, rolled away amid the mist which now vanished from the room. Its fiery eye-balls seemed gradually to recede till they were lost among the throng of stars that twinkled in the cloudless firmament. Wild troops of birds and insects fluttered around her; and trains of children, whose whispers were like distant tinklings, moved hither and thither, bearing baskets of flowers. A pink light gradually spread through the air; and one of the children detached itself from the playful ring of its companions and approached her. In that carnation splendour, every thing was hidden but the gentle, smiling boy, who seemed to walk on the charmed wind. His delighted eyes were fixed laughingly on her; and in another instant she had stretched her hands, and he was pressed to her uncovered bosom. She laid her head on the pillow, and he nestled in her arms, while she gazed with eager pleasure on the sunny locks that clustered round the brow of the infant, and strained to her side his round and rosy limbs.

But her countenance assumed a deeper meaning, and she trembled with emotion when it seemed to her that the lines of that baby loveliness became stronger and more expressive, that the eye darkened and spoke earnestly to her's, and that the lips were pressed with more than childish passion on her quivering mouth; when she thought that in this young visitant she could recognise at every moment a nearer likeness to the island poet. But soon this resemblance also escaped from her; the forehead became more lovely, the features nobler and more radiant; the gleam as of a golden cloak thrown off, was spread under his finely proportioned limbs; and now for the first time she perceived, among the dark brown hair, the slender olive wreath, and in all the form and look the well-remembered presence of the olympic god.

On the next morning, when the father of Melita was leaving his house, he informed his daughter that the young stranger whom they had aided, was in that day to be crowned as the successful poet. Scarcely had he departed, when, seized with an impetuous frenzy, she rushed away to the place at which the festival was held. The poet had not appeared, and the prize was given to the second of the competitors. But it was a deadly crime in any woman to approach the spot; and Melita, before the eyes of all the people, and of her white-haired father, was precipitated from a rock into the river Alpheus, such being the punishment appointed from of old, for her offence. 'Heavily, O, my daughter!' said the aged man; 'have the maxims of the wise and the prediction of the oracle, been fulfilled in thee?'

A TALE OF THE PLAGUE IN EDINBURGH.

[FROM THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL.]

In several parts of Scotland, such things are to be found as *tales* of the Plague. Amidst so much human suffering as the events of a pestilence necessarily involved, it is of course to be supposed that, occasionally, circumstances would occur of a peculiarly disastrous and affecting description,—that many loving hearts would be torn asunder, or laid aside by side in the grave, many orphans left desolate, and patriarchs bereft of all their descendants,—and that cases of so painful a sort as called forth greater compassion at that time, would be remembered, after much of the ordinary details were generally forgotten. The celebrated story of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, is a case in point. So romantic, so mournful a tale, appealing as it does to every bosom could not fail to be commemorated, even though it had been destitute of the great charm of locality. Neither could such a tale of suffering and horror as that of the Teviotdale shepherd's family (already alluded to in a former article upon this subject, ever be forgotten in the district where it occurred,—interesting as it is, has been, and will be, to every successive generation of mothers, and duly listened to and shuddered at by so many infantine audiences. In the course of our researches, we have likewise picked up a few extraordinary circumstances connected with a last visit paid by the plague to Edinburgh; which, improbable as they may perhaps appear, we believe to be, to a certain extent allied to truth, and shall now submit them to our readers.

When Edinburgh was afflicted, for the last time, with the pestilence, such was its effect upon the energies of the citizens, and so long was its continuance, that the grass grew on the principal street, and even at the Cross, though that *Scottish Rialto* was then perhaps the most crowded thoroughfare in Britain. Silence, more than that of the stillest midnight pervaded the streets during the day. The sunlight fell upon the quiet houses as it falls on a line of sombre and neglected tombstones in some sequestered churchyard—gilding, but not altering, their desolate features. The area of the High Street, on being entered by a stranger, might have been contemplated with feelings similar to those with which Christian, in the Pilgrim's Progress, viewed the awful court-yard of Giant Despair; for, as in that well-imagined scene, the very ground bore the marks of wildness and desolation; every window around, like the loop-holes of the dungeons in Doubting Castle, seemed to tell its tale of misery within; and the whole seemed to lie prostrate and powerless under the dominion of an unseen demon, which fancy might have conceived as stalking around in a bodily form, leisurely dooming its subject to successive execution.

When the pestilence was at its greatest height, a strange perplexity began, and not without reason, to take possession of the few physicians and nurses who attended the sick. It was customary for the distempered

to die, or, as the rare case happened, to recover, on a particular day after having first exhibited symptoms of illness. This was an understood rule of the plague, which had never been known to fail. All at once, it began to appear that a good many people, especially those who are left alone in their houses by the death or desertion of friends died before the arrival of the critical day. In some of these cases, not only was the rule of the disease broken, but, what vexed the physicians more, the powers of medicine seemed to have been set at defiance; for several patients of distinction, who had been able to purchase good attendance, and were therefore considered as in less than ordinary danger, were found to have expired after taking salutary drugs, and being left with good hopes by their physicians. It almost seemed as if some new disease were beginning to engraft itself upon the pestilence—a new feature rising upon its horrid aspect. Subtle and fatal as it formerly was now inconceivably more so. It could formerly be calculated upon; but it was now quite arbitrary and precarious. Medicine had lost its power over it. God, who created it in its first monstrous form, appeared to have endowed it with an additional sting, against which feeble mortality could present no competent shield. Physicians beheld its new ravages with surprise and despair; and a deeper shade of horror was spread, in consequence, over the public mind.

As an air of more than natural mystery seemed to accompany this truly calamitous turn of affairs, it was, of course, to be expected, in that superstitious age, that many would attribute it to a more than natural cause. By the ministers, it was taken for an additional manifestation of God's wrath, and as such held forth in not a few pulpits, accompanied with all the due exhortations to a better life, which it was now unlikely would be attended with good effect among the thin congregations of haggard and terrified scarecrows, who persisted in meeting regularly at places of worship. The learned puzzled themselves with conjectures as to its probable causes and cures; while the common people gave way to the most wild and fanciful surmises, almost all of which were as far from the truth. The only popular observation worthy of my attention, was, that the greater part of those who suffered from this new disease died during the night, and all of them while unattended.

Not many days after the alarm first arose, a poor woman arrested a physician in the street, and desired to confer with him a brief space. He at first shook her off, saying he was at present completely engaged, and could take no new patients. But when she informed him that she did not desire his attendance, and only wished to communicate something which might help to clear up the mystery of the late premature deaths, he stopped and lent a patient ear. She told him that on the previous night, having occasion to leave her house, in order to visit a sick neighbour, who lay upon a lonely death-bed in the second flat below her own garret, she took a lamp in her hand, that she might the better find her way down. As she descended the stair, which she described as a *turnpike*, or spiral one, she heard a low and inexpressibly doleful moan, as if proceeding from the house of her neighbour,—such a moan, she said, as she had never heard proceed from any of the numerous death-beds it had

been her lot to attend. She hastened faster down the stair than her limbs were well able to carry her, under the idea that her friend was undergoing some severe suffering, which she might be able to alleviate. Before, however, she had reached the first landing-place, a noise, as of footsteps, arose from the house of pain, and caused her to apprehend that all was not right in a house which she knew no one ever visited, in that time of desolation, but herself. She quickened her pace still more than before, and soon reached the landing-place at her neighbour's door. Something, as she expressed it, seeming to *swoof* down the stair, like the noise of a full garment brushing the walls of a narrow passage, she drew in the lamp, and looking down beyond it, saw what she conceived to be the dark drapery of the back of a tall human figure, loosely clad, moving, or rather gliding, out of sight, and in a moment gone. So uncertain was she at first of the reality of what she saw, that she believed it to be the shadow of the central pile of the stair gliding downwards as she brought round the light; but the state of matters in the inside of the house soon convinced her to her horror, that it must have been something more dreadful and real—the unfortunate woman being dead; though as yet it was three days till the time when, according to the old rules of the disease, she might have lived or died. The physician heard this story with astonishment; but as it only informed his mind, which was not free from superstition, that the whole matter was becoming more and more mysterious, he drew no conclusions from it, but simply observing, with a professional shake of the head, that all was not right in the town, went upon his way.

The old woman, who, of course, could not be expected to let so good a subject of gossip and wonderment lie idle in her mind, like the guinea kept by the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters, forthwith proceeded to dissipate it abroad among her neighbours, who soon (to follow out the idea of the coin) reduced it into still larger and coarser pieces, and paid it away, in that exaggerated form, to a wider circle of neighbours, by whom it was speedily dispersed in various shapes over the whole town. The popular mind, like the error of a sick man, being then peculiarly sensitive, received the intelligence with a degree of alarm, such as the news of a lost battle has not always occasioned amongst a people; and, as the atmosphere is best calculated for the conveyance of sound during the time of frost, so did the air of the plague seem peculiarly well fitted for the propagation of this fearful report. The whole of the people were impressed, on hearing the story, with a feeling of undefined awe, mixed with horror. The back of a tall figure, in dark long clothes, seen but for a moment! There was a picturesque indistinctness in the description, which left room for the imagination; taken in conjunction, too, with the moan heard at first by the old woman on the stair, and the demise of the sick woman at the very time, it was truly startling. To add to panic a report arose next day, that the figure had been seen on the preceding evening, by different persons, sitting about various stairs and alleys, always in shade, and disappearing immediately after being first perceived. An idea began to prevail that it was the image of Death—Death, who thus come in his impersonated form, to a city which seemed to have been placed so peculiarly under his dominion, in order to execute his office

February 1830.

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with the greater promptitude. It was thought, if so fantastic a dream may be assigned to the thinking faculty, that the grand destroyer, who, in ordinary times is invisible, might, perhaps, have the power of rendering himself palpable to the sight in cases where he approached his victims, under circumstances of peculiar horror; and this wild imagination was the more fearful, inasmuch as it was supposed that, with the increase of the mortality, he would become more and more distinctly visible, till, perhaps, after having dispatched all, he would burst forth in open triumph and roam at large throughout a city of desolation.

It happened, on the second day after the rise of this popular fancy, that an armed ship, of a very singular construction, and manned by a crew of strangely foreign-looking men, entered Leith harbour. It was a *Barbary rover*; but the crew showed no intention of hostility to the town of Leith, though at the present pass it would have fallen an easy prey to their arms, being quite as much afflicted with the pestilence as its metropolitan neighbour. A detachment of the crew, comprising one who appeared to be the commander, immediately landed, and proceeded to Edinburgh, which they did not scruple to enter. They enquired for the provost, and, on being conducted to the presence of that dignitary, their chief disclosed their purpose in thus visiting Edinburgh, which was the useful one of supplying it in its present distress with a cargo of drugs, approved in the East for their efficacy against the plague, and a few men who could undertake to administer them properly to the sick. The provost heard this intelligence with overflowing eyes: for, besides the anxiety he felt about the welfare of the city, he was especially interested in the health of his daughter, and only child, who happened to be involved in the common calamity. The terms proposed by the Africans were somewhat exorbitant. They demanded to have the half of the wealth of those whom they restored to health. But the provost told them that he believed many of the most wealthy citizens would be glad to employ them on these terms; and, for his own part he was willing to sacrifice any thing he had, short of his salvation, for the behalf of his daughter. Assured of at least the safety of their persons and goods, the strangers drew from their ship a large quantity of medicines, and began that very evening to attend as physicians, those who chose to call them in. The captain—a man in the prime of life and, remarkable amongst the rest for his superior dress and bearing—engaged himself to attend the provost's daughter, who had now nearly reached the crisis of the distemper, and hitherto had not been expected to survive.

The house of Sir John Smith, the provost of Edinburgh, in the year 1645, was situated in the Cap-and-Feather close an alley occupying the site of the present North bridge. The bottom of this ally being closed, there was no thoroughfare or egress towards the North Loch; but the provost's house possessed this convenience, being the tenement which closed the lower extremity, and having a back-door that opened upon an ally to the eastward, namely, Halkerston's Wynd.* This house was, at

* The miserable place possesses an interest of which the most of our readers cannot be aware. It received its name from the circumstances of a brave young

the time we speak of, crammed full of valuable goods, plate, &c. which had been deposited in the provost's hand by many of his afflicted fellow-citizens, under the impression that if they survived, he was honest enough to restore them unimpaired, and, if otherwise, he was worthy to inherit them. His daughter, who had been seized before it was found possible to remove her from the town, lay in a little room at the back of the house, which besides one door opening from the large staircase in the front, had also a more private entry communicating with the narrower and obsolete turnpike behind. At that time, little precaution was taken any where in Scotland about the locking of doors. To have the door simply closed, so that the fairies could not enter, was in general considered sufficient, as it is at the present day in many remote parts. In Edinburgh, during the time of the plague, the greatest indifference to security of this sort prevailed. In general, the doors were left unlocked from within, in order to admit the cleansers, or any charitable neighbour who might come to minister to the bed-ridden sick. This was not exactly the case in Sir John Smith's house: for the main-door was scrupulously locked, with a view to the safety of the goods committed to his charge. Nevertheless, from neglect, or from want of apprehension, the posterior entrance was afterwards found to have been not so well secured.

The Barbary physician had administered a potion to his patient soon after his admission into the house. He knew that symptoms either favourable or unfavourable would speedily appear, and he therefore resolved to remain in the room in order to watch the result. About midnight, as he sat in a remote corner of the room, looking towards the bed upon which his charge was extended, while a small lamp burned upon a low table between, he was suddenly surprised to observe something like a dark cloud, unaccompanied by any noise, interpose itself slowly and gradually between his eyes and the bed. He at first thought that he was deceived—that he was beginning to fall asleep,—or that the strange appearance was occasioned by some peculiarity of the light, which, being placed almost directly between him and the bed, caused him to see the latter object very indistinctly. He was soon undeceived by hearing a noise—the slightest possible—and perceiving something like motion in the ill-defined lineaments of the apparition. Gracious heaven! thought he, can this be the angel of death hovering over his victim, preparing to strike the mortal blow, and ready to receive the departing soul into the inconceivable recesses of its awful form? It almost appeared as if the cloud stooped over the bed for the performance of this task. Presently, the patient uttered a half-suppressed sigh, and then altogether ceased the regular respirations, which had hitherto been monotonous and audible throughout the room. The awe-struck attendant could contain himself no longer, but permitted a sort of cry to escape him, and started to his feet. The cloud instantly, as it were, rose from its inclined posture over the bed, turned hastily round,

man, by name David Halkerstoun, the brother of the ancestor of the celebrated Hackstoun of Rathillet, having been killed in it in 1544, when defending the town against the English under the Earl of Herford.

and, in a moment contracting itself into a human shape, glided softly, but hastily, from the apartment. Ha ! thought the African, I have known such personages as this in Aleppo. These angels of death are sometimes found to be mortal themselves—I shall pursue and try. He, therefore, quickly followed the phantom through the private door by which it had escaped, not forgetting to seize his semicircular sword in passing the table where it lay. The stair was dark and steep ; but he kept his feet till he reached the bottom. Casting, then, a hasty glance around him, he perceived a shadow vanish from the moon-lit ground, at an angle of the house, and instantly started forward in the pursuit. He soon found himself in the open wynd above-mentioned, along which he supposed the mysterious object to have gone. All here was dark ; but being certain of the course adopted by the pursued party, he did not hesitate a moment in plunging headlong down its steep profundity. He was confirmed in his purpose by immediately afterwards observing, at some distance in advance, a small jet of moonlight, proceeding from a side alley, obscured for a second by what he conceived to be the transit of a large dark object. This he soon also reached, and finding that his own person caused a similar obscurity, he was confirmed in his conjecture that the apparition bore a substantial form. Still forward and downward he boldly rushed, till, reaching an open area at the bottom part of which was lighted by the moon, he plainly saw, at the distance of about thirty yards before him, the figure as of a tall man, loosely enveloped in a prodigious cloak, gliding along the ground, and apparently making for a small bridge, which at this particular place crossed the drain of the North Loch, and served as a communication with the village called Mutrie's Hill. He made directly for the fugitive, thinking to overtake him almost before he could reach the bridge. But what was his surprise, when in a moment the flying object vanished from his sight, as if it had sunk into the ground, and left him alone and objectless in his headlong pursuit. It was possible that it had fallen into some concealed well or pit, but this he was never able to discover. Bewildered and confused, he at length returned to the provost's house, and re-entered the apartment of the sick maiden. To his delight and astonishment he found her already in a state of visible convalescence, with a gradually deepening glow of health diffusing itself over her cheek. Whether his courage and fidelity had been the means of scaring away the evil demon it is impossible to say ; but certain it is, that the ravages of the plague began soon afterwards to decline in Edinburgh, and at length died away altogether.

The conclusion of this singular traditional story bears, that the provost's daughter, being completely restored to health, was married to the foreigner who had saved her life. This seems to have been the result of an affection which they had conceived for each other during the period of her convalescence. The African, becoming joint-heir with his wife of the provost's vast property, abandoned his former piratical life, became, it is said, a dounce Presbyterian, and settled down for the remainder of his days in Edinburgh. The match turned out exceedingly well ; and it is even said that the foreigner became so assimilated with the people of

Edinburgh, to whom he had proved so memorable a benefactor, that he held at one time an office of considerable civic dignity and importance. Certain it is, that he built for his residence a magnificent *land* near the head of the Canongate, upon the front of which he caused to be erected a statue of the Emperor of Barbary, in testimony of the respect he still cherished for his native country ; and this memorial yet remains in its original niche, as a subsidiary proof of the verity of the above relation.

HENRI ZSCHOKKE THE SWISS NOVELIST.

[FROM THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR AUGUST.]

OF this Swiss novelist, whose productions have lately acquired him a more European reputation, by the French translations that have been made of them, than they would have ever gained if they had remained in their original German dress, we find the following rather lively account in one of the latest of the numerous *Hermits*,* which owe their birth to the extraordinary success of M. Jouy's different appearances in that character.

" At some distance from Aarau, in the midst of a thick forest, is the habitation of a man, whose name, for some years past, has been frequently mentioned in our journals ; a romance writer, a poet, a philologist, an antiquary, a historian, and notwithstanding all these titles to celebrity, little known in Switzerland. When I enquired of the landlord for the residence of Zschokke, he stared at me, and remained silent. I repeated this inharmonious and difficult-to-be-pronounced name, which he repeated after me, turning round to some of his guests who were sitting at a table close by. They all appeared to be in an equal state of ignorance. At last one of them, rubbing his forehead, and looking steadily at the large mouth of his beer-glass, exclaimed, while he caught hold of his neighbour's arm, ' Zschokke; the forest inspector !' instantly they all seemed to start as if from sleep, and each began to repeat the name, accompanying it with certain material qualities to prove that he was perfectly acquainted with *the great man* — ' Zschokke—yes ! yes ! a little old man, about five feet high ?' said one ; ' Zschokke, the forest inspector seventy years old, and stoops a little ?' said a second ; ' Zschokke, who lives half-a-dozen miles off, and whose house you see from the road ?' said a third : ' do we know him ? He wears an apple-green coat—a good man, an excellent man.' These were the literal expressions ; but it is impossible to describe the surprize and the tumultuous joy of these jovial fellows on hearing that the name of Zschokke began to make a noise in France ; that he had written an excellent history of Switzerland, romances full of life and interest, and tales which frequently exhibit the refined observation and

* *L' Hermite en Suisse*. 4 vols. 12mo. Paris, 1829. Vol. II. No. 37. Aarau.

bantering irony of Voltaire. They could not believe their ears, and seemed as much astonished as if we had told them that the rocks of Lauffen had disappeared under the waves of the Rhine."

Our traveller had now no difficulty in finding the object of his search; we shall let him give his own account of his reception.

"As soon as he was informed that a stranger inquired for him, he rose, put on his little green coat of ceremony, and came to receive me. I fancied I saw before me the ghost of Lavater. Zschokke welcomed me with a politeness which he had studied elsewhere than in books. A man of the world, who had passed his life in the best society of a great capital, could not have exhibited more graceful manners, more amiability, or more ease and modesty. . . . I began by some of the usual compliments, which Zschokke received with perfect German candour; his eyes, however, sparkled with pleasure, and the wrinkles on his face almost disappeared, when I talked to him of the success which his romances had met with in Paris. He replied by eulogising the taste of our nation, the beauty of our females, and the talent of our authors, almost all of whom he knew. He speaks French tolerably well, but as you listen to him, you perceive that our older writers have been the object of his especial study; his conversation is full of expressions derived from Amyot, from Rabelais, and from Montaigne, whom he almost knows by heart; it is neither high-flown, nor elegant, but lively, and full of original figures and expressions. Whoever has read a page of Paul Courier can easily form an idea of Zschokke's gossip; it is the simple, frank and somewhat rough manner of the *Vigneron*. It is said that he writes German much as he speaks French, never troubling himself about the opinion of word-pickers, and satisfied when he has found a thoroughly material image to represent and through his idea as it were into relief. Müller appears too grave and too solemn to his taste; he prefers 'Tschudi (the Swiss chronicler), as more natural and more original. . . . You need not converse many minutes with Zschokke before his political opinions are revealed; indeed he takes no pains to conceal them. A republican, like William Tell, and after the fashion of Walter Furst, he would wish that a people who have conquered their liberty with their clubs and massive swords were not set aside, and that their old costume appeared more frequently at the council; in a word, he prefers the government of the smaller cantons to that of Berne. Zschokke rises with the sun, and writes nearly ten hours a day; he follows no rule in the distribution of his labours, and passes from a chapter of romance to a page of history, from a philosophical thesis to a question of geology. He has a great predilection for this last science, and when once set a going upon it, his expressions crowd upon him, and are quite inexhaustible. . . . He did not appear particularly to admire the translation which had been made of his *History of Switzerland*. 'M. Manget,' said he to me, 'whose talents I respect, has given me a fine coat, embroidered after the last fashion, such as is worn by your courtiers; this is not the dress which becomes a Swiss of the old times, and I am not partial to any other. My History was written for the people; I have endeavoured to make them understand me by the use of simple and familiar language; but here I am made to speak,

as Horace says, *ore rotundo*. It may be very fine, but it is not me. However, this is the fault of M. Walsh, who, in the last edition of his lively Letters on Switzerland, thought proper to pass a pompous eulogium on my work, and to inform me that it was a perfect masterpiece. What he said passed for gospel, and one fine day I learned in my humble retreat while I was watering the flowers of my garden, that I was about to appear in French; and a few months after I read in your journals some flaming eulogiums on my book. Your Paris is a singular place; a few articles in your daily journals have made me better known in Switzerland than the whole of my works; would you believe it,' said he, with an arch smile, 'that they already amount to more than fifty volumes? rather heavy baggage you will say, and yet it ran the risk of traversing the whole of Switzerland without being observed; it is you who have roused the attention of my countrymen.'

"I asked Zschokke if he was fond of travelling. 'Yes,' said he, 'but only in my library. At my age one prefers the dead to the living, and for very good reasons. I still take some trips among the mountains, where I find specimens, that are wanting in my collection, and old Swiss, who are worthy of the olden time, a circumstance less rare. When I meet with such a one, I have occupation for a whole day. I sit down at his table, I partake of his black bread, I sleep under his roof, and we converse together. I listen to him, and I enrich the German idiom with original, lively and graphic expressions, which can never be rendered into French.'"

THE TINMAN OF NAPLES.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, FOR AUGUST.]

The romantic adventures of the Neapolitan painter, Antonio Solario, better known under the name of "Il Zingaro," (the Tinman,) are worth recording, as, although an able artist, and well known in Rome, Bologna, and Venice, he is not mentioned by Vasari or Baldinucci. The son of an artisan at Chieti, in the Abruzzi, he came to Naples early in the fifteenth century to exercise the trade of his father, and was occasionally employed in the house of Colantonio del Fiore, one of the most celebrated painters of his time. Here he saw and loved the artist's daughter, and so ardent was his attachment, that he had the temerity to demand her in marriage of her father. Colantonio, although a distinguished and wealthy man, betrayed no irritation at this audacious proposal, which appeared rather to amuse than offend him, and, without positively rejecting it, told the tinman that he would give him his daughter in marriage whenever he became as good a painter as her father. The enamoured artisan was not dismayed by the condition, and demanded time for its performance. Colantonio gave him ten years, and even promised that during that period his daughter should not marry. This singular agreement soon became the talk of Naples, and even of the Neapolitan court, where

it is said to have been ratified in presence of Queen Marguerite, and the Princess Joanna. The enterprising tinman, attracted by the celebrity of Lippo d'Almasi, departed for Bologna, and studied in that school with such ability and perseverance, that in a few years he made great progress in painting and design. Ere long, the name of "Il Zingaro" became celebrated throughout Lombardy, and after seven years of study at Bologna, he surpassed his teacher, and proceeded to the other schools of Italy in quest of higher talent. He worked in the ateliers of the most distinguished masters at Florence, Ferrara, Rome, and Venice, and after the expiration of nine years and a few months, he returned to Naples during the reign of Joanna II. A nobleman whose portrait he had painted, presented him to the queen, and he besought her acceptance of a small picture of the Madonna and Infant Saviour, surrounded with angels, which Signorella says is still in existence. At the same time, to the great astonishment of the court, he declared himself *Il Zingaro della Promissa*. His professional ability was farther proved by a portrait of the queen, which added greatly to his reputation. His royal patroness sent for Colantonio, and asked his opinion of the two pictures, without naming the artist. Struck with admiration, he acknowledged with generous frankness his own inferiority to the painter of those pictures, whom he pronounced the ablest artist of his time. On this avowal, the Zingaro, who was concealed in the apartment, stepped forward, and claimed the performance of the agreement. Colantonio was infinitely surprised by the discovery, and after having ascertained that the pictures were really executed by the tinman, gave his consent to the marriage. He was censured by some of his connexions for bestowing his daughter upon a man of such mean origin: "I marry her," he replied, "to no tinman, but to Solario the Painter." The professional ability, and the romantic attachment of *Il Zingaro*, which name adhered to him through life, rapidly increased his reputation, and from the period of his marriage he was much employed. He introduced his wife's portrait and his own into the altarpiece of San Pietro in Arenò at Naples. Dominici praises his Descent from the Cross in the church of San Domenico Maggiore, and compares it with the best pictures of Albert Durer, who flourished a century later. The Zingaro excelled principally in heads, which he coloured admirably, and in a style resembling that of Titian. He died in 1455.

POETICAL OLD BACHELERS.—There is a certain class of poets, not a very numerous one, whom I would call poetical old bachelors. These are such as enjoy a certain degree of fame and popularity themselves, without sharing their celebrity with any fair piece of excellence; but walk each in his solitary path to glory, wearing their lonely honours with more dignity than grace: for instance, Corneille, Racine, Boileau, the classical names of French poetry, were all poetical old bachelors. Racine—*le tendre Racine*—as he is called *par excellence*, is said never to have been in love in his life; nor has he left us a single verse in which any of his personal feelings can be traced. He was, however, the kind and faithful husband of a cold bigoted woman, who was persuaded, and at length persuaded him that he would be griffé in the other world, for writing heathen tragedies in this; and made it her boast that she had never read a single line of her husband's works! Peace be with her!

'And O! let her, by whom the Muse was scorn'd,
Alive nor dead, be of the Muse adorn'd!'

Our own Gray was, in every sense, real and poetical, a cold, fastidious old bachelor, who buried himself in the recesses of his college—at once shy and proud, sensitive and selfish. I cannot, on looking through his memoirs, letters, and poems, discover the slightest trace of passion, or one proof or even indication that he was ever under the influence of woman. He loved his mother, and was dutiful to two tiresome old aunts, who thought poetry one of the seven deadly sins—*et voila tout*. He spent his life in amassing an inconceivable quantity of knowledge, which lay as buried and useless as a miser's treasure, but with this difference, that, when the miser dies, his wealth flows forth into its natural channels and enriches others—Gray's learning was entombed with him; his genius survives in his Elegy and his odes—what became of his heart, I know not. He is generally supposed to have possessed one, though none can guess what he did with it;—he might well moralize on his bachelorship, and call himself 'a solitary fly,'—

'Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hire hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plamage to display!'

Collins was never a lover, and never married. His odes, with all their exquisite fancy and splendid imagery, have not much interest in their subjects, and no pathos derived from feeling or passion. He is reported to have been once in love; and as the lady was a day older than himself, he used to say jestingly, that 'he came into the world a day after the fair.' He was not deeply smitten; and though he led, in his early years, a dissipated life, his heart never seems to have been really touched. He wrote an Ode on the Passions, in which, after dwelling on Hope, Fear, Anger, Despair, and Pity, and describing them with many picturesque circumstances, he dismisses love with a couple of lines, as dancing to the sound of the sprightly viol, and forming with joy the light fantastic round. Such was Collin's idea of love!

To these we may add Goldsmith—of his loves we know nothing; they were probably the reverse of poetical, and may have had some influence on his purse and respectability, but none on his literary character and productions. He also died unmarried.

Shenstone, if he was not a poetical old bachelor, was little better than a poetical dangler. He was not formed to captivate: his person was clumsy, his manners disagreeable, and his temper feeble and vacillating. The Delia who is introduced into his Elegies, and the Phillis of his Pastoral Ballad, was Charlotte Graves, sister to the Graves who wrote the Spiritual Quixote. There was nothing warm or earnest in his admiration, and all his gallantry is as vapid as his character. He never gave the lady who was supposed, and who supposed herself, to be the object of his serious pursuit, an opportunity of accepting or rejecting him; and his conduct has been blamed as ambiguous and unmanly. His querulous declamations against woman in general had neither cause nor excuse; and his complaints of infidelity and coldness are equally without foundation. He died unmarried.

When we look at a picture of Thomson, we wonder how a man with that heavy, pampered countenance, and awkward mien, could ever have written the 'Seasons,' or have been in love. I think it is Barry Cornwall who says strikingly, that Thomson's figure was a personification of the Castle of Indolence, without its romance. Yet Thomson, though he has not given any popularity or interest to the name of a woman, is said to have been twice in love, after his own *lack-a-daisical* fashion.

'Hammond, the favourite of our sentimental great-grandmothers, whose 'Love Elegies' lay on the toilets of the Harriet Byrons and Sophia Westerns of the last century, was an amiable youth,—'very melancholy and gentleman-like,'—who, being appointed equerry to Prince Frederick, cast his eyes on Miss Dashwood, bedchamber woman to the Princess, and she became his Delia. The lady was deaf to his pastoral strains; and though it has been said that she rejected him on account of the smallness of his fortune, I do not see the necessity of believing this assertion, or of sympathizing in the dull invectives and monotonous lamentations of the slighted lover. Miss Dashwood never married, and was, one of the maids of honour to the late Queen.

Thus, the six poets who, in the history of our literature, fill up the period which intervened between the death of Pope and the first publications of Burns and Cowper—all died old bachelors!"—*Loves of the Poets*.

THE BRAIN.—Dr. G. Spurzheim, one of the fathers of Phrenology, has made a communication to the Royal Society respecting his peculiar views of the brain. The following is the substance of it. He contends that the human brain should be viewed not as a single organ, but as an aggregate of many different nervous apparatuses, each destined to the performance of a special function. What the peculiar function is which each of the cerebral organs performs, cannot indeed be at all inferred from its anatomical structure, but must be gathered from other evidence. In comparing the brains of different animals this process must be reversed, and whenever we find organs performing the same functions in different animals, we must conclude that they are in reality the same organs, however they may differ in their size, structure, appearance, or situation. The brains of animals belonging to the same class resemble each other in their general type, although the special apparatuses appropriated to each function may vary in their size and number. The author next attempts to establish the proposition that the parts of the healthy human brain are essentially the same, although somewhat modified in their size and quality in different individuals. In support of this doctrine he endeavours to show that the several convolutions on the surface of the cerebrum may be identified in different brains, and that their identity may be recognised in the two literal halves of the same brain. On examining the brains of some idiots he found that certain convolutions, which he believes to be capable of being thus identified, are defective, and others entirely wanting. He makes a similar observation on the brain of an Ourang-Outang, which exhibited a closer analogy to the human structure than that of any other of the mammalia, and in which he could not discern some of the convolutions which exist in the brain of man.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

CHILD WITH TWO HEADS.—At the sitting of the *Académie des Sciences*, of the 25th of May, M. Geoffroy-Saint Hilaire presented the drawing of a monstrosity living at Turin in the early part of March. The object was a girl with two heads. The lower parts only were in common; the upper part was separate, and presented the ordinary conformation. The priest, regarding this being as two distinct individuals, baptised them separately, the one by the name of Ritta, the other by that of Christina. They were born at Sasaria, in Sardinia, in the beginning of the year; their size is that of an infant borne the full time by the parent. The French journal, 'Le Globe,' in reporting the proceedings of this sitting, enumerates the following instances of similar monsters which have lived to a considerable age. Under the reign of James III., King of Scotland, says Buchanan, there lived a man double from the naval upwards: single below that region. The King had him brought up with care. He made great progress in music. The two heads learnt several languages; they disputed with each other, and the two upper parts sometimes even fought; but in general they lived as good friends. When the lower part of the body was pricked or tickled, both the upper individuals were sensible to the operation at the same time. But, on the contrary, when the upper part of one individual was touched, the other remained insensible. This being died at the age of twenty-eight years. One of the bodies survived the other several days. In 1723, M. Martinez saw, at Madrid, a man with two heads, who was shown for money. Siebert, also, relates having seen an infant double in the superior part; single below. The one only ate. The two often quarrelled and fought. The one survived the other four days.—*Athenæum*.

RESULTS OF THE FRENCH VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.—An elaborate report has recently been made to the institute at Paris, by Messrs. Arago, Rossel, and Mathieu, the committee appointed to consider the scientific labours of the officers on board the *Chevette* during its voyage round the world. It is therein stated that during a period of 368 days at sea and 194 days at anchor the command of the expedition (M. Babre,) besides verifying chronometrically the positions of various islands discovered the north part of a passage in the Maldivé islands which vessels from Europe to the Coromandel coast might securely and conveniently use; and he laid down the course of the Irrawady from Rangoon to Donabaw, whilst two of his officers surveyed the branch of the river between Rangoon and the sea, and that which goes as far as Pegu. Various other surveys were made on the coast of Ceylon, and on the passage to Batavia. The *Chevette* was provided with a complete collection of instruments for making magnetical observations on land which were taken with great care at several places in India. The results of the different needles corresponded in a surprising manner. The meteorological observations on board the *Chevette* form, it is said, one of the most interesting acquisitions which natural philosophy has made for some time past. The following statement will show the extent and minuteness of this portion of the labour: the temperature of the atmosphere and that of the sea was registered every hour, by night as well as by day, during the whole voyage; the barometer was regularly noted for thirteen months, generally twelve or fifteen times a day; sometimes every half hour, and even every ten minutes. This multitude of observations will show the mean height of the barometer at the surface of the sea, and its daily sum at a distance from land, that is, in circumstances where the temperature scarcely varies during the twenty-four hours. The observations will afford the means of ascertaining whether the remark of Flinders, at New Holland, respecting the dissimilar influences exerted by land and sea winds respectively, on atmospheric pressure, is equally applicable to the Indian ocean. Some series of comparative observations, made at sea, by the help of thermometers with black and white bulbs, will be the more interesting, since Captains Parry and Franklin applied themselves to analogous observations near the pole, from whence it is imagined to be deducible, that the solar rays produce less effect in proportion to the proximity to the equator. The temperature of the sea at great depths has also been determined, by means of well-constructed thermotrographs. Observations were also made on the tides; the temperature and elevation of certain hot springs in Ceylon have likewise been determined. Lastly, some physiological remarks were made by M. Reynaud and M. de Blosserville on the temperature of the human body, and on various species of animals. "By selecting from the crew of the *Chevette*," says the report, "a considerable number of seamen, of different countries and constitutions, they were able to note the modifications which the different climates exerted upon the temperature of the blood, and to add some interesting facts to those which Mr. John Davy has already published on this subject."—*Asiatic Journal*.

LOCKE.—Locke was never married; was never distracted by family matters; he had always adequate supplies for carrying on the war of life; was of too feeble a frame for robust exercise, or perilous pursuits, or excess of any kind; he was of an active temperament notwithstanding, and all his energies, unoccupied by other matters, were thus spent upon intellectual culture. Born too of a family which had risked and suffered for liberty, he was bred among liberal sentiments, and fed on them from his childhood; resistance to authority was with him no startling novelty. Independent thinking never had to conflict with obstinate prejudices in his own bosom, and he fearlessly exercised it on subjects the most important among the concerns of life—in defence of freedom of thought, of religion, and of civil and political rights. The great and surpassing merit of the man, as an object of admiration and of emulation in our times, is, that he taught the world to distrust authority—to think for themselves—to search and shift for themselves, and rely upon their own common sense and personal experience.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

ANECDOTE OF THE SULTAN AND THE PACHA OF EGYPT.—The growing power of the Pacha of Egypt had long been the cause of uneasiness to the Sublime Porte. It was feared, at Stamboul, that Mahmet Ali would some day throw off the yoke of the successor to the caliphat. In vain the perfidious policy of the seraglio despatched Capidgi Bashis, armed with the bow-string and the dagger, to the capital of the pyramids; in vain its treacherous agents endeavoured, by poison

or by stratagem, to rid the Porte of a dangerous rival. Mahmet Ali was too well warned by his spies at Constantinople of the toils which spread around him, to suffer himself to fall into the snare.

At length the Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon adopting a scheme, which should be so cleverly devised, and involved in such impenetrable secrecy, that it was impossible it could fail of success. He had in the harem a beautiful Georgian slave whose innocence and beauty fitted her, in the Sultan's eyes, for the atrocious act of perjury, of which she was to be the unsuspecting agent. The belief in talismans is still prevalent throughout the East; and perhaps even the enlightened Mahmoud himself is not superior to the rest of his nation in matters of traditionary superstition. He sent one day for the fair Georgian, and affecting a great love for her person, and desire to advance her interests, told her that it was his imperial will to send her to Egypt, as a present to Mahmet Ali, whose power and riches were as unbounded as the regions over which he held the sway of a sovereign prince, second to no one in the universe but to himself, the great Padishah. He observed to her how much happiness would fall to her lot, if she could contrive to captivate the affections of the master for whom he designed her; that she would become, as it were, the Queen of Egypt, and would reign over boundless empires. But in order to insure to her so desirable a consummation of his imperial wishes for her welfare and happiness, he would present her with a talisman, which he then placed upon her finger. "Watch," said he, "a favourable moment, when the Pacha is lying on your bosom, to drop this ring into a glass of water, which, when he shall have drunk, will give you the full possession of his affections, and render him your captive for ever."

The unsuspecting Georgian eagerly accepted the lot which was offered to her, and, dazzled by its promised splendour, determined upon following the instructions of the Sultan to the very letter. In the due course of time she arrived at Cairo, with a splendid suite, and many slaves bearing rich presents. Mahmet Ali's spies had, however, contrived to put him on his guard. Such a splendid demonstration of esteem from his imperial master alarmed him for his safety. He would not suffer the fair Georgian to see the light of his countenance; but, after some detention in Cairo, made a present of her to his intimate friend, Billeh Aga, the governor of Alexandria, of whom, by the bye, the Pacha had long been jealous. The poor Georgian, having lost a pacha, thought she must do her best to captivate an Aga, and she administered to him the fatal draught in the manner Sultan Mahmoud had designed for Mahmet Ali. The Aga fell dead upon the floor; the Georgian shrieked and clapped her hands; in rushed the eunuchs of the harem, and bore out the dead body of their master. When the Georgian was accused of poisoning the Aga, she calmly denied the fact. "What did you do to him?" was the question, "I gave him a glass of water, into which I had dropped a talisman. See, there is the glass, and there is the ring." The ring, it was true, remained; but the stone which it had encircled was melted in the water.—*Asiatic Journal*.

PROFIT ON THE NEW EDITION OF THE WAVERLY NOVELS.—Estimating the number of copies sold, of the new edition of the 'Waverly Novels,' at twelve thousand, and the profit on each copy at 2s., calculations, in either case, by no means extravagant, the profit on the whole edition (40 volumes) will amount to little short of 100,000*l*. Such a sum, it is supposed, will relieve the worthy author from all his embarrassments. The pockets of a few booksellers, who may happen to have a stock of the old editions on their shelves, may perhaps suffer somewhat by the new publication; but the world at large will be the gainers; and the fraternity of publishers, we fear will obtain but little sympathy; none, certainly, from those who partake the sentiment which dictated to Mr. Campbell, or somebody else, the naming of Bonaparte for a toast as a friend to literature, for having caused a bookseller to be put to death.—*Athenæum*.

FALSE NOTIONS OF THE "SENSIBLES" WITH RESPECT TO THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY.—A consideration, which has had its weight with the Sensibles, is, that, in their opinion, it is more important to instruct the judgment than to improve the imagination,—a fallacy, which originates in an entire misconception of the nature and uses of the imaginative faculty. It may be laid down as an incontrovertible position, that in no one department has true greatness ever been attained where this faculty has not been pre-eminant. Sir Humphrey Davy could just as little have invented

his safety-lamp;—or Professor Leslie made his discoveries in heat and moisture, or Mr Watt his improvements on the steam-engine, without imagination, as Sir Walter Scott could, without that faculty, have written his *Ivanhoe*,—or Southey, his *Thalaba*. Before researches in any branch of natural science are begun, imagination must have been at work. Newton did not sit down to the calculations which ultimately demonstrated the truth of his system, until imagination had previously suggested the possibility of the results which he afterwards arrived at: nor, in truth, was any object ever reached, either by reflection or experiment, without the exercise of this faculty, both in suggesting the ultimate end, and the steps by which it was to be attained. Then turn to a survey of literature. It is not in poetry only that the power of imagination is seen: There is scarcely a prose writer of any eminence, the charm of whose works does not owe more to imagination than to the reasoning powers. Johnson, esteemed one of the most profound among our writers, is even more remarkable for the excellence of his illustrations than for the depth of his reasoning; and in the conversations related by Boswell, it is by the force and aptness of his illustrations, and neither by his great learning, nor by the perfection of his judgment, that he silences his opponents. "Women," says he, "write indifferent poetry;" and then he adds, "A woman who writes poetry, is like a dog walking on its hinder legs; it does it ill, but we are surprised that it can do it at all." The mere expression of the opinion, that women write indifferent poetry, is nothing very striking or original, and will hardly be admitted, in our days, to the sober merit of being true; but, backed by such an illustration, who is there, after Johnson had spoken, and looked triumphantly round him, that dared to have attempted a reply? All illustration is the offspring of the imaginative faculty, and judgment does no more than approve the suggestion which imagination has made. Nor need I confine my survey to the field of letters. In oratory, what is it that mainly captivates? What would Chatham, or Burke, or Sheridan, or Canning, have been without imagination? And if at this day I were asked, what it is that makes Dr Chalmers the Prince of Pulpit Orators, I would answer, imagination! imagination! Such is the faculty that is so despised, and which modern wisdom labours to extinguish. Had the Sensibles lived two hundred years ago, we might never have known "Caliban," or seen "the Mask of Comus;" and in the place of "the Romance of the Forest," and "Waverley," we must have been content with "Self-Control," and "Discipline," and "May You Like It," and the tales and talkings of the Sensibles.—*Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

PROFESSOR HANSTEEN'S MAGNETIC DISCOVERIES.—Letters have been received from Professor Hansteen and his companions to the 18th Feb. On the 12th September they left Tobolsk, and travelled on sledges, the cold being at ---40deg. of Reaumur, so that the frozen quicksilver could be cut with a knife. On the 31st they arrived at Tomsk; on the 21st of January 1829 at Krasnojarsk; and on the 7th February at Irkutsk, which is about 4000 versts from Tobolsk. They afterwards visited Kiachta, and crossed the frontier of China. But the most agreeable result is, that one of the desired objects of the journey is accomplished, as the observations have proved perfectly satisfactory, and the position of the magnetic pole is ascertained. Centuries may elapse before Siberia will be again so thoroughly observed. When the letters were despatched it was resolved that the journey should be extended to Nertschinsk, from which place Professor Hansteen would return to Krasnojarsk. His companion, Lieutenant Due, was to go alone to Jakutzk, 2,700 versts N. E. of Irkutsk, and perhaps proceed down the river Lena to the Frozen Ocean, and they intend to meet again at Jeniseisk in September or October.—*Brewster's Journal*.

SONGS OF SCOTLAND.—The lyric poetry of Scotland is in every way worthy of attention. In itself it is manly, native, and homely—the language of truth and feeling; it deals in no fancied passions, it introduces no school-taught mythology, it despises affectation of every kind; even the conventions of rank and estate are overlooked; the earnest and downright Muse of Scotland recognises in her votaries only the sincerity and the warmth of their emotion. They are men—they are lovers and they speak the language of nature and truth. The lyrics of our Doric neighbours are not less pre-eminant in their music. The airs of their songs are unfailling appeals to the passions whether of joy or sorrow. The test of music is the excitement it produces in the human frame; it melts, or it inflames, according to its dis-

gree of goodness. No one can deny the power of true Scottish song. The French nation is the one which in all Europe is most given to song; it is a proverb that every thing in France ends in a song. But it is a song which simply moves to gaiety; it excites no passion, and produces no deep emotion. In this respect the words and the music are admirably adapted. The music simply floats along an undulating air, a certain portion of agreeable prose in rhyme; it is thus readily adapted to any occasion, and is scarcely ever out of place. Hardly raised above the tone of conversation, it requires no preparation either mechanical or intellectual: no grand piano is called for—the thing is *à propos* to the news of the day, or the gossip of the evening; it might be sung over a counter, or at a casual meeting in the streets. Thus the French are given to songs and singing, because they have hit upon an instrument of every-day use. The source of Scottish inspiration lies deeper and goes further; its words are words of power; enthusiasm begets it, and it begets enthusiasm. We appeal to all who have heard Scotch songs sung with spirit: they leave the heart thrilling like a chord that has been newly struck.—*Spectator*.

IMPORTANCE OF THE FINE ARTS.—“ Dr. Tucker, the famous Dean of Gloucester, asserted before the Society for encouraging Commerce and Manufactures, that a pinmaker was a more valuable and useful member of society than Raphael.” Sir Joshua Reynolds was nettled, and replied with some asperity. “ This is an observation of a very narrow mind,—a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce,—that sees with a microscopic eye but a part of the great machine of the economy of life, and thinks that small part which he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end of happiness or pleasure: the end is a rational enjoyment by means of arts and sciences. It is therefore the highest degree of folly to set the means in a higher rank of esteem than the end. It is as much as to say, that the brickmaker is superior to the architect.”—*Examiner*.

AFRICAN PATRIOTISM AND BENTHAM'S THEORY OF MORALS.—“ The name of a person having been mentioned in the presence of Naimbanna (a young African chieftain), who was understood by him to have publicly asserted something very degrading to the general character of Africans, he broke out into violent and vindictive language. He was immediately reminded of the Christian duty of forgiving his enemies; upon which he answered nearly in the following words:—‘ If a man should rob me of my money, I can forgive him; if a man should shoot at me, or try to stab me, I can forgive him; if a man should sell me and all my family to a slave-ship, so that we should pass all the rest of our days in slavery in the West Indies, I can forgive him; but’ (added he, rising from his seat with much emotion) ‘ if a man takes away the character of the people of my country, I, never can forgive him.’ Being asked why he would not extend his forgiveness to those who took away the character of the people of his country, he answered: ‘ if a man should try to kill me, or should sell me and my family for slaves, he would do an injury to as many as he might kill or sell; but if any one takes away the character of Black people, that man injures Black people all over the world; and when he has once taken away their character, there is nothing which he may not do to Black people ever after. That man, for instance, will beat black men, and say, *Oh, it is only a Black man, why should not I beat him?* That man will make slaves of Black people; for, when he has taken away their character, he will say, *Oh, they are only Black people, why should not I make them slaves?* That man will take away all the people of Africa if he can catch them; and if you ask him, *But why do you take away all these people?* he will say, *Oh, they are only Black people—they are not like White people—why should I not take them?* That is the reason why I cannot forgive the man who takes away the character of the people of my country.’”

I conceive more real light and vital heat is thrown into the argument by this struggle of natural feeling to relieve itself from the weight of a false and injurious imputation, than would be added to it by twenty volumes of tables and calculations of the pros and cons of right and wrong, of utility and inutility, in Mr. Bentham's hand-writing. In allusion to this celebrated person's theory of morals, I will here go a step farther, and deny that the dry calculation of consequences is the sole and unqualified test of right and wrong; for we are to take into the account (as well) the re-action of these consequences upon the mind of the individual and the community. In morals, the cultivation of a moral sense is not the last thing to be attended to—nay, it is the first.

Almost the only unsophisticated or spirited remark that we meet with in Paley's Moral Philosophy, is one which is also to be found in Tucker's Light of Nature—namely, that in dispensing charity to common beggars we are not to consider so much the good it may do the object of it, as the harm it will do the person who refuses it. A sense of compassion is involuntarily excited by the immediate appearance of distress, and a violence and injury is done to the kindly feelings by withholding the obvious relief, the trifling pittance in our power. This is a remark, I think, worthy of the ingenious and amiable author from whom Paley borrowed it. So with respect to the atrocities committed in the Slave-Trade, it could not be set up as a doubtful plea in their favour, that the actual and intolerable sufferings inflicted on the individuals were compensated by certain advantages in a commercial and political point of view—in a moral sense they cannot be compensated. They hurt the public mind: they harden and sear the natural feelings. The evil is monstrous and palpable; the pretended good is remote and contingent. In morals, as in philosophy, *De non apparentibus et non existentibus eadem est ratio*. What does not touch the heart, or come home to the feelings, goes comparatively for little or nothing. A benefit that exists merely in possibility, and is judged of only by the forced dictates of the understanding, is not a set-off against an evil (say of equal magnitude in itself) that strikes upon the senses, that haunts the imagination, and lacerates the human heart. A spectacle of deliberate cruelty, that shocks every one that sees and hears of it, is not to be justified by any calculations of cold-blooded self-interest—is not to be permitted in any case. It is prejudged and self-condemned. Necessity has been therefore justly called “the tyrant’s plea.” It is no better with the mere doctrine of utility, which is the sophist’s plea. Thus, for example, an infinite number of lumps of sugar put into Mr. Bentham’s artificial ethical scales would never weigh against the pounds of human flesh, or drops of human blood, that are sacrificed to produce them. The taste of the former on the palate is evanescent; but the others sit heavy on the soul. The one are an object to the imagination: the others only to the understanding. But man is an animal compounded both of imagination and understanding; and, in treating of what is good for man’s nature, it is necessary to consider both. A calculation of the mere ultimate advantages, without regard to natural feelings and affections, may improve the external face and physical comforts of society, but will leave it heartless and worthless in itself. In a word, the sympathy of the individual with the consequences of his own act is to be attended to (no less than the consequences themselves) in every sound system of morality; and this must be determined by certain natural laws of the human mind, and not by rules of logic or arithmetic.—*Hazlitt’s Table Talk*.

NEW MODE OF VACCINATING.—In the hope of rendering vaccination a more certain preservative against the attacks of small pox, Mr. Jahn vaccinates his patients on the thighs as well as the arms, in such a manner as to produce from 24 to 36 pustules. The fever which succeeds to this operation is represented as very strong, but as never having been attended with serious or dangerous symptoms.—*Archiv für medicin. Erfahrung.*

THE LAMENTATION OF THE MOORS FOR THE BATTLE OF LUCENA.—“The sentinels looked out from the watch-towers of Loxa, along the valley of the Xenil, which passes through the mountains of Algaringo. They looked, to behold the king returning in triumph, at the head of his shining host, laden with the spoil of the unbeliever. They looked, to behold the standard of their warlike idol, the fierce Ali Atar, borne by the chivalry of Loxa, ever foremost in the wars of the border.

“In the evening of the 21st of April, they descried a single horseman, urging his faltering steed along the banks of the river. As he drew near, they perceived, by the flash of arms, that he was a warrior; and, on nearer approach, by the richness of his armour, and the caparison of his steed, they knew him to be a warrior of rank.

“He reached Loxa faint and agast; his Arabian courser covered with foam and dust and blood, peasting and staggering with fatigue, and gashed with wounds. Having brought his master in safety, he sunk down and died, before the gate of the city. The soldiers at the gate gathered round the cavalier, as he stood, mute and melancholy, by his expiring steed. They knew him to be the gallant Cidi Caleb, nephew of the chief alfaqui of the albaycen of Granada. When the people of Loxa beheld this noble cavalier thus alone haggard and dejected, their hearts were filled with fearful forebodings.

" 'Cavaliér,' said they, 'how fares it with the king and army?' He cast his hand mournfully towards the land of the Christians. 'There they lie!' exclaimed he: 'the heavens have fallen upon them! all are lost! all dead!'

" 'Upon this, there was a great cry of consternation among the people, and loud wailings of women; for the flower of the youth of Loxa were with the army. An old Moorish soldier, scarred in many a border battle, stood leaning on his lance by the gate way. 'Where is Ali Atar?' demanded he eagerly. 'If he still live, the army cannot be lost!'

" 'I saw his turban cloven by the Christian sword,' replied Cidi Caleb. 'His body is floating in the Xenil.'

" When the soldier heard these words, he smote his breast, and threw dust upon his head; for he was an old follower of Ali Atar.

" The noble Cidi Caleb gave himself no repose; but, mounting another steed, hastened to carry the disastrous tidings to Granada. As he passed through the villages and hamlets, he spread sorrow around; for their chosen men had followed the king to the wars.

" When he entered the gates of Granada, and announced the loss of the king and army, a voice of horror went throughout the city. Every one thought but of his own share in the general calamity, and crowded round the bearer of ill tidings. One asked after a father, another after a brother, some after a lover, and many a mother after her son. His replies were still of wounds and death. To one he replied, 'I saw thy father pierced with a lance, as he defended the person of the king.' To another, 'Thy brother fell wounded under the hoofs of the horses; but there was no time to aid him, for the Christian cavalry were upon us.' To a third, 'I saw the horse of thy lover covered with blood, and galloping without his rider.' To a fourth, 'Thy son fought by my side on the banks of Xenil: we were surrounded by the enemy, and driven into the stream. I heard him call aloud upon Allah in the midst of the waters: when I reached the other bank, he was no longer by my side!'

" The noble Cidi Caleb passed on, leaving Granada in lamentation. He urged his steed up the steep avenue of trees and fountains, that leads to the Alhambra, nor stopped until he arrived before the gate of justice. Ayxa, the mother of Boabdil, and Morayma, his beloved and tender wife, had daily watched, from the tower of the Gomerres, to behold his triumphant return. Who shall describe their afflictions, when they heard the tidings of Cidi Caleb? The sultana Ayxa spoke not much, but sat as one entranced in woe. Every now and then a deep sigh burst forth; but she raised her eyes to Heaven. 'It is the will of Allah!' said she; and with these words she endeavoured to repress the agonies of a mother's sorrow. The tender Morayma threw herself on the earth, and gave way to the full turbulence of her feelings, bewailing her husband and her father. The highminded Ayxa rebuked the violence of her grief. 'Moderate these transports, my daughter,' said she; 'remember, magnanimity should be the attribute of princes; it becomes not them to give way to clamorous sorrow, like common and vulgar minds.' But Morayma could only deplore her loss with the anguish of a tender woman. She shut herself up in her myrador, and gazed all day with streaming eyes upon the vega. Every object before her recalled the causes of her affliction. The river Xenil, which ran skimming amidst the groves and gardens, was the same on the banks of which had perished her father, Ali Atar; before her lay the road to Loxa, by which Boabdil had departed in martial state, surrounded by the chivalry of Granada. Ever and anon she would burst into an agony of grief. 'Alas, my father!' she would exclaim, 'the river runs smiling before me, that covers thy mangled remains! who will gather them to an honored tomb, in the land of the unbelievers! And thou, oh, Boabdil! light of my eyes! joy of my heart! life of my life! Wo the day, and wo the hour, that I saw thee depart from these walls! The road by which thou hast departed is solitary; never will it be gladdened by the return! The mountain thou hast traversed lies like a cloud in the distance, and all beyond it is darkness!'

" The royal minstrels were summoned, to assuage the sorrows of the queen; they attuned their instruments to cheerful strains; but in a little while, the anguish of their hearts prevailed, and turned their songs to lamentations.

" ' Beautiful Granada ! ' they exclaimed, ' how is thy glory faded ! The vivarrambla no longer echoes to the tramp of steed and sound of trumpet ; no longer is it crowded with thy youthful nobles, eager to display their prowess in the tourney and the festive tilt of reeds. Alas ! the flower of thy chivalry lies low in a foreign land ! The soft note of the lute is no longer heard in thy mournful streets, the lively castanet is silent upon thy hills, and the graceful dance of the zambra is no more seen beneath thy bowers ! Behold, the Alhambra is forlorn and desolate ! In vain do the orange and myrtle breathe their perfumes into its silken chambers ; in vain does the nightingale sing within its groves ; in vain are its marble halls refreshed by the sound of fountains and the gush of limpid rills ! Alas ! the countenance of the king no longer shines within those halls ; the light of the Alhambra is set for ever ! ' "

" Thus all Granada, says the Arabian chroniclers, gave itself up to lamentations ; there was nothing but the voice of wailing from the palace to the cottage. All joined to deplore their youthful monarch, cut down in the freshness and promise of his youth. Many feared that the prediction of the astrologer was about to be fulfilled and that the downfall of the kingdom would follow the death of Boabdil ; while all declared, that had he survived, he was the very sovereign calculated to restore the realm to its ancient prosperity and glory."—*Irving's Conquest of Granada*.

A NEW ORATORIO, BY NEUKOMM.—The most interesting circumstance attending his visit (M. Neukomm's late visit to Edinburgh), was his allowing some of his friends to see the MS. of a great oratorio which he has lately written, and of the effect of which we obtained, from his splendid piano-forte playing, aided by two or three of our voices, a very vivid idea. Its subject is the delivery of the Ten Commandments from Mount Sinai. The words, which consist entirely of passages from Scripture, are selected and arranged with great skill and judgment, and from a beautiful poem, affording the finest scope for variety of musical effect and expression. The tremendous manifestations of divine power and majesty—the thunders and lightnings—the thick clouds and darkness—and the sound of the trumpet, louder and louder, so that all the people trembled—form a magnificent piece of descriptive music, introductory to the delivery of the first commandment, which, given in a passage of canto fermo, in four parts, and accompanied by the brass instruments, is grand and awful in the extreme. This is followed by an aria for a tenor voice, expressive of the greatness of the Almighty, in which devout solemnity is mingled with the utmost grace and beauty of melody. In a similar manner the other commandments are treated ; the awful ecclesiastical tones in which the divine precepts are conveyed, being mingled with the most flowing, rich, and melodious music, in the free style, consisting of airs, duets, trios, and choruses, expressive of the human feelings and sentiments to which each of the commandments gives rise. Both of the two parts are terminated by a chorus of prodigious grandeur and magnificence : and the concluding chorus is wound up by a most masterly and noble fugue. This great work is dedicated to the King of Prussia. It has not yet been performed : but when brought out, will be found a worthy companion to *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, and *The Mount of Olives*.—*Correspondent of the Harmonicon for August*. The Editor of the *Harmonicon* subjoins the following note. " M. Sigismund Neukomm, a native of Salsborough, the city which gave birth to Mozart, was a disciple of Haydn, who treated him like a son, and at whose recommendation he was appointed Maestro di Capella at St. Petersburg in 1804, but in which situation the climate did not long allow him to remain. He enjoys independence, and is journeying through England and Scotland for the sole purpose of enlarging his stock of general knowledge. M. Neukomm was an intimate friend of Dr. Spurzheim, and is a warm advocate of the doctrines taught by the phrenologists."—*Spectator*.

CONFESSION OF AN AUTHOR.—I am somewhat sick of this trade of authorship, where the critics look askance at one's best-meant efforts, but am still fond of those athletic exercises, where they do not keep two scores to mark the game, with Whig and Tory notches. The accomplishments of the body are obvious and clear to all ; those of the mind are recondite and doubtful, and therefore grudgingly acknowledged, or held up as the sport of prejudice, spite, and folly.—*Hastitt*.

February 1830.

MR. HODGSKIN'S LECTURES ON THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.—Mr. Hodgskin has been delivering, at the Mechanics' Institution, a course of interesting and ingenious lectures on the Progress of Society. We quote a passage on the uses of Fire. "After the possession of the coarsest food, nothing seems more necessary than fire to enable a man to preserve his existence; and you were probably as much astonished as the author from whom I quoted the fact in my last lecture, to learn that men were once ignorant of the uses of fire, and the means of obtaining it. Every nation now on the earth is, I believe, acquainted with the principal uses of fire, and obtains it readily. We procure it so easily that we are rather careful to extinguish than to preserve it; but in Ancient Rome, some of the choicest of its maidens, under the name of Vestals, were appointed to cherish and keep alive the sacred flame. When our knowledge of this custom begins, indeed the necessity for it had passed away; but as customs are frequently continued even after the circumstances which gave birth to them are forgotten, there can be no doubt that the practice of preserving fire, which was common to many ancient nations, and was consecrated as a religious rite, arose from the difficulty they previously experienced in obtaining it. Such a custom is neither proof of the very rude and ignorant state of mankind before their records begin. I do not mean to describe the extent of our knowledge on this subject, the number of arts which depend on the use of fire, or the great tasks man has achieved with its assistance. The most destructive, perhaps, of all agents, when it escapes the bounds he prescribes, as long as the complete mastery over it remains in his hands, it is not less benevolent than powerful. By it he softens the hardest metals, and imparts so gentle a warmth to the air of his dwelling, that it resembles during winter the genial breath of spring. Like the eternal fire which is supposed to exist in the bowels of the earth, he keeps it raging in his furnaces, unextinguished for years together, scorching and melting the materials of the solid globe; and he strikes out a hasty spark that serves the purpose designed, and disappears at the very moment it is produced. He divides it into such minute portions, that one of them will not affect the easily irritated sensibility of a sick lady; nor disturb her slumbers, while it secures her from total darkness; or he collects it into masses, and reflects it many miles over the ocean, so as to form for the mariner, bewildered amidst rocks and shoals, a guide equal to the heavenly light of day. These things are now done by all the people of Europe. The beam that is the seaman's beacon by night, is dispersed from the Pharos at Messina, in Sicily, the most ancient light-house, perhaps, as well as from the Eddystone, near Plymouth, one of the most beautiful specimens of modern art.

THE SANJAC-SHERIF, OR STANDARD OF MAHOMET.—This standard, which is an object of peculiar reverence among the Mussulmen, was originally the curtain of the chamber door of Mahomet's favourite wife. It is kept as the Palladium of the empire, and no infidel can look upon it with impunity. It is carried out of Constantinople to battle in cases of emergency, in great solemnity, before the Sultan, and its return is hailed by all the people of the capital going out to meet it. The Caaba, or black stone of Mecca is also much revered by the Turks; it is placed in the Temple, and is expected to be endowed with speech at the day of judgment, for the purpose of declaring the names of those pious Mussulmen who have really performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and poured forth their devotions at the shrine of the prophet.—*The Mirror*.

HOGARTH.—"As a painter," says Walpole, "Hogarth has slender merit." What is the merit of a painter? If it be to represent life—to give us an image of man—to exhibit the workings of his heart—to record the good and evil of his nature—to set in motion before us the very beings with whom earth is peopled—to shake us, with mirth—to sadden us with woful reflection, to please us with natural grouping, vivid action, and vigorous colouring—Hogarth has done all this, and if he that has done so be not a painter, who will show us one? I claim a signification as wide for the word painter as for the word poet. But there seems a disposition to limit the former to those who have been formed under some peculiar course of study—and produced works in the fashion of such and such great masters. This I take to be mere pedantry; and that as well might all men be excluded from the rank of poets, who have not composed epics, dramas, odes, or elegies, according to the rules of the Greeks."—*Lives of the Painters*.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF MEN OF GENIUS.—In general, the consciousness of internal power leads rather to a disregard of, than a studied attention to external appearance. The wear and tear of the mind does not improve the sleekness of the skin, or the elasticity of the muscles. The burthen of thought weighs down the body like a porter's burthen. A man cannot stand so upright or move so briskly under it as if he had nothing to carry in his head or on his shoulders. The rose on the cheek and the canker at the heart do not flourish at the same time; and he who has much to think of, must take many things to heart; for thought and feeling are one. He who can truly say *Nihil humani a me alienum puto*, has a world of cares on his hands, which nobody knows any thing of but himself. This is not one of the least miseries of a studious life. The common herd do not by any means give him full credit for his gratuitous sympathy with their concerns; but are struck with his lack-lustre eye and wasted appearance. They cannot translate the expression of his countenance out of the vulgate; they mistake the knitting of his brows for the frown of displeasure, the paleness of study for the languor of sickness, the furrows of thought for the regular approaches of old age. They read his looks, not his books; have no clue to penetrate the last recesses of the mind, and attribute the height of abstraction to more than an ordinary share of stupidity. "Mr. — never seems to take the slightest interest in any thing," is a remark I have often heard made in a whisper. People do not like your philosopher at all, for he does not look, say, or think as they do; and they respect him still less. The majority go by personal appearances, not by proofs of intellectual power; and they are quite right in this, for they are better judges of the one than of the other. There is a large party who undervalue Mr. Kean's acting, (and very properly, as far as they are concerned,) for they can see that he is a little ill-made man, but they are incapable of entering into the depth and height of the passion in his Othello.---H.

POETRY AND UTILITARIANISM.—S. Tell me, do they (the Utilitarians) not abuse poetry, painting, music? Is it, think you, for the pain or the pleasure these things give? Or because they are without eyes, ears, imaginations? Is that an excellence in them, or the fault of these arts? Why do they treat Shakespear so cavalierly? Is there any one they would set up against him—any Sir Richard Blackmore they patronise; or do they prefer Racine, as Adam Smith did before them? Or what are we to understand?

R. I can answer for it, they do not wish to pull down Shakespear in order to set up Racine on the ruins of his reputation. They think little indeed of Racine.

S. Or of Moliere either, I suppose?

R. Not much.

S. And yet these two contributed something to "the greatest happiness of the greatest number;" that is, to the amusement and delight of a whole nation for the last century and a half. But that goes for nothing in the system of Utility, which is satisfied with nothing short of the good of the whole. Such benefactors of the species, as Shakespear, Racine, and Moliere, who sympathised with human character and feeling in their finest and liveliest moods, can expect little favour from "those few and recent writers," who scorn the Muse, and whose philosophy is a dull antithesis to human nature.—*Table Talk.*

TAVERNIER.—Gemelli Careri gives a singular instance of the simplicity of Tavernier, a very distinguished traveller. "Some Frenchmen," he says, "living in Zulfa, told me a trick which had been played upon Tavernier about crabs. He was dining with M. L'Etoile, and greatly praising the savouriness of these crabs, when his host, pleasant and facetious as he was, said to him, 'This is the best season for them, because now they feed on white mulberries.' And observing the simple Tavernier eager to know how they could eat mulberries, and how they could obtain them, in order to record the circumstance, he added, 'These crabs, at sun-set, issue from their holes, near the trees; then clumping up, they devour mulberries throughout the night, and at daybreak return into the water. Wherefore, the gardeners, go during the night to shake the trees and collect the crabs, which they carry for sale into the market.' This information, said, in jest, was swallowed by Tavernier, and written down as truth, to the great prejudice of other persons as foolish as he."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

LOVE AT ONE GLIMPSE.—Some years ago, there used to be pointed out, upon the streets of Glasgow, a man whose intellects had been unsettled upon a very strange account. When a youth, he had happened to pass a lady on a crowded thoroughfare—a lady whose extreme beauty, though dimmed by the intervention of a veil, and seen but for a moment, made an indelible impression upon his mind. This lovely vision shot rapidly past him quare in an instant lost amidst the common place 'crown through which it moved. He was so confounded by the tumult of his feelings, that he could not pursue, or even attempt to see it again. Yet he never afterwards forgot it.

With a mind full of distracting thoughts, and a heart filled alternately with gushes of pleasure and of pain, the man slowly left the spot where he had remained for some minutes as it were thunderstruck. He soon after, without being aware of what he wished, or what he was doing, found himself again at the place. He came to the very spot where he had stood when the lady passed, mused for some time about it, went to a little distance, and then came up as he had come when he met the exquisite subject of his reverie—unconsciously deluding himself with the idea that this might recall her to the spot. She came not; he felt disappointed; he tried again; still she abstained from passing. He continued to traverse the place till the evening, when the street became deserted. By and by, he was left altogether alone. He then saw that all his fond efforts were vain, and he left the silent, lonely street at midnight, with a soul as desolate as that gloomy terrace.

For weeks afterwards he was never off the streets. He wandered hither and thither throughout the town, like a forlorn ghost. In particular, he often visited the place where he had first seen the object of his abstracted thoughts, as if he considered that he had a better chance of seeing her *there* than any where else. He frequented every place of public amusement to which he could purchase admission; and he made the tour of all the churches in the town. All was in vain. He never again placed his eyes upon that angelic countenance. She was ever present to his mental optics—but she never appeared in a tangible form. Without her essential presence, all the world beside was to him as a blank—a wilderness.

Madness invariably takes possession of the mind which broods over-much or over-long upon some engrossing idea. So did it prove with this singular lover. He grew innocent, as the people of this country tenderly phrase it. His insanity, however, was little more than mere abstraction. The course of his mind was stopped at a particular point. After this he made no further progress in any intellectual attainment. He acquired no new ideas. His whole soul stood still. He was like a clock stopped at a particular hour, with some things, too, about him, which, like the motionless indices of that machine, pointed out the date of the interruption. As, for instance, he ever after wore a peculiarly long-backed and high-necked coat, as well as a neckcloth of a particular spot—being the fashion of the year when he saw the lady. Indeed, he was a sort of living memorial of the dress, gait, and manners of a former day. It was evident that he clung with a degree of fondness to every thing which bore relation to the great incident of his life. Nor could he endure any thing that tended to cover up or screen from his recollection that glorious yet melancholy circumstance. He had the same feeling of veneration for that day—that circumstance---and for himself, as he then existed---which caused the chivalrous lover of former times to preserve upon his lips, as long as he could, the imaginary delight which they had drawn from the touch of his mistress's hand.

When I last saw this unfortunate person, he was getting old, and seemed still more deranged than formerly. Every female whom he met on the street, especially if at all good looking, he gazed at with an enquiry, anxious expression; and when she had passed, he usually stood still a few moments and mused, with his eyes cast upon the ground. It was remarkable, that he gazed most anxiously upon women whose age and figures most nearly resembled that of his unknown mistress at the time he had seen her, and that he did not appear to make allowance for the years which had passed since his eyes met that vision. This was part of his madness. Strange power of love! Incomprehensible mechanism of the human heart!—*Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

- **M. CHABERT.**—The experiments of M. Chabert were lately exhibited before fifteen persons, including Dr. Gordon Smith, Mr. Titus Bury the surgeon, and other scientific men. Having armed himself by the antidote which he has found to be a guard

against animal poisons, M. Chabert swallowed *forty grains of phosphorus* in the presence of the astonished company. The phosphorus was distinctly put upon his tongue by a gentleman, and, beyond all doubt, fairly taken into the stomach; nearly, if not quite enough, we presume, to have killed all those who saw this feat done. His next exploit was to sup two spoonfuls of oil, at 330 deg. by the thermometer—i. e. 120 deg. above the heat of boiling water. This he did without any apparent inconveniency, though the spoon remained for minutes so hot that no one could bear to touch it with his hand. Finally, M. Chabert held his head directly over and in the midst of the fumes of arsenic, which, diffusing over a large room, speedily became too potent to be inhaled with impunity by any other person who was present.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

THERIAKIS, OR OPIUM-EATERS.—"I have heard so many contradictory reports of the sensations produced by this drug, that I resolved to know the truth, and accordingly took my seat in a coffee-house with half-a-dozen *Theriakis*. Their gestures were frightful; those who were completely under the influence of the opium talked incoherently, their features were flushed, their eyes had an unnatural brilliancy, and the general expression of their countenances was horribly wild. The effect is usually produced in two hours, and lasts four or five; the dose varies from three grains to a drachm. I saw one old man take four pills, of six grains each, in the course of two hours. I was told he had been using opium for twenty-five years; but this is a very rare example of an opium-eater passing thirty years of age, if he commences the practice early. The debility, both moral and physical, attendant on its excitement, is terrible; the appetite is soon destroyed—every fibre in the body trembles—the nerves of the neck become affected—and the muscles get rigid; several of these I have seen, in this place, at various times, who had wry necks and contracted fingers; but still they cannot abandon the custom; they are miserable till the hour arrives for taking their daily dose; and when its delightful influence begins, they are all fire and animation. Some of them compose excellent verses, and others address the by-standers in the most eloquent discourses, imagining themselves to be Emperors, and to have all the harems in the world at their command. I commenced with one grain; in the course of an hour and a half it produced no perceptible effect; the coffee-house keeper was very anxious to give me an additional pill of two grains, but I was contented with half a one; and in another half hour, feeling nothing of the expected reverie, I took half a grain more, making in all two grains in the course of two hours. After two hours and a half from the first dose, I took two grains more, and shortly after this dose, my spirits became sensibly excited; the pleasure of the sensation seemed to depend on an universal expansion of mind and matter. My faculties appeared enlarged; every thing I looked on seemed increased in volume; I had no longer the same pleasure when I closed my eyes which I had when they were open: it appeared to me as if it was only external objects which were acted upon by the imagination, and magnified into images of pleasure; in short, it was "the faint exquisite music of a dream," in a waking moment. I made my way home as fast as possible, dreading at every step that I should commit some extravagance. In walking, I was hardly sensible of my feet touching the ground; it seemed as if I slid along the street, impelled by some invisible agent, and that my blood was composed of some ethereal fluid, which rendered my body lighter than air. I got to bed the moment I reached home. The most extraordinary visions of delight filled my brain all night. In the morning I rose pale and dispirited; my head ached; my body was so debilitated that I was obliged to remain on the sofa all day, dearly paying for my first essay at opium-eating."—*Madden's Travels in Turkey, &c.*

ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN GERMANY.—The best proof how much the English language is now liked and understood in Germany is, that there was published, for this year, at Heidelberg (Grand-Duchy of Baden), an English Almanack, under the following title: *The English Fire-side upon the Banks of the Rhine: an Almanack for the year 1829; exhibiting a choice of English and German Tales, Poems, and Historical Anecdotes, selected by J. Hedmann, M.A. embellished with superb Engravings.* Besides this, most of the best English classics, old and new ones, have been reprinted in Germany at very low prices.

FOOD FOR SILK WORMS.—Dr. Sterler, a member of the Commission appointed for improving the production of silk, and Botanist to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich, has succeeded in discovering a kind of food for the silk-worms, which will replace the use of the mulberry-tree. This too, it is said, the silk-worms prefer and it renders them less subject to disease. The silk which the worms, in this manner, produce, is much more beautiful, and of a better quality than that formerly produced; and specimens of it have been presented to his Majesty, which have received his approbation. Great advantage will result from this discovery.

ZOOLOGICAL WEATHER GLASS.—In the southern parts of Germany there may frequently be witnessed an amusing application of zoological knowledge, for the purpose of prognosticating the weather. Two frogs of the species *Rana arborea* are kept in a glass jar about eighteen inches in height and six inches in diameter, with the depth of three or four inches of water at the bottom, and a small ladder, reaching to the top of the jar. On the approach of dry weather the frogs mount the ladder, but when wet weather is expected they descend into the water. These animals are of a bright green, and in their wild state climb the trees in search of insects, and make a peculiar singing noise before rain. In the jar they get no other food than now and then a fly, one of which will serve a frog for a week, though it will eat from six to twelve in a day if it can get them. In catching the flies put alive into the jar the frogs display great adroitness.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

NEW ACTOR AT PARIS.—A new drama has been brought out at the Cirque Olympique, in Paris, in which the principal actor is an elephant. The piece is entitled the 'Elephant of the King of Siam,' and is arranged expressly to bring into action the intelligence of the sagacious animal. The plot is taken from a familiar story. The King of Siam dying, the succession devolves on his son who is betrothed to a beautiful princess. The young prince, however, has an enemy and a rival both in his love and his throne in a Birman prince, who, in concert with an ambitious and cruel priest, uses every means of fraud and violence to deprive him at once of his crown and his princess. All his efforts are unavailing, the sacred elephant opposes and frustrates him at every turn, and ultimately procures the triumph of the young king. Hence opportunities for the feats of the elephant of the Cirque: he presents flowers to the princess; charges himself with her correspondence; he honours the memory of the defunct king, by kneeling at his tomb: he causes his repast to be brought to him, and after his meal performs a dance. But his political cares are still more wonderful: he takes the crown from the usurper and places it on the head of the legitimate owner; he holds up the king, whom he has so made, to the regards and homage of the people; he attends him in all his vicissitudes of fortune, delivers him from captivity and danger, carries him about in triumphal procession, and pays him homage with the most expressive signs of fidelity and attachment: and lastly, when, as is the usage after such successful performances, the actor is called for to receive the applause of the audience, he comes forward and with his trunk salutes three times his numerous admirers. The part, says the critic, was executed to perfection with remarkable appropriateness and precision; the presence of mind of the actor never failed him, and he had scarcely any need of the prompter; when he was out, a slight touch of the finger was sufficient to set him right.—*Athenæum*.

BAVARIAN SCULPTURES.—The famous bas-relief procession, called the triumph of Alexander, executed by Thorwaldsen for the late magnificent Conte di Sommariva, in which it is considered to have been the intention, both of patron and artist, to typify the conquests of Napoleon, and which has for a long time reigned paramount among the works in the fine arts seen in modern times, has at length something like a rival, in its extent at least, although hardly in its excellence, in a splendid work originating in the munificent encouragement accorded to the arts by the King of Bavaria. We allude to a vast undertaking in which the Bavarian Sculptor, Wagner, has been engaged, at Rome, for some years past, and which he has now nearly completed. It consists of a grand series of bas-reliefs, the subject of which is the history of the northern nations. They commence with the movement of the hordes from the Caucasus to the South of Europe, then represent the consequent introduction of Christianity into Germany by the Apostle Boniface, and end with the subjugation of the Romans. The number of figures is said to amount to 6000.

The work, when finished, is intended to ornament a building on the shore of the Danube, at Ratibon.

The artist is the person to whom the custody of the celebrated Egina Marbles, so unfortunately lost to this country by the supineness of the government with regard to matters of art, were entrusted while they remained at Rome before their removal to Munich.

PHENOMENA ON BORING FOR WATER.—On occasion of some recent operations, for boring for water, in the neighbourhood of Paris, five distinct columns of water were found to rise at the same time, indicating the like number of distinct courses of water beneath the soil. A curious effect was found to have been produced on the instrument with which the bore was made. It became strongly magnetized by its passage through calcareous and siliceous earth. After the operation a room-door-key of the ordinary size would adhere to its sides.

ANECDOTES OF THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.—It is a notorious fact, that when the Duke of Orleans was in exile, and wandered in poverty through different countries of Europe, he sojourned, some time in a small town in Switzerland, where, having no other means of living, he had recourse for subsistence to giving lessons in geography in a school. It is not, however, so generally known, that on his return to France, and when at the height of prosperity, he caused this event of his life to be recorded in a painting, and had himself represented surrounded by the children of the school, to whom he was explaining the different parts of the terrestrial globe. The President Hennon sat for the portrait of the master, who was also to be introduced.

A SPEAKING DOG.—The animals of Dumfries-shire are a good deal celebrated, and not, it would appear, without reason. A speaking dog actually exists at the house of Mr. —, writer in that town. His name is Wellington, his size moderate, his shape handsome, and he is usually denominated the Dutch Pug. The editor of the Dumfries Courier declares most solemnly that he heard him repeatedly pronounce the word William, almost as distinctly as ever it was enounced by the human voice. About a fortnight ago (January 1829), he was lying on a rug before the fire, when one of his master's son, whose name is William, to whom he is more obedient than to any body else, happened to give him a shove, and then the animal ejaculated, for the first time, the word William! The whole fireside were as much amazed as Balaam was when his ass spoke; and, though they could hardly believe their own ears, one of them exclaimed, "Could you really find it in your heart to hurt the beast, after he has so distinctly pronounced your name?" This led to a series of experiments, which have been repeated for the satisfaction of various persons; but still the animal performs with difficulty. When his master seizes his fore-legs, and commands him to say William, he treats the hearer with a gurring voluntary; and, after this species of music has been protracted for a longer or a shorter period, his voice seems to fall a full octave before he comes out with the important disyllable. — *Anecdotes of Dogs.*

BOTANY.—The deficiencies of the ancients in studying natural history are very striking, if we compare their attempts in this department with their glorious productions in poetry, eloquence, history, and morals. It is surprising what little progress they made in their investigations into nature, and it is the more remarkable that they should not have made more progress in botany, if we consider their extreme partiality and almost reverence for flowers. The secret which explains the whole is their want of system. That has been the great engine of advancement in modern times, for, as we understand the term, the ancients had no system in their study of nature. The three great names among the ancients, as professed naturalists, are Theophrastus, Dioscorides, and Pliny. But in none is there the smallest attempt at what we now understand by classification. Theophrastus describes about six hundred species, Dioscorides about seven hundred. But the contentions among commentators to ascertain the plants alluded to, are endless and irreconcilable. Pliny's work is valuable, as collecting all that had been done by Greek authors before his time; but the descriptions are so vague, taken from such uncertain marks, and, from comparison with other plants, of which we know nothing, that as a system of plants it is perfectly useless. Thus botany went on, till Lobel, in 1570, adopted something like a system of classes. This was improved by the two

Baubines, who published their works, the *Pinax* and *Hist. Plant. Univ.* in 1623 and 1650. But the first really systematic form given to botany was by Ray, the great English botanist, the second edition of whose *Synopsis*, his great work, was published in 1677, and is, strictly speaking, a systematic work, having an arrangement into classes, genera and species, though in this respect still very imperfect. Ray was unquestionably a great naturalist, and among the fathers of natural history, ranks only second to the illustrious Swede Linnæus.—*Monthly Magazine*.

ORIENTAL ARCHERY.—In the life of Jehangueir, written by himself, occurs the following account of a feat of archery performed at his court, which may serve as a stimulus to our modern fashionable practitioners with the long bow. "Another of the ameers of my court," says he, "distinguished for courage and skill, was Banker Noodjum Thauni, who had not in the world his equal in the use of the bow. As an instance of the surprising perfection to which he had carried his practice, it will be sufficient to relate that one evening, in my presence, they placed before him a transparent glass bottle, or vessel of some kind or other, a torch or flambeau being held at some distance behind the vessel, they then made of wax something in the shape of a fly, which they fixed to the side of the bottle, which was of the most delicate fabric: on the top of this piece of wax they set a grain of rice and a peppercorn. His first arrow struck the peppercorn, his second carried off the grain of rice, and the third struck the diminutive wax figure, without in the slightest degree touching or injuring the glass vessel, which was, as I have before observed, of the very lightest and most delicate material. This was a degree of skill in the bowman's art amazing beyond all amazement; and it might be safely alleged that such an instance of perfection in the craft has never been exhibited in any age or nation."—*Ibid*.

THE GREAT AMERICAN BITTERN.—A most interesting and remarkable circumstance we learn from the *Magazine of Natural History* attends the great American Bittern; it is that it has the power of emitting a light from its breast equal to the light of a common torch, which illuminates the water so as to enable it to discover its prey. As this circumstance is not mentioned by any naturalist, the correspondent of the *Journal* in question took every precaution to determine, as he has done, the truth of it.—*Ibid*.

THE CHATEAU OF MALMAISON.—The sale of the furniture of the Chateau de Malmaison—a new and striking example of human vicissitude! Who could have thought, twenty years ago, that the furniture which had served for the private use of Prince Eugene and Josephine, should one day be sold by auction! Prince Eugene's family caused the sale to take place. Old soldiers and former servants of Napoleon have made sacrifices to obtain some remains of what had belonged to their old general. Many articles have been bought by the English. The bed of Josephine has been sold to Lady D——, an English lady, for 15,000*f*. A small portrait of Bonaparte as First Consul was brought at a high price by an Englishman. The red furniture of the Council Chamber was sold piecemeal. Lady D—— was very sorry that she could not obtain the whole of it, as she intended to lay out a room in her house in imitation of the Council Chamber of Malmaison, in order to place that furniture there. Almost the whole of the furniture of the library, which was the cabinet of Napoleon, was bought by M. de Menneval, his secretary. In this room was a little table on which Napoleon used to lay down his papers, and which still retains the marks of irregular figures which he used to trace there while occupied in familiar conversation. A table bureau was sold to General Thiard. All the furniture which was known to have been particularly used by Napoleon was bought by General Gourgaud at a very high price, as well as the portraits of the First Consul, General Dessaix, and of the Scheiks of Grand Cairo. He paid 500*f*. for the mere sumno of Napoleon. A dealer in bronzes in Paris has become proprietor of the bust of the eldest son of Louis Bonaparte.—*Courrier Francais*.

FRENCH NEWSPAPERS.—It is stated in a letter from Paris, that of the proprietors of seventeen political journals, published in that city, at least one third are noblemen or persons of great distinction in the scientific or literary world. The proprietors of one paper, who are three in number, are said to be a duke, a count, and a baron. To be a known writer in a respectable periodical, is said to be the best passport to good society in Paris.

ADDRESSES ON THE ABOLITION OF SUTTEE

On the 14th January, several Native Gentlemen, among whom were Baboo Gopee Mohan Deb, Radakant Deb, Nilmoney Dey, Bowahy Churn Mitter, and others, waited by appointment at Government House, to present the following Petition to the Right Honorable the Governor General. His Lordship received them in the Council Chamber.

To the Right Honorable Lord William Cavendish Bentinck, G. C. B. and G. C. H. Governor General of India, &c. &c. &c.

MR LORD.—We, the undersigned, beg leave respectfully to submit the following Petition to your Lordship in Council, in consequence of having heard that certain Persons taking upon themselves to represent the opinions and feelings of the Hindoo Inhabitants of Calcutta, have misrepresented those opinions and feelings, and that your Lordship in Council is about to pass a Resolution, founded on such erroneous statements to put a stop to the practice of performing Suttees, an interference with the Religion and Customs of the Hindoos, which we most earnestly deprecate and cannot view without the most serious alarm.

With the most profound respect for your Lordship in Council, We, the undersigned Hindoo Inhabitants of the City of Calcutta, beg leave to approach you in order to state such circumstances as appear to us necessary to draw the attention of Government fully to the measure in contemplation, and the light in which it will be regarded by the greater part of the more respectable Hindoo population of the Company's Territories, who are earnest in the belief, as well as in the profession of their religion.

From time immemorial, the Hindoo Religion has been established, and in proportion to its antiquity has been its influence over the minds of its followers. In no religion has apostasy been more rare, and none has resisted more successfully the fierce spirit of proselytism which animated the first Mahomedan Conquerors.

That the Hindoo Religion is founded, like all religions, on usage as well as precept, and one which immemorial is held equally sacred with the other. Under the sanction of immemorial usage as well as precept, Hindoo Widows perform, of their own accord and pleasure, and for the benefit of their Husband's souls and for their own, the sacrifice of self-immolation called Suttee—which is not merely a sacred duty but a high privilege to her who sincerely believes in the doctrines of her religion—and we humbly submit that any interference with a persuasion of so high and self-annihilating a nature is not only an unjust and intolerant dictation in matters of conscience, but is likely wholly to fail in procuring the end proposed.

Even under the first Musselman Conquerors of Hindostan, and certainly since this country came under the Mogal Government, notwithstanding the fanaticism and intolerance of their religion, no interference with the practice of Suttee was ever attempted. Since that period, and for nearly a Century, the power of the British Government has been established in Bengal, Behar and Orissa, and none of the Governors General, or their Councils, have hitherto interfered in any manner to the prejudice of the Hindoo Religion or Customs; and we submit that by various Acts of the Parliament of Great Britain, under the authority of which the Honorable Company itself exists, our religion and laws, usages and customs, such as they have existed from time immemorial, are inviolably secured to us.

We learn with surprise and grief that, while this is confessed on all hands, the abolition of the practice of Suttee is attempted to be defended on the ground that there is no positive law or precept enjoining it. A doctrine derived from a number of Hindoos who have apostatised from the religion of their forefathers, who have defiled themselves by eating and drinking forbidden things in the society of Europeans, and are endeavouring to deceive your Lordship in Council by assertions that there is no law regarding Suttee practices, and that all Hindoos of intelligence and education are ready to assent to the abolition contemplated, on the ground that the practice of Suttee is not authorized by the Laws fundamentally established and acknowledged by all Hindoos as Sacred. But we humbly submit that, in a question so delicate as the interpretation of our Sacred Books, and the authority of our religious

February 1830.

usages, none but Pundits and Bramins, and teachers of holy lives, and known learning and authority ought to be consulted; and we are satisfied, and flatter ourselves with the hope, that your Lordship in Council will not regard the assertion of men who have neither any faith nor care for the memory of their ancestors or their religion: and that if your Lordship in Council will assume to yourself the difficult and delicate task of regulating the conscience of a whole people, and deciding what it ought to believe and what it ought to reject, on the authority of its own sacred writers, that such a task will be undertaken only after anxious and strict enquiry and patient consultation with men known and revered for their attachment to the Hindoo Religion, the authority of their lives and their knowledge of the Sacred Books which contain its doctrines; and if such an examination should be made satisfied we are confident that your Lordship in Council will find our Statements to be correct, and will learn that the measure will be regarded with horror and dismay throughout the Company's dominions as the signal of an universal attack upon all we revere.

We further beg leave to represent, that the enquiry in question has been already made by some of the most learned and virtuous of the Company's Servants, whose memory is still revered by the Natives who were under their rule, and that Mr. Warren Hastings, late Governor General, at the request of Mr. Nathaniel Smith, the then Chairman of the Court of Directors (the former being well versed in many parts of the Hindoo Religion) having instituted the enquiry, was satisfied as to the validity of the Laws respecting Suttees—that a further and similar enquiry was made by Mr. Wilkins, who was deputed to, and accordingly did proceed to Benares, and remain there a considerable time in order to be acquainted with the religion and customs in question, that his opinion was similar to that of Mr. Warren Hastings; and that this opinion was since confirmed by Mr. Jonathan Duncan, whose zealous and excellent administration in Benares and other parts of Hindoostan, will long be remembered by the Natives with gratitude.

In the time of Lord Cornwallis, some of the Christian Missionaries, who then first appeared in this country, secretly conveyed to the Council some false and exaggerated accounts of the Suttee practice, and first advanced the assertion that it was not lawful—His Lordship in Council after enquiry, and by the assistance of Mr. Duncan, was satisfied of its lawfulness, and was contented to permit us to follow our customs as before.

In the time of Lords Moira and Amherst, a number of European Missionaries, who came out to convert Hindoos and others, renewed their attack upon this custom, and by clamour and falsely affirming that by compulsive measures Hindoo women were thrown into the fire, procured the notice of Government, and an order was issued requiring Magistrates to take steps that Suttees might perform their sacrifice at their pleasure, and that no one should be allowed to persuade or use any compulsion. On the concurrent reports of various Gentlemen, then in the Civil Service, that in all instances which had come under their cognizance, the Widows went to the funeral piles of their deceased Husbands cheerfully, these Governors General were satisfied, and no further interference was attempted.

The qualified measure last adverted to, did not answer the object proposed, and it proved (as we humbly submit) the impolicy of interference in any degree with matters of conscience.

The fact was, that the number of Suttees in Bengal considerably increased in consequence within a short time,—and in order to ascertain the cause, a reference was made to the Sudder Dewanny Adawlut, who could assign no satisfactory cause to account for it. Though it might, perhaps, have occurred to gentlemen of so much experience, that the interference of Government, even to this extent, with the practice, was likely, by drawing to it the attention of the Native community in a greater degree than formerly, to increase the number of votaries.

From a celebrated instance relating to Suttees that we immediately hereafter beg leave to cite, your Lordship in Council will find, that on the occasion alluded to, no other good was obtained by an attempt to prevent the Widow burning with her deceased Husband than that religion was violated, and to no purpose a Suttee. In the time of Lord Clive, his Dewan, Rajah Nobkissen, endeavoured to prevent a Widow's performing the sacrifice by making her believe that her Husband had been already burnt, and when she discovered that she had been deceived, offering her any sum of money that might be required for her support as a recompense, but nothing would satisfy her—she starved herself to death. His Lordship then gave orders that no one should be allowed to interfere with the Hindoo religion or custom.

- Independent of the foregoing statement, your Lordship in Council will see that your predecessors, after long residences in India, having a complete knowledge of the laws and customs of Hindoos, were satisfied as to such laws, and never came to a resolution by which devout and conscientious Hindoos must be placed in the most painful of all predicaments, and either forego, in some degree, their loyalty to Government, and disobey its injunctions, or violate the precepts of their Religion.

Before we conclude, we beg to request your impartial consideration of the various Acts of Parliament passed from time to time since the reign of His Majesty George the Third, and which have ever since been strictly preserved. The substance and spirit of which may be thus summed up, viz. that no one is to interfere in any shape in the religion or the customs of Hindoo subjects. These Acts, conceived in the spirit of the truest wisdom and toleration, were passed by men, as well acquainted at least as any now in existence with our Laws, our Language, our Customs and our Religion, have never been infringed by the wisest of those who have here administered the powers of Government, and we trust will be preserved for the future as for the past inviolated constituting as they do a most solemn pledge and charter from our Rulers to ourselves, on the preservation of which depend rights more sacred in our eyes than those of property or life itself—and sure we are that, when this most important subject has been well and maturely weighed by your Lordship in council, the Resolution which has filled us and all faithful Hindoo subjects of the Honourable Company's Government with concern and terror, will be abandoned, and that we shall obtain a permanent security through your Lordship's wisdom against the renewal of similar attempt.

And your Petitioners shall ever pray, &c.

(Signed) Maharajah Sree Grischunder Bahador.
Radamodub Bonnerjee.
Cassinauth Bonnerjee.
Modoo Sundel.
Goury Chunder, &c. &c. &c.

After a conference on the subject of the Petition, His Lordship delivered the following reply :—

The Governor General has read with attention the Petition which has been presented to him : and has some satisfaction in observing, that the opinions of the Pundits, consulted by the Petitioners, confirm the supposition that widows are not, by the religious writings of the Hindoos, commanded to destroy themselves ; but that upon the death of their husbands, the choice of a life of strict and severe morality is, every where, expressly offered : that in the books usually considered, of the highest authority, it is commanded above every other course ; and is stated to be adapted to a better state of society ; such as, by the Hindoos, is believed to have subsisted in former times.

Thus none of the Hindoos are placed in the distressing situation of having to disobey either the Ordinances of the Government, or those of their religion. By a virtuous life a Hindoo widow not only complies at once with the [Laws of the Government and with the purest precepts of her own religion, but affords an example to the existing generation of that good conduct which is supposed to have distinguished the earlier and better times of the Hindoo people.

The Petitioners cannot require the assurance, that the British Government will continue to allow the most complete toleration in matters of religious belief ; and that to the full extent of what it is possible to reconcile with reason and with natural justice they will be undisturbed in the observance of their established usages. But, some of those, which the Governor General is unwilling to recall into notice, his predecessors in Council, for the security of human life, and the preservation of social order, have, at different times, found it necessary to prohibit. If there is any one which the common voice of all mankind would except from indulgence, it is surely that by which the hand of a son is made the instrument of a terrible death to the mother who has borne him, and from whose breast he has drawn the sustenance of his helpless infancy.

The Governor General has given an attentive consideration to all that has been urged by the numerous and respectable body of Petitioners : and has thought fit to make this further statement, in addition to what had been before expressed as the reasons, which in his mind, have made it an urgent duty of the British Government to prevent the usage in support of which the Petition has been preferred : but if the

Petitioners should still be of opinion, that the late Regulation is not in conformity with the enactments of the Imperial Parliament, they have an appeal to the King in Council, which the Governor General shall be most happy to forward.

(Signed)

W. C. BENTINCK.

January 14, 1830.

HINDOO CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS.

*To the Right Honorable Lord William Cavendish Bentinck, K. C. B. and
G. C. H. Governor General in Council, Fort William.*

MY LORD,—With hearts filled with the deepest gratitude and impressed with the utmost reverence we the undersigned Native Inhabitants of Calcutta and its vicinity beg to be permitted to approach your Lordship to offer personally our humble but warmest acknowledgments for the invaluable protection which your Lordship's Government has recently afforded to the lives of the Hindoo Female part of your subjects, and for your humane and successful exertions in rescuing us, for ever, from the gross stigma hitherto attached to our character as wilful murderers of females and zealous promoters of the practice of suicide.

Excessive jealousy of their female connections operating on the breasts of Hindoo Princes rendered those despots regardless of the common bonds of society and of their incumbent duty as protectors of the weaker sex, in so much that with a view to prevent every possibility of their widows forming subsequent attachments, they availed themselves of their arbitrary power and under cloak of religion introduced the practice of burning widows alive, under the first impressions of sorrow or despair, immediately after the demise of their husbands. This system of female destruction, being admirably suited to the selfish and servile disposition of the populace, has been eagerly followed by them in defiance of the most sacred authorities such as Oominishis or the principal parts of the Veds and the Bhugvud Geeta, as well as of the direct commandment of Monoo the first and the greatest of all the Legislators conveyed in the following words, "Let a widow continue till death forgiving all injuries, performing austere duties, avoiding every sensual pleasure, &c." (ch. v. v. 158)

While in fact fulfilling the suggestions of their jealousy, they pretended to justify this hideous practice by quoting some passages from authorities of evidently inferior weight, sanctioning the wilful ascent of a widow on the flaming pile of her husband, as if they were offering such female sacrifices in obedience to the dictates of the Shastus, and not from the influence of jealousy. It is however very fortunate that the British Government, under whose protection the lives of both the males and females of India have been happily placed by Providence, has, after diligent inquiry, ascertained that even those inferior authorities, permitting wilful ascent by a widow to the flaming pile, have been practically set aside, and that in gross violation of their language and spirit, the relatives of widows have, in the burning of those infatuated females, almost invariably used to fasten them down on the pile, and heap over them, large quantities of wood and other materials, adequate to the prevention of their escape; an outrage on humanity which has been frequently perpetrated under the indirect sanction of native officers, undeservedly employed for the security of life and preservation of peace and tranquillity.

In many instances in which the vigilance of the Magistrate has deterred the native officers of Police from indulging their own inclination, widows have either made their escape from the pile after being partially burnt, or retracted their resolution to burn when brought to the awful task, to the mortifying disappointment of the instigators; while in some instances the resolution to die has been retracted on pointing out to the widows the impropriety of their intended undertaking, and on promising them safety and maintenance during life, notwithstanding the severe reproaches liable thereby to be heaped on them by their relatives and friends,

In consideration of circumstances so disgraceful in themselves and so incompatible with the principles of British Rule, your Lordship in Council fully impressed with the duties required of you by justice and humanity, has deemed it incumbent on you for the honor of the British name to come to the resolution that the lives of your Female Hindoo subjects should be henceforth more efficiently protected; that the heinous sin of cruelty to females may no longer be committed and that the most ancient and purest axiom of Hindoo religion should not any longer be set at naught by the Hindoos themselves. The Magistrates in consequence are, we understand, positively ordered to execute the resolution of Government by all possible means.

We are, my Lord, reluctantly restrained by the consideration of the nature of your exalted situation from indicating our inward feelings by presenting any valuable offering as commonly adopted on such occasions, but we should consider ourselves highly guilty of insincerity and ingratitude, if we remained negligently silent, when urgently called upon by our feelings and conscience to express publicly the gratitude we feel for the everlasting obligation you have graciously conferred on the Hindoo community at large. We, however, are at a loss to find language sufficiently indicative even of a small portion of the sentiments we are desirous of expressing on this occasion. We must therefore conclude this address with entreating that your Lordship will condescendingly accept our most grateful acknowledgments for this act of benevolence towards us and will pardon the silence of those who, though equally partaking of the blessing bestowed by your Lordship, have through ignorance or prejudice omitted to join us in this common cause.

We have the honor to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's Obedt. and humble Servants,

(Signed)

Cannauth Roy Choudhury.

Rammohan Roy.

Dwarkanauth Tagore.

Prossano Comar Tagore.

&c. &c. &c.

REPLY TO THE HINDOO ADDRESS.

It is very satisfactory to me to find, that according to the opinions of so many respectable and intelligent Hindoos, the practice which has recently been prohibited, not only was not required by the rules of their religion, but was at variance with those writings which they deem to be of the greatest force and authority. Nothing but a reluctance to inflict punishment for acts which might be conscientiously believed to be enjoined by religious precepts, could have induced the British Government at any time to permit within territories under its protection an usage so violently opposed to the best feelings of human nature. Those who present this address are right in supposing that by every nation in the world, except the Hindoos themselves, this part of their customs has always been made a reproach against them, and nothing so strangely contrasted with the better features of their own national character, so inconsistent with the affections which unite families, so destructive of the moral principles on which society is founded, has ever subsisted amongst a people, in other respects so civilized. I trust that the reproach is removed for ever, and I feel a sincere pleasure in thinking that the Hindoos will thereby be exalted in the estimation of mankind to an extent in some degree proportioned to the repugnance which was felt for the usage which has now ceased.

(Signed) W. C. BENTINCK.

Calcutta, Jan. 16, 1830.

ADDRESS OF THE CHRISTIAN INHABITANTS.

To the Right Honorable Lord William Cavendish Bentinck, G. C. B. Governor General, &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,—We the undersigned, the Christian Inhabitants of Calcutta, beg leave to offer to your Lordship our warmest thanks and congratulations on the passing of a Regulation for suppressing the inhuman practice of burning Hindoo Widows on the funeral piles of their deceased husbands—immolations which outraged the tenderest feelings and strongest ties of nature, and which had too long been the reproach of this country, and the astonishment of other nations. We entertain no apprehension, that an act of benevolence which will for ever be commemorated, as one of the proudest events in your Lordship's administration, and as one of the most signal blessings which have yet been conferred on India, sanctioned as it is by the prayers and applause of the most enlightened among our Hindoo and Mahomedan fellow subjects, can be misconstrued into a disposition to infringe the established principles of toleration, or to deviate from that candid and indulgent respect for the religious and civil rites, usages and customs of all classes of the Native population, which we trust will ever continue to be an attribute of the British Government.

We rather cherish a confident expectation, that it will be esteemed a pledge of the cordial interest, which their rulers take in their happiness, and of their willingness to extend to them, the various advantages which flow from useful knowledge, and equal laws.

While British Supremacy at length prevails undisturbed over this vast Empire, the objects which remain to occupy the cares, stimulate the ambition, and illustrate the history of Government, are the means of securing the stability of that Empire by promoting the civilizing arts of peace, the spread of education, the prosperity of agricultural, manufacturing and commercial industry, and the improvement of judicial and administrative institutions. In prosecuting such enterprises your Lordship will always command our earnest wishes for their successful accomplishment, and in whatever it can be most beneficially applied, our humble but zealous co-operation.

We have the honor to be, My Lord, your Lordship's most obdt. Servants.

(Signed by 805 Christian Inhabitants.)

REPLY TO THE ADDRESS OF THE CHRISTIAN INHABITANTS.

Gentlemen,—I thank you for this address. The decided concurrence of my much esteemed colleagues, the sentiments recorded by several of the ablest and most experienced of those who had long and honorably been engaged in the administration of affairs; the result of extensive enquiries addressed to many valuable servants of the Company, Civil and Military; and the facts and opinions gathered from other Gentlemen, European and Native, excellently qualified to form a sound judgement on the subject, all combined to assure me of the propriety of the resolution which we unanimously adopted to prohibit the practice of Suttee. It is not the less satisfactory to receive this additional and powerful testimony in support of the views by which we were guided. For the names annexed to the address afford ample evidence that the sentiments it expresses are alike consistent with an intimate knowledge of the habits and feelings of our native fellow-subjects, and with the most cordial and liberal desire to advance their prosperity.

You do no more than justice to the Government, in supposing that its decision was influenced by motives free from every taint of intolerance. And I need not, I trust, assure you that the same warm interest in the welfare of the Hindoo community which urged us to the adoption of the measure in question, will continue to animate our exertions in the prosecution and support of every measure and institution by which knowledge may be diffused, morals improved, the resources of the country enlarged, the wealth and comfort of the people augmented, their rights secured, their condition raised, or their happiness promoted.

January 16, 1830.

(Signed) W. C. BENTINCK.

MEETING OF THE CREDITORS OF MESSRS. PALMER AND CO.

[FROM THE BENGAL HURKARU AND CHRONICLE, JANUARY 5.]

It is with great regret we have to announce the suspension of payments, by Messrs. Palmer and Co. of this City. Various rumours are in circulation in regard to the causes of this unfortunate event; but we have reason to conclude it is connected with some heavy demands on the firm from England, the existence of which, it was apprehended, might prove prejudicial to the interests of its constituents generally; and it was deemed more fair and just to stop payment, with the view of making a rateable dividend of the assets, and which, we are led to believe, are very considerable.

However unfortunate this event, we certainly consider the measure adopted more worthy of the parties than any temporary relief, by the appropriation of the securities of the house to any separate creditor.

We also understand that very extensive aid was available, but fears were entertained that such aid would have been ultimately rendered ineffectual, and that as the assets of the house were greater at the present moment than they were likely to be at a later period it was better for all concerned to take the present step. It is supposed that under the management of Trustees the house will be enabled to wind up its concerns with comparatively much less loss than might be expected.

[FROM THE BENGAL HURKARU AND CHRONICLE, JANUARY 7.]

A Meeting of the Creditors of Messrs. Palmer and Co. took place at the Exchange Rooms, on Wednesday morning the 6th January, at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of considering the propriety of petitioning the Judges of the Supreme Court for the appointment of certain persons to act as Assignees on behalf of the Concern.

The Hon'ble Sir Charles Metcalfe, Bart. having been called to the Chair, the Hon'ble J. E. Elliott, addressed the Meeting in explanation of the course he and Sir Charles Metcalfe had adopted as Joint Attorneys for the firm of Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. of Loddon, who were creditors of the late firm of Messrs. Palmer and Co. to the extent of about £400,000.

Mr. Elliott stated that his doing so was a matter of duty to those who had appointed him their Attorney; to Messrs. Palmer and Co. and to the Creditors of that firm, in consequence of reports which he understood were in circulation that Messrs. Palmer and Co.'s failure was occasioned by the steps taken by Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. to obtain remittances to such amount as would reduce the debt to £250,000 or Security for such amount as would reduce it to £200,000 the credit to which Messrs. Palmer and Co. had been limited.

To effect this object, it appears, Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. had sent out to Sir Charles Metcalfe and the Hon'ble Mr. Elliott a power of attorney and letter of instructions, in consequence of which Mr. Elliott had waited on Mr. Palmer to consult with him on the subject.

This interview led to a correspondence which Mr. Elliott held in his hand but did not read, the Meeting preferring that this course should not be adopted. He stated the substance of some of the letters, from which it appeared that Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. had been in the habit of making large consignments of goods to Messrs. Palmer and Co. and not being satisfied with the manner in which the returns were made they had desired, as a measure of precaution, to associate a Mr. Spier with Messrs. Palmer and Co. as a joint Agent or Consignee.

One Letter from Messrs. Palmer and Co. to Sir Charles Metcalfe, and Mr. Elliott stated, that previously to the receipt of the letters informing them of their appointment, they (Palmer and Co.) had been engaged in large shipments of Goods for the partial relief of their exchange-account, (these shipments were detailed) that not less than ten lakhs would have been the amount of the shipments by the early ships of the season, even had they been unacquainted with the measures taken by Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. That the Attorneys must be aware that a House so much dependent upon credit in the place, could not stand against proceedings which affected that credit. That they (Palmer and Co.) had no apprehensions arising from the confidence and discretionary powers given to Sir Charles Metcalfe and Mr. Elliott as Attorneys, but that the letter written to Mr. Spier, was calculated to do them harm, as well by the disclosing of distrust as by the instructions themselves. That they therefore sent a

copy of their letters to Mr. Spier on the subject, in which they had refused to abide by the conditions prescribed. That if the interference of the Attornies or Mr. Spier's measures should in any way endanger the credit of the house, they would be under the necessity of resuming those funds and property to meet the crisis, which they might otherwise send home to their friends in London : on this account they could not say to what extent they would be made during the season.

Messrs. Palmer and Co. admitted the fair pretension of Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. to hold security for the sum due to them beyond £900,000 and stated that they had it in their power to grant it. But as their letter to them contains a menace of dishonoring the drafts they might have drawn intermediately, should they be heavy (which they had been) they could not in justice to their general Creditors make over any property until they knew the issue, which they expected to be sufficiently apprized of when their Mr. G. Prinsep's letters to one of the Partners of Messrs. C. T. and Co. dated the 16th of May, should have been received.

The Securities that Messrs. Palmer and Co. proposed were Indigo Factories to the extent of ten lakhs and a claim on Mr. Brownrigg exceeding five lakhs which they were prepared to satisfy the Attornies, was in existence, if they were desirous of investigating it and which claim arose out of bad debts to the amount of about 30 lakhs created whilst he was in the house.

Some further correspondence took place in which the Attornies agreed not to interfere with the manner of conducting the sale of the goods belonging to Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. then in Messrs. Palmer and Co.'s Godowns, provided other matters were adjusted and the sales were so conducted as to render the property equally secure to the Consignors as under existing arrangements, but expressed themselves dissatisfied with the security offered for the amount of their debt in excess to £900,000, inasmuch as they could not recognize, as an available security for Messrs. C. T. and Co. the sum stated to be due to Messrs. Palmer and Co. by Mr. Brownrigg, now a member of the former house.

Messrs. Palmer and Co. also required, that the Attornies should agree to a restitution of such sum as might exceed £900,000, out of the proposed securities, should any of their Bills in England be dishonored : this Mr. Elliott stated was agreed to, as the Attornies were only instructed to effect a reduction to that sum.

Thus matters appeared to have stood on the 30th Dec. : on the 2d Jan. (Saturday) Sir Charles Metcalfe and Mr. Elliott received notes requesting their attendance at a meeting of the friends of Messrs. Palmer and Co. to be held the next morning at Messrs. P. and Co.'s office. At this meeting they attended and Mr. Elliott declared that neither Sir Charles Metcalfe nor himself had, previously, any idea of the proximity of the distressing event which occurred the next morning, nor were they aware of the nature or object of the meeting.

Mr. Prinsep presented to the Gentlemen present at that meeting a statement by which it appeared that it would require immediate assistance to the extent of 26 or 30 lakhs of rupees to enable the house to proceed. This sum, it was stated, the different houses might probably be disposed to advance rather than Messrs. Palmer and Co. should be ruined, provided Sir Charles Metcalfe and Mr. Elliott as Attornies for Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. would forego the security demanded by them ; and consent to its appropriation as a security for the sum to be advanced by the Calcutta House.

Mr. Elliott stated that before Sir C. Metcalfe and himself could consent to do so, they required an assurance that the houses would do what was proposed. He was induced to make this stipulation because he had heard some of the gentlemen present express doubts on the subject. Sir Charles Metcalfe and himself were in consequence requested to retire.

After two hours Mr. Smith of the house of Fergusson and Co. came out to them and stated that the Commercial Gentlemen present had come to the resolution that it was quite impossible to afford the relief necessary to continue the existence of the house. Sir Charles Metcalfe and Mr. Elliott then re-entered the room, where they were told that the state of the house was such as in the opinion of many of the gentlemen present to render its ultimate failure unavoidable : that as prudent men, therefore, on this ground alone, some of them could not consider themselves as warranted in advancing the money required.

Secondly. That the house had already committed an act of insolvency by sending from their door on the evening preceding, a bill which was over due and that under these circumstances there was a doubt whether, in law, the securities which could be given would be of any avail.

Thirdly. That there had been mention made by Mr. Prinsep, of the possibility of the return of certain bills, under protest, a supposition which was founded on some expression in one of the letters from Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. (which however, had not been produced) and that some of the Gentlemen of the Meeting had apprehensions on this point, apprehensions which other Members as well as Sir Charles Metcalfe and Mr. Elliott, endeavoured to overcome by a statement of their own conviction that whatever necessity might occasion, no such intention could have existed as was plainly shown by the appointment of Sir Charles Metcalfe and Mr. Elliott as Attorneys.

Mr. Elliott then stated that upon the determination of the gentlemen present being thus made known to Sir C. M. and himself. Sir Charles exclaimed "Good God! cannot this calamity be averted by any sacrifice on our parts?" the answer was, No! it cannot; as prudent men we cannot advance the money and without it the house must stop.

Mr. Elliott then appealed to the meeting to say whether in the proceedings of Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. which had been conducted by himself and Sir Charles Metcalfe there appeared any thing which could be supposed to have led to the failure of the house. He asserted that such was in reality not the case. That he appealed to those Gentlemen who attended the Meeting and many of whom he saw before him, to say whether he had stated the proceedings and sentiments of the Meeting fairly; if he had not done so, that he hoped they would correct him should he have unintentionally misrepresented any thing; but, that if he had not misrepresented the case, and if the Gentlemen who were present and to whom he looked for a confirmation of what he had said, did so confirm it; he put it to the Meeting to decide whether Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. and Sir Charles Metcalfe and himself as their Agents, had not been laid under a most cruel and injurious imputation for which no just ground existed.

Mr. Smith spoke in confirmation of the correctness of what had fallen from Mr. Elliott, and declared that he had never seen, nor could he even conceive it possible for any Gentlemen to have acted with greater kindness or more delicate consideration towards all parties concerned, than Sir Charles Metcalfe and the Hon'ble John Elliott has done upon the occasion adverted to. He for one had no hesitation in expressing his own conviction, that the immediate stoppage of the firm of Palmer and Co. had become inevitable from the pressure of other difficulties, even had no such Power of Attorney ever been executed, and this he believed to be the reason why the Gentlemen present had declined making the required advances.

Mr. Bracken deemed it scarcely necessary for him after what has fallen from Mr. Smith, to state his entire concurrence in that gentleman's report of the fair and considerate conduct adopted by Sir Charles Metcalfe and Mr. Elliott, on the late unfortunate event; but he thought it right to make a few observations regarding the decision which the mercantile gentlemen were reluctantly compelled to form, on the application from Messrs. Palmer and Co.

It was on Saturday the 2d January, that several gentlemen from the Agency Houses attended at their office, and Mr. Prinsep placed before them a paper purporting to exhibit the assets and obligations of the house for the ensuing twelve months.

By this there seemed a deficiency of about thirty Lac of Rupees, but Mr. Prinsep informed them there was a peculiarity in their present situation, inasmuch as Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. had sent out Powers of Attorney, authorizing Sir C. Metcalfe and Mr. Elliott to call upon them for security on account of their London Exchange Account to the extent of 20 Lacs of Rupees or to make early remittances to the amount of about 15 Lacs.

Mr. Prinsep added, that the London House had intimated that *they might be* under the necessity of returning bills drawn on them from Calcutta.

After considerable discussion during Saturday, the meeting was adjourned until Sunday morning; and Sir C. M. and Mr. E. were, at the suggestion of some of the Mercantile Gentlemen, invited by Messrs. Palmer and Co. to attend.

At this meeting, it was deemed improbable, with any hope of ultimate success, to afford the relief solicited; and he understood the majority were influenced.

1. By the fear that return of bills would necessarily destroy the credit of the House, and render unavailing the assistance required.

2. That by the wording of a clause in the Insolvent Act, it appeared doubtful whether the security to be pledged for the money advanced, might not be rendered in-

February 1830.

bid, were the house to stop payment within a certain period; and indeed whether an act that had occurred had not already vitiated any instrument of the kind alluded to.

3rd. Without the operation of these causes whether the failure could have been long postponed.

In the first reason Mr. Bracken stated that he did not participate, as he never believed Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. intended to protest the bills drawn on them.

Mr. Brown addressed the Meeting with reference to and in confirmation of what had fallen from Mr. Elliott and Mr. Smith—but we were unable to catch his meaning as much noise prevailed at the time—he spoke in a low tone and we were behind him at the time.

Mr. Hogg after an eloquent speech, to which we are unable to do justice, concluded by proposing that the Meeting do forthwith decide on the names of those they wished to be appointed Assignees.

The following gentlemen were then nominated :—

JOHN PALMER,	JAMES BEATSON,	R. BROWN,
SIR CHARLES METCALFE,	J. W. HOGG,	ROBERT SAUNDERS,
HON'BLE JOHN ELLIOTT,	COL. GALLOWAY,	DWARKANATH TAGORE,
GEORGE SWINTON,	E. MOLONY,	HURROKISSEN SEAT,
JOHN SMITH,	T. DICKENS,	AUSHOOTOS DAY,
JAMES YOUNG,	CAPT. GAVIN YOUNG,	ROGORAM GOSSAIN.
JAMES CALDER,	F. GILLANDERS,	

Those who were present accepted the office and all the creditors present signed the Petition which was immediately forwarded to the Court.

The petition of the Creditors having been presented to the Insolvent Court, the Chief Justice remarked, that he considered the number of Assignees mentioned in the list handed to him was inconvenient, and the Court had in consequence thought it necessary to have it reduced to thirteen; he was glad however to see, that a selection had been made with a view to the interest of the different classes of creditors.

The name of Mr. Palmer appeared at the head of the list, and the compliment, observed his Lordship, (with much feeling) thus paid him by the creditors, was most flattering, but there was a legal objection to his becoming one of the Assignees; it was in fact making an assignment from himself to himself.

With respect to Ruggoo Ram Gossain, he was the head Banian of the House, and as in all probability the Assignees would find it necessary in the discharge of their duties to have recourse to legal proceedings, he would be the person most likely to render them all material information, but if he were appointed one of the Assignees he would be made a Plaintiff, and so would be incapacitated from becoming a witness.

Mr. J. W. Hogg was an officer in the Supreme Court, and as he had the conducting or rather superintendence of all Equity proceedings, his name should be left out. His Lordship, after a good deal of desultory conversation had taken place on the duties of the Assignees, remarked that they should be particular in investigating the effects of the firm and sending in the certificate, as unless it appeared that there were available assets to the amount of half their debts, the Court would be unable to give the petitioners the relief contemplated.

It was ordered that the Common Assignee together with the Petitioners should assign to the undermentioned Gentlemen who have been appointed Assignees by the Court all the Estate and Effects, which was done accordingly.

ASSIGNEES.

	Sir C. T. METCALFE, Bart.	
Hon. J. E. ELLIOTT,	JAMES BEATSON,	THEODORE DICKENS.
JOHN SMITH,	ROBERT BROWN,	Capt. G. YOUNG,
JAMES YOUNG,	Col. GALLOWAY,	DWARKANATH TAGORE,
JAMES CALDER,	EDWARD MOLONY,	AUSHOOTOS DAY.

In the above notice of the proceedings of the Meeting of the Creditors of the late firm of Messrs. Palmer and Co. we have been compelled by circumstances to be more brief than we intended. We have omitted much that fell from the Honorable Mr. Elliott, and greatly curtailed Mr. Smith's remarks of which however we believe we have correctly given the substance. Mr. Brown's observations we could not hear, and to Mr. Hogg's clear and eloquent speeches we feel unable to do justice as we took no notes and our reporter was engaged elsewhere. We regret this the more as none of our contemporaries have enabled us to fill up the gaps in our report.

We must not however omit to notice the very enthusiastic manner in which Mr. Hogg's honorable mention of a name always revered, but *now* more so than ever, was received by those present at the meeting. We fear to wound his feelings by the expression of our own sentiments or by publishing those of our correspondents who have addressed us on the subject, but as we are still more fearful that our entire silence may be misconstrued, we think it our duty to state that there was but one feeling at that meeting—that there is, we hear and believe, the same feeling elsewhere, and that it is of such a character as to defy language to give expression to it. Those who set a proper value on the good opinion of the public, be they ever so wealthy, would readily give all their worldly possessions if they could purchase the fair fame of that man, who in his pecuniary misfortune still holds the highest place in the public estimation.

There are many wealthy and powerful men in Calcutta who are generally respected and esteemed—but there is one man to whom *all* look with affection and veneration; for whom *all* would be happy to suffer, if their sufferings could serve him; and who in this instance will have ample proof that a great and good man is even more beloved in his adversity than in the very meridian splendor of his prosperity.

[FROM THE BENGAL HURKARU AND CHRONICLE, FEBRUARY 3.]

We have much pleasure in informing our readers, that a large proportion of the principal Native Creditors of the firm of PALMER AND CO. assembled at their Office on Sunday the 31st January, to urge the members of that firm to resume the conduct of their affairs. Sir Charles Metcalfe and several other European Creditors were present.

After discussing various plans it was agreed, that the Creditors should petition the Court for permission to the above effect, stating their willingness to allow six years for the discharge of all claims, in full with 5 per cent interest; the first instalment to take place on the 31st January 1833, at the rate of 25 per cent per annum.

Sir Charles Metcalfe gave it as his opinion, upon the statements produced, that a less term than eight years would not be sufficient; but as the Native Gentlemen pressed the shorter term and some who had subscribed thereto had left the room, he signed the paper submitted by them in the following terms:

"I consider this proposal, if practicable, to be highly advantageous to the creditors of Messrs. Palmer and Co. and I subscribe to it as a creditor on my own part and as far as is in my power on the part of Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. but as it seems most probable that the plan will not be practicable, I further subscribe in the capacities of creditor and agent for Messrs. Cockerell, Trail and Co. to the following terms:

Interest at 5 per cent per annum to be paid annually.

On the 31st January, 1833, 25 per cent. of the principal.

On the 31st January of every following year, 15 per cent.

In eight years all debts to be paid."

The partners, who all attended, declared their confidence of success if allowed the longer period, and their readiness to devote themselves to the service of the Creditors even under the limitation of six years, which favourable contingencies might render sufficient.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

A meeting of the Society was held on Wednesday, the 6th January. Sir Charles Grey, President, in the Chair.

Major Walpole was elected a Member of the Society.

The meeting then proceeded to the usual ballot for Vice-Presidents and Committee of Papers, when those for the preceding year were re-elected.

A letter was read from Mr. Huttman Acting Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society, enclosing copy of an unanimous resolution on the part of the Royal Asiatic Society, authorising the Council of the same to invite the Asiatic Society of Bengal, to unite with the R. A. S. on the same terms as have been agreed upon in relation to the Bombay Literary Society. Resolved, that as far as the 2d, 3d 4th articles extend, the Asiatic Society is willing to combine with the Society at home.

Read a letter from the Acting Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society, acknowledging the receipt of the 16th volume of the *Researches*.

XVIII AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF INDIA.

The following donations were received :

The vertebrae and cranium of a whale, presented by Mr. Swinton.

The 22d volume of the *Archæologia*, presented by the Society of Antiquaries of London.

The 46th vol. of the *Transactions of the Society of Arts*, presented by the Society.

A copy of the Printed Edition of the *Shah-Nameh*, presented by the Editor, Capt. Macan.

A treatise on the *Hydrophobia*, by Dr. Sully, presented by his son.

The *Meteorological Registers* for Oct. and Nov. presented by Major Walpole.

There being no other business before the meeting, it adjourned.

AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF INDIA.

At a Meeting of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society held within the Town Hall, on Tuesday the 12th January Current, for the election of the Office Bearers of the Society, Committees, &c. for the ensuing year.

Present :

Sir Edward Ryan, President, in the Chair.

The following Gentlemen were duly elected Members of the Society :—

Benjamin Harding, Esq. Calcutta, and J. L. Turner, Esq. of Colgong.

Proposed by Mr. Robison and seconded by Dr. Carey.

Chas. Paton, Esq. Asst. Com. Arracan, and Lieut. Wm. Martin, of Mug Levy.

Proposed by Capt. Jenkins and seconded by Mr. Robison.

Capt. J. Colvin of Engineers.

Proposed by Sir Robt. Colquhoun, and seconded by Dr. Carey.

Upon a scrutiny of Lists, the following Members were declared to be elected as the Office Bearers of the Society, and Members of Committees, during the ensuing year, viz.

President—Sir Edward Ryan.

Vice Presidents—Rev. Dr. Wm. Carey, Nathaniel Alexander, Esq. Baboo Radacanth Deb, and His Highness Nawab Soulut Jung Bahadoor.

Treasurer—John Abbott, Esq.

Secretary—C. K. Robison, Esq.

Native Secretary and Collector—Baboo Ram Comul Sen.

Foreign Secretary—Henry Piddington, Esq.

AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEE.

President—Sir Edward Ryan.

Joint Secretaries—W. C. Hurry and W. Patrick, Esqrs.

Members—James Calder, Esq.; James Kyd, Esq.; Sir Robert Colquhoun, Bart.; Dr. Carey; Capt. Johnston; Jos. Kyd, Esq.; Nathl. Alexander, Esq.; William Bruce, Esq.; John Abbott, Esq.; Captain Jenkins; C. K. Robison, Esq.; Henry Piddington, Esq.; Rajah Kalee Kisson Bahadoor; Baboos Radacanth Deb, Obychurn Bonnerjee, Radamadub Bonnerjee; His Highness Nawab Soulut Jung Bahadoor; Baboos Dwarkanath Tagore; Prussunah Koomar Tagore; and Ram Comul Sen.

2ND—HORTICULTURAL OR GARDEN COMMITTEE.

President—Rev. Dr. Wm. Carey.

Secretary and Superintendent of Garden at Allipore—Sir Robt. Colquhoun, Bart.

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CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.

[FROM 1ST TO 29TH JANUARY 1830.]

- Drummond, C. G. ; Asst. to the Magistrate and to the Collector of Land Revenue at Tipperah, Jan. 12.
- Harding, Charles ; Judge and Magistrate of the Northern Division of Bundelcund, January 12.
- La Touche, C. Asst. to the Collector of Land Revenue, and Customs at Mirzapore, January 12.
- McFarlan, D. ; Magistrate and Collector of Land Revenue, District of Jessore, January 16.
- Maxwell, R. W. ; Collector of Rajshahce, January 16.
- Pringle, J. A. ; Judge of the Zillah Court of Jessore, January 12.
- Sandys, T. ; Asst. to the Magistrate and to the Collector of Land Revenue at Shahabad, January 29.
- Trevelyan, C. E. ; Second Assistant to the Resident at Delhi, January 15.

MILITARY APPOINTMENTS, &c.

[FROM 1ST JANUARY 1830.]

- Aldous, William, Captain ; 38th Regt. N. I. Furlough to Europe for private affairs, January 15.
- Alderson, J. C. Ensign ; appointed to do duty with 54th Regt. N. I. at Benares, and directed to join by water, Jan. 28.
- Alexander, J. Lieut. Col ; removed from 69th to 19th Regt. N. I. Jan. 13.
- Allan, J. Surgeon ; 69th Regt. N. I. Leave from 28th Feb. to 28th Octr. on Med. Cer. to visit Presidency, and afterwards to Europe, Jan. 7.
- Anderson, J. Lieut ; to act as Adj. to 2d Brig. Horse Artillery vice Lieut. Dashwood, absent, Jan. 28.
- Anson, George Edward, Cornet ; 3d Regt. Light Cavalry at his own request resigned the Service of the Honble Company, Jan. 15.
- Barron, Thomas ; Lieut. Col ; 55th Regt. N. I. Furlough to Europe for health, Jan. 11.
- Bell, C. H. Capt ; removed from 1st Com. 1st Batt. to 3d Com. 3d Batt. Jan. 13.
- Bell, B. Assistant Surgeon ; 10th Regt. N. I. Leave from 27th Aug. to 12th Novr. 1830, on Med. Cer. to remain at Presidency, Jan. 15.
- Beavan, Robert, Supernumerary Lieut ; 31st Regiment N. I. brought on the effective strength of the Regt. vice A. Lee, deceased, Jan. 22.
- Bennett, Thomas, Ensign ; 9th Regt. N. I. Furlough, to Eur. for health, Jan. 15.
- Bolton, T. Captain ; Com. 2d Nuss. Batt. appointed an Extra A. D. C. to H. E. the Com. in Chief, Jan. 25.
- Brown, P. Lieut ; 29th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th March to 15th July, to visit Hills North of Deyrah, on private affairs, Jan. 23.
- Broome, A. 2d Lieut ; removed from 3d Com. 6th Batt. to 4th Troop 1st Brigade, Jan. 13.
- Burton, Richard, Capt ; 39th Regt. N. I. Furlough to Europe, for health, Jan. 12.
- Burnett, F. C. 2d Lieut ; removed from 4th Com. 2d Batt. to 4th Troop, 2d Brigade, Jan. 13.
- Burgh, W. Colonel ; removed from 19th to 69th Regt. N. I. Jan. 13.
- Byrne, John, Captain ; His Majesty's 31st Regt. to be Aid-de-Camp to the Com. in Chief, Jan. 1.

Cameron, W. Assistant Surgeon ; to be superintendent General of Vaccine Inoculation, vice Grant, January 15.

Campbell, Thomas Mackenzie, Lieut. and Brevet Capt. ; 29th Regt. N. I. to be Capt. of a Com. vice C. H. Morley, transferred to the Invalid Estab. Jan. 23.

Carnegy, A. Capt. ; Sub-Assistant, attached to Haupper Stud, on Med. Cer. from 1st April, to 1st Nov. 1830, to visit the Hill Provinces, Jan. 15.

Chalmers, R. Capt. ; 22d Regt. N. I. ; Leave from 1st Feb. to 31st Dec. ; on Med. Cer. to visit Almorah, Jan. 7.

Chalmers, J.W. C. Ensign ; 43d Regt. N. I. Leave from 1st Jan. to 30th Feb. to enable him to rejoin, Jan. 12.

Christie, A. Assist. Surg. ; removed from 65th to the 69th Reg. N. I. ; Jan. 26.

Coke, J. Ensign ; 10th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th April to 15th Oct. to visit Hilla North of Deyrah, on private affairs, Jan. 19.

Colnett, J. R. Capt. ; 17th Regt. N. I. Leave from 6th Jan. to 6th June, to visit Presidency, for settling accounts, Jan. 26.

Cooper, W. G. Captain, General Staff ; Major of Brigade, Leave to visit Dacca, on urgent private affairs, from 15th Dec. to 10th Feb. January 2.

Cooke, B. W. D. Lieut. ; 56th Regt. N. I. to act as Adjutant to a Detachment of two Companies of Infantry and two Troops of Cavalry, Jan. 5.

Corfield, Joseph, Lieut. ; 1st Regt. N. I. Furl. to Eur. for health, Jan. 21.

Cornish, F.W. 2d Lieut ; removed from the 3d Company 4th Battalion to 3d Troop, 3d Brigade, Jan. 13.

Coventry, F. Lieut. ; Inter. and Quar.-Master, 6th Light Cavalry, Leave from 10th Jan. to 31st August, to visit Bareilly and Hilla near Deyrah, on private affairs, Jan. 7th.

Crommeline, C. Lieut. ; 13th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th Jan. to 20th Feb. to enable to rejoin, Jan. 8.

Crump, Joseph, Serjeant ; Eur. Regt. appointed Qr. Mr. Serjeant to the 29th Regt. N. I. ; Jan. 27.

Cuming, W. F. Assistant Surgeon ; 2d Batt. Artill. Leave from 1st Jan. to 31st March, on Med. Cer. to visit Presidency, Jan. 11.

D'Aguila, G. T. Lieut. Col. 2d Batt, Invalids ; Leave from 20th Jan. to 20th May, to visit Balasore, on private affairs, Jan. 19.

Dade, J. Lieut. 56th Regt. N. I. Leave from 16th Feb. to 16th Sept. on private affairs, to visit Simlah, Jan. 12.

Daniell, J. H. 1st. Lieut. ; removed from 2d to 1st Troop, 3d Brig. Horse Artillery, Jan. 13.

Davis, J. S. Lieut. 32d Regt. N. I. Leave from 5th March to 5th Sept. to visit Presidency, on private affairs, Jan. 18.

Davidson, F. R. Ensign ; 41st Regt. N. I. (doing duty with 49th Regt.) Leave from 15th Jan. to 15th March to visit Presidency, Jan. 18.

Debrett, J. E. Capt. removed from 3d Company 3d Batt. to 1st Company 1st Batt. Jan. 13.

Delamain, J. Lieut.-Col. ; C. B. Genl. Staff, Commandant of Agra, Leave from 31st Jan. to 1st March, to enable to rejoin, Jan. 14.

Dennis, G. G. Capt. ; 2d Batt. Artill., Leave from 7th Feb. to 7th June, to visit Patna, on private affairs, Jan. 14.

Dogherty, David, Sergeant ; Eur. Regt. appointed Qr. Mr. Sergeant to the 30th Regt. N. I. Jan. 27.

Douglas, John, Assistant Apothecary ; to be Apothecary, from 9th Jan. 1830 vice Harris, resigned, Jan. 15.

Douglas, J. D. Lieut. ; 3d Local Horse, 2d in command, Leave from 1st Jan. to 2d April to visit Presidency, on private affairs, Jan. 14.

Duncan, A. D. Lieut. ; 43d Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th Jan. to 1st March, to remain at Presidency, Jan. 15.

Duncan, J. Asst. Surg. ; Med. Dept. Leave from 15th Dec. to 15th April 1830, to visit Presidency, on private affairs, Jan. 26.

Edwards, William, Supernumerary Lieut. ; 18th Regt. N. I. brought on the effective strength of the Regt. vice H. Cuming, dec. Jan. 5.

Erskine, Erskine Thomas, Lieut. ; 63d Regt. N. I. Furl. to Eur. for health, Jan. 23.

Evans, D. F. Lieut. ; 16th Regt. N. I. Leave from 2d March to 2d Nov. to visit the Presidency, on private affairs, Jan. 22.

Fagan, C. S. Colonel ; removed from 50th to 73d Regt. N. I. Jan. 13.

Farrell, Henry, Quarter Master Sergeant ; 3d N. I. app. Sergeant Major to the Regt. vice Bickers, deceased, Jan. 27.

Fraser, A. J. Lieut. ; 56th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th Feb. to 15th Sept. on private affairs to visit Simlah, Jan. 12.

Franklin, James, Capt ; of the 1st Regt. Light Cavalry. Furl. to Eur. for health, Jan. 5.

Gaitskell, Frederick, Supernumerary Lieut; Regt. of Artill, brought on the effective strength of the Regt. vice J. S. Rotton, dec. Jan. 15.
Glegg, Henry Vibart, Capt; 32d Regt. N. I. Furl. to Eur. for health, Jan. 22.
Glass, W. M. D. Assistant Surgeon; app. to 65th Regt. N. I. Jan. 26.
Gordon, J. T. Lieut; to act as Adjutant to the Right Wing during its separation from the Head Quarters, Jan. 18.
Gouldhawke, J. Capt; 1st Bat. Native Invalids, Leave from 2d Feb. to 3d Aug. to visit Presidency, on private affairs, Jan. 28.
Gowan, G. E. Major; Horse Artillery, Leave from 1st Feb. to 1st May, to enable to rejoin, Jan. 22.
Grant, J. Surgeon; to be Presidency Surgeon, vice Mellis, Jan. 15.
Graham, G. T. 1st Lieut; removed from 8th Com. 7th Batt. to 4th Com. 3d Batt. Jan. 13.
Greene, G. Lieut; to officiate as Adjutant to the 48th Regt. N. I. vice Lieut. and Adjutant Smith, absent on Med. Cer. Jan. 2.
Hackerdon, Marcus, Hospital Apprentice; of the 5th Hospital Batt. Artill. app. to H. M. Depot, at Chinsurah, Jan. 18.
Haig, Charles William, Lieut; 5th Regt. N. I. to the Cape of Good Hope, for health, Jan. 15.
Hannington, John Caulfield, Lieut; 24th Regt. N. I. Furl. to Eur. for health, Jan. 11.
Hardy, Abraham, Major; 56th Regt. N. I. Furl. to Eur. for health, Jan. 25.
Hawkes, R. Capt; 9th Regt. Light Cavalry, Leave from 28th Feb. to 28th March, to enable to rejoin, Jan. 11.
Hay, J. Lieut; 40th Regt. N. I. Leave from 1st Feb. to 1st July, to enable to rejoin, Jan. 19.
Hay, P. M. Major; 66th Regt. N. I. (in charge of 29th Regt.) Leave from 15th May to 15th Oct. to visit H. Ila, North of Deyrah, on priv. affairs, Jan. 23.
Heath, J. Conductor; Arsenal of Fort William vice Conductor H. Fenaley, of the Magazine at Mhow, exchanges, Jan. 25.
Horne, A. Lieut; 62d Regt. N. I. Leave from 1st Jan. to 12th April, on Med. Cer. to visit Meerut, Jan. 7.
Houghton, R. Lieut. and Adj. 63d Regt. N. I. Leave from 30th Jan. to 15th March, on Med. Cer. to visit Sand Heads, Jan. 28.
Howard, W. H. Capt; European Regt. Leave from 25th Jan. to 25th Sept. to visit Presidency, on private affairs, Jan. 14.
Hughes, Peter, Bombardier; 4th Com. 1st Batt. Artillery, prom. to the rank of Sergeant and app. to the Pioneers, Jan. 27.
Huish, A. 2d Lieut; 1st Ben. Artillery, Leave from 1st Oct. to 5th Jan. 1830, to enable to join, Jan. 26.
Huish, M. Lieut; 74th Regt. N. I. to be Inter. and Qr. Mr. Jan. 20.
Huish, A. 2d Lieut; removed from 1st Com. 1st Batt. to 4th Troop 3d Brigade, Jan. 13.
Hutchins, G. H. Capt; 30th Regt. N. I. to New South Wales via Cape, for health, Jan. 22.
Innes, P. Lieut. and Adj. 14th Regt. N. I. Leave from 20th March to 20th Sept. to visit Presidency, on private affairs, Jan. 19.
Irvine, G. Sub-Conductor; of the Arsenal of Fort William, vice W. Cox, of the Allahabad Magazine, exchanges, Jan. 18.
Ivers, John, Apprentice; to be Assistant Apothecary from 9th Jan. 1830, vice Harris, resigned, Jan. 15.
Johnstone, G. D. Lieut; 25th Regt. N. I. Leave from 26th Jan. to 6th Feb. to remain at the Presidency, Jan. 26.
Jordon, C. Lieut; European Regt. Leave from 1st Nov. to 25th June, 1830, to visit Presidency, on private affairs, Jan. 18.
Jordon, Patrick, Sergeant Major; 1st European Regt. app. Sergeant Major and Qr. Mr. Sergeant to the Depot at Landour, Jan. 1.
Kavanagh, Bombardier. 4th Com. 1st Batt. of Artillery, prom. to the rank of Sergeant and app. to the 8th Com. of Pioneers, Jan. 5.
Kerr, W. Cornet, 7th Regt. Light Cavalry, Leave from 1st Feb. to 1st April, to visit Presidency on private affairs, Jan. 7.
Key, Alexander Maxwell, Lieut.; 9th Regt. Light Cavalry, to be Capt. of a Troop, from the 6th Jan. 1830, vice Lumsdaine, dec. Jan. 15.
Kingston, G. Capt.; 52d Regt. N. I. Leave from 25th Feb. to 25th July, to visit Hills Provinces in the vicinity of Deyrah, on private affairs, Jan. 20.
Knyvett, A. Lieut.; 64th Regt. N. I. further Leave for ten months, Jan. 5.

Ledlie, Robert, Capt.; Hon'ble Company's European Regiment, Furl. to Eur. for private affairs, Jan. 11.
Lee, John, Assistant Surgeon, Medical Department, Furl. to Eur. for private affairs, Jan. 15.
Lockett, A. Lieut. Col.; removed from 19th to 69th Regt. N. I. Jan. 13.
Longnan, Cornet; 10th Regt. Light Cavalry, to Bombay, for private affairs, for 4 months, Jan. 15.
Lewis, J. T. Captain; officiating regulating officer, Shahabad, to the charge of the Burdwan Provincial Battalion, Jan. 15.
Ludlow, E. H. 1st Lieut.; removed to 3d Com. 7th Batt. Jan. 13.
Lumsden, David, Ensign; app. to do duty with 63d Regt. N. I. at Berhampore, Jan. 25.

Macqueen, T. R. Capt.; 45th Regt. N. I. Leave from 10th Feb. to 10th August, to visit Lucknow and Sultanpore, on private affairs, Jan. 22.
Macgregor, J. A. P. Col.; 22d Regt. N. I. Leave from 10th Jan. to 10th July, to remain at the Presidency, Jan. 23.
Madden, E. Lieut.; 1st Com. 4th Batt. Artill. Leave from 15th Jan. to 15th Sept. on Med. Cer. to visit Hills North of Deyrah, Jan. 19.
Manly, J. Surgeon; Medical Department. Furl. to Eur. for health, Jan. 15.
Martin, J. R. Surgeon; to officiate as Surgeon to the General Hospital, vice Surgeon John Turner, absent on duty, Jan. 15.
Martin, William, Sergeant; European Regt. app. Quarter Master Sergeant to 23d Regt. N. I. Jan. 27.
Marshall, J. N. Ensign; 73d Regt. N. I. Leave from 25th Oct. to 25th Jan. 1830, to remain at Meerut on Med. Cer. Jan. 15.
Marsden, Frederick Carleton, Supernumerary Lieut.; 29th Regt. N. I. brought on the effective strength of the Regt. Jan. 22.
Master, B. A. Lieut.; 7th Regt. Light Cavalry, to be Adj. vice Phillips, resigned, Jan. 28.
May, J. F. Lieut. and Adj.; 72d Regt. N. I. Leave from 5th Feb. to 5th March, to enable to rejoin, Jan. 15.
McLachlan, Alexander, Captain; Royal Artillery, to be Aid-de-Camp to the Commander in Chief, Jan. 1.
McMahon, Henry, Ensign; rem. from 68th Regt. to the 11th N. I. Jan. 7.
McLean, G. 1st Lieut.; rem. from 3d to 9d Troop, 3d Brig. Horse Artill. Jan. 13.
McCoy, William, Sergeant; Commissariat Department, to be Sub-Conductor, vice Hamilton, dec. Jan. 15.
Meade, E. Lieut. and Adjutant; to act as 2d in Command of the 3d Local Horse, vice Lieut. Douglass, absent on leave, Jan. 18.
Mercer, H. S. Surgeon; to be Marine Surgeon, vice Meliss, Jan. 15.
Mesham, T. G. Ensign; to act as Interpreter and Quarter Master to 36th Regt. N. I. vice Lieut. Burney, nominated, Jan. 18.
Morgan, T. W. Lieut.; 14th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th Dec. 1829 to 15th November 1830, on Med. Cer. to visit Subatoo and Kanow, Jan. 6.
Mowatt, J. L. Lieut.; Artillery, to be Interpreter and Quarter Master to 6th Battalion, vice Rotton, deceased, Jan. 14.
Murray, W. Lieut. and Adj.; 22d Regt. N. I. Leave from 1st March to 1st Sept. to visit Almora on private affairs, Jan. 7.
Murray, D. M. D. Assistant Surgeon; His Majesty's 16th Lancers, to be Surgeon to the Commander in Chief, Jan. 1.

Nash, J. D. Lieut.; 33d Regt. N. I. Leave from 1st Jan. to 1st April, to enable to rejoin, Jan. 7.
Nash, W. D. Lieut.; 46th Regt. N. I. Leave from 1st Jan. to 2d March, to enable to rejoin, Jan. 11.
Nesbitt, N. S. Lieut.; Interpreter and Quarter Master, 22d Regt. N. I. Leave from 25th Dec. to 1st April 1830, to enable to rejoin Jan. 11.
Nesbitt, A. B. Lieut.; 10th Regt. N. I. Leave from 31st Oct. to 15th Feb. 1830, on Med. Cer. to visit Presidency, Jan. 12.
Nesbitt, Andrew Bell, Lieut.; 10th Regt. N. I. Furl. to Europe, for health, Jan. 15.

O'Beirne, T. O. Ensign; 25th Regt. N. I. Leave from 31st Oct. to 7th Nov. 1829, to enable to rejoin, Jan. 9.
O'Donnoghue, M. M. D. Assistant Surgeon; 68th Regt. N. I. Leave from 26th Dec. 1829, to 26th June 1830, on Med. Cer. to visit Presidency, Jan. 9.
O'Dwyer, John, Assistant Surgeon; Medical Department. Furlough to Europe for health, Jan. 11.

Odell, J. C. Major ; 41st Regt. N. I. Leave from 26th Nov. to 26th Sept. 1830, on Medical Certificate to visit Hills in the vicinity of Simlah, Jan. 22.
Ogilvy, M. N. Lieutenant ; 2d Regiment Light Cavalry. Leave from 1st Jan. to 15th April, on Medical Certificate to visit the Presidency, Jan. 19.
Oldham, William, Color Sergeant ; European Regiment, appointed Quarter Master Sergeant to the 3d Regt. N. I. Jan. 27.
Oliver, J. Captain ; 17th Regt. N. I. Leave from 1st Dec. 1829 to 23d Jan. 1830, to enable to rejoin, Jan. 6.
Parlby, Samuel, Captain ; Regiment of Artillery, Furlough to Europe for private affairs, Jan. 27.
Paul, M. C. Major ; 9th Regt. N. I. Leave from 28th Jan. to 10th April on private affairs, to visit Deyrah, Jan. 5.
Penson, T. Colonel ; removed from 73d to 50th Regt. N. I. Jan. 13.
Phillips, Benjamin Trarrell, Lieutenant ; 7th Regiment Light Cavalry, Furlough to Europe for health, Jan. 21.
Pratt, J. B. Captain ; 7th Regt. N. I. to the Cape of Good Hope, for health, for 18 months, Jan. 15.
Ramsay, George, Earl of Dalhousie ; General the Right Honorable, Commander in Chief of all the Company's Forces in India, and also to be a Member of the Supreme Council at Fort William, April 3, 1829.
Ramsay, John, Colonel the Honorable ; His Majesty's Half Pay, to be Military Secretary to the Commander in Chief, Jan. 1.
Ramsay, Lord, Lieutenant ; His Majesty's 26th Regiment, to be Aid-de-Camp to the Commander in Chief January 1.
Ramsay, W. M. Lieutenant ; 62d Regt. N. I. to be Persian Interpreter, to the Right Honorable the Commander in Chief, January 1.
Reilly, Nicholas, Sergeant ; European Regiment, appointed Quarter Master Sergeant to 16th Regt. N. I. vice Sergeant Spearman, to remain with the European Regiment, January 14.
Revell, J. L. Lieutenant ; 17th Regt. N. I. Leave from 20th Jan. to 2d Feb. to enable to rejoin, January 19.
Roberts, T. Lieutenant and Adjutant ; 51st Regt. N. I. Leave from 1st Feb. to 1st Dec. on Medical Certificate to visit Hills north of Deyrah, January 26.
Robertson, T. Col. Engineers. Leave from 15th Jan. to 15th July on Medical Certificate, to remain at the Presidency, January 9.
Ross, Robert, Sergeant ; appointed Quarter Master Sergeant, to the Pioneer Corps, vice Gorman, transferred to the Pension Establishment, January 11.
Ryley, J. S. G. Cornet ; to officiate as Interpreter and Quarter Master to the 2d Regiment Light Cavalry, vice Lieutenant Wheler, absent on duty, January 8.
Sage, J. C. Lieut. ; 72d Regt. N. I. Leave from 1st Jan. to 1st Feb. to proceed to the Presidency, Jan. 11.
Sage, J. C. Lieut. ; 72d Regt. N. I. Leave from 1st Feb. to 1st April to remain at Benares, Jan. 23.
Sargent, G. Colonel, removed from 69th to 19th Regt. N. I. Jan. 13.
Seaton, T. Lieut. ; appointed to act as Adj. to the Right Wing 35th Regt. N. I. during its separation from Regimental Head Quarters, Jan. 7.
Seaton, F. Lieut. 66th Regt. N. I. Leave from 20th Dec. to 10th Feb. 1830, to remain at the Presidency, on private affairs, Jan. 23.
Seaton, F. Lieut. ; 66th Regt. N. I. to be Interpreter and Quarter Master, Jan. 27.
Shakespear, W. M. Lieut. ; Horse Artillery, Leave from 20th Decr. 1829, to 31st Decr. 1829, to enable to rejoin, Jan. 7.
Shortland, Vincent, Lieut. ; 36th Right N. I. Furl. to Europe for private affairs, Jan. 11.
Showers, St. George Daniel, Lieut. ; 72d Regt, N. I. Leave for 6 months to visit Madras, on private affairs, Jan. 5.
Shouldham, T. H. Lieut. Intr. and Qr. Mr. 52d Regt. N. I. Leave from 25th Feb. to 15th Oct. on Med. Cer. to visit Hills in the vicinity of Deyrah, Jan. 20.
Singer, Alexander Stewart, Lieut. ; 24th Regt. N. I. Furl. to Europe, for health, Jan. 22.
Simons, Edward, Lieut. Colonel ; 12th Regt. N. I. Furlough to Europe, for health, Jan. 11.
Smith, F. C. Lieutenant and Adjutant ; 48th Regt N. I. Leave from 30th Dec. to 30th Jan. 1830, on Medical Certificate to visit the Presidency, Jan. 2.
Smith, H. B. Lieut. ; 37th Regt. N. I. Leave from 23d Decr. 1829, to 23d April 1830 on Med. Cer. to visit Presidency, Jan. 9.
Smith, L. 2d Lieut. ; removed from 4th Com. 3d Batt. to 4th Com. 2d Battalion, Jan. 13.

Smith, J. W. Capt.; 35th Regt. N. I. Leave from 22d Jan. to 30th March on Med. Cer. to remain at the Presidency, Jan. 22.
 Spens, A. Lieut.; 74th Regt. N. I. Leave from 16th Decr. 1829, to 16th Jan. 1830, to enable to rejoin, Jan. 7.
 Stevenson, W. Assist. Surg. 33d Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th Jan. to 15th May on Med. Cer. to visit Presidency, Jan. 15.
 Stevens, J. Lieut.; 6th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th March to 15th May to enable to rejoin Jan. 22.
 Sturt, F. St. John, Lieut.; 10th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th April to 15th Octr. to visit Hills in the vicinity of Simlah, on private affairs, Jan. 25.
 Sturt, W. M. N. Capt.; 10th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th April to 15th Oct. to visit Hills in the vicinity of Simlah, on private affairs, Jan. 19.
 Sturrock, H. 2d Lieut.; removed from the 1st Company 2d Batt. to 3d Troop 1st Brigade, Jan. 13.
 Sunderland, E. 1st Lieut.; removed from 4th to 3d Com. 3d Batt., Jan. 13.
 Swayne, S. Capt.; 5th Regt. N. I. Leave from 5th Jan. to 1st June, on Med. Cer. to remain at Presidency, Jan. 8.
 Thornton, S. L. Capt.; 13th Regt. N. I. Leave from 5th Feb. to 5th Aug. to visit the Presidency on private affairs, Jan. 8.
 Thorpe, R. Capt.; 14th Regt. N. I. Leave from 2d March to 2d Nov. on Medical Certificate, to visit Hills North of Deyrah, Jan. 19.
 Thompson, J. Capt.; 68th Regt. N. I. Leave from 10th Feb. to 1st April, to enable to rejoin, Jan. 28.
 Thompson, Henry S. Sergeant; app. Quarter Master Sergeant 8th Regt. Light Cavalry, vice Porter, app. Sergeant Major, Jan. 11.
 Tombs, John, Colonel; 6th Regt. Light Cavalry. Furlough to Europe for private affairs, Jan. 11.
 Torckler, P. A. 1st Lieut.; 3d Battalion Artillery, Leave from 5th Jan. to 5th March in extension to remain at Cawnpore, Jan. 5.
 Tucker, Auchmuty, Supernumerary Lieut.; brought on the effective strength of the Regiment, Jan. 15.
 Turnbull, R. H. Lieut.; to act as Adjutant to the 24th Regt. N. I. Jan. 19.
 Turnbull, R. H. Lieut.; 24th Regt. N. I. to be Adjutant, vice Singer, who has resigned the appointment, Jan. 14.
 Twemlow, G. Capt.; (new promotion) to the 6th Com. 6th Batt. Jan. 13.
 Urquhart, C. F. Capt; 54th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th March to 1st May, to remain at Presidency, Jan. 15.
 Wakefield, J. H. Lieut. 17th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th Dec. to 1st Jan. in extension to enable him to rejoin, Jan. 5.
 Watson, W. Surgeon; Garrison Surgeon of Allahabad, Leave from 25th Jan. to 10th April, to enable him to rejoin, Jan. 25.
 Webster, A. B. Assistant Surgeon; Med. Dept. removed from 70th Regt. N. I. to the Hills Rangers, Jan. 28.
 White, C. H. Lieut.; 8th Regt. Light Cavalry, Leave from 15th Feb. to 15th Aug. to visit Presidency, on private affairs, Jan. 26.
 White, M. Colonel; 70th Regt. N. I. Leave from 24th Dec. to 24th June, 1830, on private affairs, to remain at Presidency, Jan. 13.
 White, J. K. H. 2d Lieut.; 7th Batt. Artillery, Leave to visit the Presidency, on urgent private affairs, from 15th Jan. to 15th July, Jan. 2.
 White, M. T. Ensign; 37th Regt. N. I. Leave from Nov. 16 to March 16, 1830, on Med. Certificate to visit the Presidency, Jan. 2.
 Wiggins, F. S. Capt.; 31st Regt. N. I. Leave from 1st Feb. to 1st Sept. on Med. Cer. to visit the Presidency, Jan. 11.
 Williamson, F. A. Lieut.; to act as Intr. and Qr. Mas. to 63d Regt. N. I. vice Lieut. Int. and Qr. Mr. Bignell, absent on duty, Jan. 14.
 Woodburn, J. Lieut. and Adj.; 44th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th Feb. to 15th Aug. on private affairs, to visit Shergotty, Jan. 15.
 Wollaston, C. Cornet; 8th Regt. Light Cavalry. Leave from 1st Feb. to 15th June on urgent private affairs, to visit Mhow, Jan. 6th.
 Wotherspoon, John Corse, Capt.; 70th Regt. N. I. Furlough to Europe for health, Jan. 15.
 Wyndham, C. Lieutenant and Adj.; 2d Nusseree Batt. ap. to do duty with Right Wing, 56th Regt. N. I. at Almorah, Jan. 23.
 Young, K. Lieut.; 50th Regt. N. I. to act as Inter. and Qr. Mr. Jan. 27.

THE COMMERCIAL PRICE CURRENT.

CALCUTTA, JANUARY 30, 1830.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.—*Opium*; prices nominal; no sales reported during the week.—*Cotton*; without enquiry.—*Indigo*; demand rather improving, but without alteration in prices. The Hon'ble Company have not yet completed their purchases. The Imports to the 26th instant exceed 1,50,061 Factory Maunds, and the probability is, that the Crop may yet reach 1,57,000 to 1,40,000 maunds as at one time calculated on.—*Saltpetre*; market falling and the demand is very limited.—*Sugar*; prices daily declining.—*Silk*; continues very dull.—*Cotton*; in very limited request, except for Home Consumption.—*Lac Dye*; without enquiry.—*Shell Lac*; in moderate request.

EASTERN PRODUCE.—*Pepper*; a very large stock in the market, and demand very slack.

EUROPE PRODUCE.—*Cotton Piece Goods*; Chintz of good patterns suitable for the Gulf Trade, in request at saving rates.—*Lappett and Jaconet Muslins*; in moderate enquiry at low prices.—**METALS.**—*Speltre*; demand improving.—*Copper*; in little or no demand, and the market on the decline.—*Lead*; in considerable request at our quotations.—*Iron*; English very dull with a large stock pressing on the market.—*Coral*; a considerable improvement in prices has taken place in this article within the past week.—*Bottles*; prices looking up.—*Beer in Wood*; Hodgson's and Allsop's scarce.

Freight to London £3 to £3-10 for dead weight and £6 to £6-10 per ton for light goods.

THE DOMESTIC RETAIL PRICE CURRENT.

CALCUTTA, JANUARY 25, 1830.

Meat, (Gohst)—A fine show on the shambles—Our quotations of the prices in the Meat-market are perfectly correct. It should however be observed; that the prices quoted, are according to the rates that Meat is sold at early in the morning; but as the day advances, and the press in the bazar abates, this article becomes much cheaper, and we have known instances of the best Sur-loin of Beef being sold for 2 rupees—Hind quarter of Patna Sheep Mutton for 1-4 and 1-8, and Beef-Steaks, of the 1st sort, for only 5 and 6 annas each; but there is no certainty of prime pieces remaining to a late hour every day.

Fish, (Mutchlee)—Sable, (Hilsau) with Roes, in abundance—Bekhtee, Moonje, Pairsa, Terreabangun, Ko-ee, Banapattah, Saleah, Roo-ee, Cutla, Mirgael, Shoil, Mangoor, Byne, and many others of inferior note.—Mocha Prawns, of the largest kind, in great abundance.—Bagda Prawns, scarce—Crab, plentiful—Turtle, of sizes, come to bazar every morning.

Game, (Jungle Chereea)—Snipes, plentiful.—Wild Geese, Wild Ducks, Teals, Plover, and Braminy Ducks, in great abundance.

Hares, (Jungle Curcoose)—Come every day to the market.

Rabbits, (Curcoose)—Plentiful.

Fowls, (Moorge)—Of the lesser kind, rather dear.

Ducks, (Patee Hawnee)—In great abundance.

Geese, (Raj Hawnee)—Come to the market every day.

Vegetable, (Turkaree)—Knole Kole, in full perfection—Cabbage, (Cobee) in perfection—China Cabbage, (Chin-ke-Cobee) plentiful—Cauliflower, (Phool-Cobee) in abundance—Potatoes, (Aloo) in abundance—Sweet Potatoes, (Securund Aloo) in great abundance—Peas, (Chemee-Mutter) of all sorts, in great abundance—Red Beet (Chukundur) plentiful—Sorrell Fruit, (Surrel) in great abundance—Artichokes, (Hatee-Choke) in great abundance—Turnips, (Salgram) in abundance—Carrots, (Gajur) in great abundance—Radish (Moolee) gone out—Love Apples, (Beelaty Bygun) plentiful—Lettuce, (Sullud) in abundance—Greens, (Saug) of sorts, plentiful.

Fruit, (Phull)—Gooseberry, (Tapary) in great abundance—Patna Plums, (Narcooly Byre) in full perfection, and in great abundance—Oranges, (Cumlaw Nemboo) in great abundance—China Oranges, (Narunghee) gone out—Goavas, (Geeaboo) still in good order—Shaddocks, (Battab Nemboo) scarce—Pine Apples, (Anarus) indifferent, can be had every day—Custard Apples, (Ahtah) indifferent, come to the bazar every day—Cucumber, (Khpereah) small, can still be had—Crab-fruit, (Cumrange) plentiful.

SHIPPING ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

Arrivals.

Date	Vessel's Names.	Tons	Commanders.	Date of Departures.
Jan				
2	Mercury, <i>barque</i> ..	190	C. Bell,	Penang 5th December.
4	Austen, <i>barque</i> ..	223	J. Ricket, ..	Sing. 30th Nov. Mal. Pen. 10th Dec.
5	Lord Amherst, ..	328	S. Rees,	China 26th November.
6	Virginia, <i>brig</i> ..	170	— Hullock, ..	Penang 3d November.
8	Fattah Garile, <i>schooner</i>	100	Nacoda,	Pen. 23th Nov. and Cheduba 25th Dec.
13	Juliana,	321	C. B. Tarbutt, ..	Lon. Portsm. 16 Aug. & Madeira 5 Sept.
17	Maria Elizabeth, (F.)	396	T. A. Angas, ..	Nantz 10th Aug. & Bourbon 27th Nov.
20	Isabella Robertson, ..	372	J. Hudson,	China 13th Dec. & Singapore 24th Dec.
21	Mathelda, (F.)	310	— Pellerin, ..	Nantz 14th June & Bourbon 1st Dec.
22	Challenger, H. M. S. —	—	C. H. Freemantle	Madras.
27	Magnalia, <i>barque</i> (Am)	396	J. Eldridge, ..	Boston 10th September.
27	Jamesina, <i>barque</i> ..	393	J. Hector,	China 22d December.
28	Brougham, H C <i>barque</i>	—	J. J. R. Bowman,	Chittagong 24th January.

Departures.

Date	Vessel's Names.	Tons	Commanders.	For What Ports.
Jan				
2	Ganges,	700	E. M. Boulbee,	London via Madras.
2	Arjuna,	306	G. H. Roys, ...	Penang and Singapore.
2	Duke of Bedford, ..	720	W. A. Bowen, ..	London.
2	Helen, <i>brig</i>	—	J. Revely,	Amherst Town.
2	Penang Merchant, ..	345	J. Mitchinson, ..	Penang and Singapore.
5	Nouvelle Europe, (F.)	492	E. Frion,	Bordeaux.
5	Mary, <i>brig</i>	229	R. Jackson,	Mauritius.
5	Le Calcutta, (F.) ..	375	J. Labal,	Bordeaux.
5	Grand Duquesne, (do.)	310	— Brifford,	Havre de Grace.
5	Catherine,	522	B. Fenn,	London via Madras.
5	St. George,	603	W. Swainson, ..	Liverpool.
5	Research, <i>brig</i>	250	D. Sterling,	Penang and Singapore.
5	Falcon, <i>barque</i>	170	D. Ovenstone, ..	China.
5	Sir Edward Paget, ...	488	J. Campbell,	London via Madras.
5	Royal Saxon,	510	D. W. Petrie, ..	London via Cape.
5	Red Rover,	354	W. Clifton,	Singapore and China.
7	Dowlat Savoy, (A.) ..	448	Shah Allum,	Bombay.
7	La Laure, (F.)	250	F. A. Cormiot	Pondicherry.
9	Pallas, H. M. S.	—	Hon. Fitzclarence	Portsmouth via Madras.
9	Irrawaddy, H. C. S. V.	—	C. H. West, ...	Amherst Town.
10	La Nancy, (F.)	547	J. Guezenc,	Bordeaux.
10	Minerva, H. C. S.	976	G. Probyn,	London via Cape.
11	Mary Anne,	600	J. Steward,	London via Madras.
13	Hamon Shaw,	200	R. A. J. Roe, ...	Rangoon.
13	Monmouth, <i>bar.</i> (Am.)	280	J. Whitney,	Boston.
13	Exmouth,	570	R. Graham,	London via Madras.
13	Zenobia,	600	J. Cameron,	London.
17	Satellite, H. M. S. ..	—	— Laws, Esq. ...	Arracan and Amherst Town.
18	Samdany,	413	Nacoda,	Bombay.
20	Demosthene, <i>Francais</i> ,	400	A. Puverseau, ...	Bordeaux.
20	Warwick, <i>brig</i>	277	J. Gibson,	Liverpool.
20	Fatta Salam, (A.) ..	540	Ally Bin Homed,	Bombay.
22	Harmony, <i>brig</i>	252	D. McEwing,	Madras.
23	William Money,	800	W. B. Fulcher, ..	London via Madras.
25	Fattle Mobaruck, (A.)	350	Soliman,	Muscat.
25	Fattle Moin, (do.) ..	290	Syed Mahomed, ..	Muscat.
25	Abassey, (do.)	300	Abdool Romoin, ..	Muscat.
25	Mary, (Am.)	348	J. H. Welsh,	—
25	Mars, <i>brig</i> (do.) ..	269	J. Spalding,	Boston.
28	Aurora,	600	S. Owen,	London.
29	Le Gange, (F.)	560	J. Gallais,	Bordeaux.
31	Hammon Shaw, <i>bg.</i> (A.)	650	Nacoda,	—

LIST OF PASSENGERS FOR JANUARY.

Arrivals.

- Per Mercury, from Penang.*—James Sutherland, Esq. and Mr. Tailor.
- Per Austen.*—Captain Ladd, H. C. Service.
- Per Lord Amherst, from China.*—Mr. J. Binny, Merchant. *From Singapore.*—Mr. A. Campbell, and Mr. A. Hay, Merchant.
- Per Juliana, from London.*—Mrs. G. Swinton, Mrs. Berney, Mrs. McFarlan, Mrs. Simonds, Mrs. Robinson; Misses A. Hogg, E. Blagrove, E. Dawney, J. Landale, and F. Foquett; D. McFarlan, Esq. Civil Service; Capt. W. Simonds, B. N. I.; Rev. R. Evarist; Mr. M. W. Caruthers, Writer; Messrs. E. G. Percival and D. Lumsden, Cadets; Mr. H. Jackson, Free Mariner.
- Per Isabella Robertson, from China.*—Mrs. Brightman and Child; Misses Brightman and Davy; J. Brightman, G. Harbeck, A. D'Souza, M. Pereira, J. J. dos Santos and J. S. Mendes, Esquires, Merchants; Mr. J. Brandao and 2 Master Santos.
- Per Mathelda.*—Madam Pellerin and an Infant.
- Per Jamesina, from Macao.*—Mrs. Cathre, Mrs. Duncan; Henry Williams, Esq. Captain H. Cathre, Captain Duncan, James Matheson, Esq. and John Templeton, Esq. Merchants.

Departures.

- Per Duke of Bedford, for London.*—Mrs. Best, Mrs. Hewett, Mrs. T. B. Swinhoe, Mrs. J. H. Swinhoe, Mrs. Belcher, Mrs. C. Helsding, Mrs. A. Helsding, Mrs. M. Helsding, Miss Braadt, Miss A. Brandt, Miss C. Brandt, Miss L. Brandt, Walter Venour, Esq. Superintending Surgeon, Captain C. H. Bell, H. C. Artillery; Captain Ludlow, 6th Regiment Native Infantry; Lieutenant Hallowell, Bengal Artillery; C. V. Helsding, H. Helsding, A. Helsding, and — Sandyk, Esquires. *Children.*—Masters Sandvk, Blackall, E. Shearman, W. Shearman, Kennedy and Swinhoe; Misses Kennedy, Venour, Best, Hewett, Louisa Swinhoe, Jessy Swinhoe, Catherine Swinhoe and Jessy Trewman Swinhoe; seven Female Servants and two Men Servants.
- Per H. C. Ship Minerva, for the Cape.*—Lady Franks, Miss Franks, The Hon'ble Sir John Franks. *For England.*—Mrs. Casement, Mrs. Delamaine, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Loder, Mrs. Sanderson; Misses Grant, Sanby, and Gunning; Captain Sanderson, 9th Light Cavalry; Lieutenant O'Halloran, H. M. 39th Foot; Lieutenant Casement, Engineers; Lieutenant Fraser, 45th N. I. *Children.*—Misses Grant, E. Grant, Lowther, Tilghman, Mackenzie and Hamilton; Masters Delamaine, Grant, Loder, Sanderson, Cunliffe, Lowther and Tilghman.
- Per Aurora, for London.*—Mrs. Salmon; Mrs. Stevens; Mrs. Bluett; Mrs. Sage; Mrs. Corfield; Mrs. O. Dwyer; Mrs. Fergusson; and Mrs. Dewaal; Dr. David Jas. Thornburn; Dr. John O. Dwyer; Lieut. Corfield; Lieut. B. Phillips; E. Mackintosh Esq.; J. Rowlands, Esq.; Miss Jane Bluett; Miss Eliza Hoggins; Miss Edwin F. Fergusson; Miss Eliza Maria Fergusson; Miss Julia Smith; Miss Margaret Wyld; Miss Oxford; Miss Ann Hamilton; Miss Maria Hibbets; Master William Bluett; Master George Stevens; Master William Stevens; Master Charles Stewart Hawthorn; Master Mordaunt Salmon; Master Charles Hoggins; Master W. F. Fergusson; Master Geo. F. Fergusson; Master Donald McLeod; Master Thomas Oman; Master Charles Oman; Master Thomas Marshall; Master Frederick Marshall; Master George Holland; Master William Hamilton.
- Per French Ship Demosthene Francais, for Bordeaux.*—Mrs. Walker; James A. Walker, Esq.; Captain M. O'Brien, J. Gravaereau, Esquire; Mr. A. Rodrigues; Children, Masters Thomas and James Walker, and two servants.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES FOR JANUARY.

BIRTHS.

- 1 At Berhampore, the Lady of Lieut. Col. Bartley, Commanding H. M. 49th Regiment at that Station, of a Daughter.
- 1 Kurnaul, the Lady of Major Maddock, Commanding 10th Regt. N. I. of a still born child.
- 1 Beaur Mhairwarra, the Lady of Major Henry Hall, of a Daughter.
- 2 Akrah, the Lady of Lieut. C. Boulton, 47th Regt. N. I. of a Daughter.
- 3 Near Dacca, Mrs. Jas. Bluett, of a Daughter.
- 4 In Park Street, Chowringhee, Mrs. M. Rochfort, of a Daughter.
- 6 At Bauleah, the Lady of T. G. Vibart, Esq. Civil Service, of a Daughter.
- 7 Calcutta, Mrs. C. E. Le Blond, of a Son.
- 10 Calcutta, Mrs. H. Stacey, of a Daughter.
- 10 Kurnal, the Lady of Dr. A. Ross, 37th N. I. of a Daughter.
- 12 Calcutta, Mrs. G. R. Gardener, of a Son.
- 14 Chowringhee, the Lady of Captain Prinsep, of a Daughter.
- 16 Calcutta, Mrs. H. B. Gardener, of a Daughter.
- 17 Howrah, the Wife of Mr. Benjamin Heritage, H. C. Marine, of a Son.
- 18 Calcutta, the Lady of D. Pringle, Esq. of a Daughter.
- 19 Calcutta, the Lady of Charles Knowles Robison, Esq. of a Son.
- 19 Patna, the Lady of William Henry Lloyd Hind, Esquire, of a Son.
- 19 Delhi, the Lady of Henry M. Elliott, Esq. Civil Service, of a Daughter.
- 20 Cawnpore, the Lady of Lieut. Col. Biggs, Commanding 2d Battalion Artillery, of a Son.
- 21 Calcutta, Mrs. T. Barfoot, of a Son.
- 22 Calcutta, Mrs. Charles Cornelius, Junior, of a Daughter.
- 22 Cuttack, the Lady of John Stanley Clarke, Esq. Civil Service, of a Son.
- 22 Dacca, the Lady of Henry Walters, Esq. Civil Service, of a Son.
- 22 Calcutta, the Lady of Mr. W. Sinclair, of a Son.
- 24 Chowringhee, the Lady of J. Dougal, Esq. of a Daughter.
- 29 Calcutta, the Lady of J. Harvey, Esq. of a Daughter.
- 29 Calcutta, the Lady of Robert Morrell, Esq. of a Son.
- 29 Barrackpore, the Lady of Major W. R. C. Costley, 7th Regt. N. I. of a Daughter.
- 31 Calcutta, the Lady of Doctor Vos, of a Daughter.
- 31 Park House, the Lady of Mr. Charles Warden, of a Daughter.
- 31 Hooghly, the Lady of W. H. Belli, Esq. of a Son.

MARRIAGES.

- 1 At Berhampore, Mr. John McKenzie, Apothecary, H. M. 49th Regt. to Miss Quinan.
- 4 Calcutta, Mr. Lewis Esterre, to Mrs. Sarah Ross.
- 6 Calcutta, Mr. Archibald Bryce, Indigo Planter, to Mrs. Mary Ann Mackenzie.
- 6 Calcutta, Lieut. Charles Jorden, 1st Eur. Regt. to Miss Margaret Gillies.
- 8 Calcutta, Mr. Henry Jackson, to Miss Elizabeth Wright.
- 9 Calcutta, Charles Herd, Esq. to Miss Frances Simpson.
- 11 Serampore, Mr. Rowe, to Miss Mardon.
- 11 Serampore, P. Durand, Esq. of Neechondeepore, Jessore, Indigo Planter, to Miss Amanda Dombal.
- 14 Calcutta, Richard Maldin, Esq. Indigo Planter, to Miss Elizabeth Neasmith.
- 18 Calcutta, Richard Holdsworth, Esq. to Miss Caroline Anne Minchin.
- 18 Cawnpore, Captain William Caine, of H. M. 41st Foot, A. D. C. to Mrs. Mary Anne Knappe Vallancey.

- 20 At Calcutta, Captain George Hutchinson, of the Bengal Engineers, to Elizabeth Harington.
- 21 Calcutta, John Henderson, Esq. to Miss Jane Elphinstone Muirhead.
- 21 Calcutta, Alexander Frederick Donnelly, Esq. Civil Service, to Margaret Hickey.
- 21 Calcutta, Thomas Woodin, Esq. to Mademoiselle Louise Cecili Victoire Henique.
- 26 Calcutta, Lieut. W. D. Nash, 46th Regt. B. N. I. to Miss Maria Louisa,
- 27 Calcutta, Thomas Lackersteen, Esq. to Miss Georgiana Paternoster.

DEATHS.

- 1 At Calcutta, Charles Brown, Esq. Indigo Planter.
- 2 Calcutta, Mrs. George Dacosta, aged 49 years.
- 6 Calcutta, Capt. Wm. Lumsdaine, Deputy Comry. General, aged 38 years.
- 6 Calcutta, Master William Deverell Goodall, aged 5 months and 20 days
- 7 Calcutta, Mr. David Jones, Branch Pilot, aged 47 years and 9 months.
- 8 Secora Oude, of confluent small pox, Lieut. Arthur Lee, 31st Regt. N. I.
- 7 Calcutta, the infant Son of Mr. J. U. LeBlond.
- 12 Calcutta, Joseph Bruce, Esq. Indigo Planter, of Ghazeepore, aged 64 years.
- 13 Calcutta, Mr. William Robinson, aged 29 years.
- 16 Dacca, after a few hours illness, Catchick Lethagassie, Esq. aged 52 years.
- 19 Calcutta, Edmond Molony, Esq. H. C. Civil Service, aged 35 years.
- 19 Calcutta, Mr. Thomas Swaine, aged 53 years.
- 19 Meerut, Marianne, the wife of B. L. S. Sandham, Esq. Surgeon, H. M. 11th Light Dragoons, aged 26 years
- 23 Patna, John, the infant son of H. G. Burnet, Esq. aged 3 years and 6 months.
- 24 Calcutta, Captain Thomas Prinsep, Engineers, aged 29 years.
- 24 Calcutta, Mr. James Hunter, of the firm of Higgs and Hunter, aged 40 years.
- 30 Coasipore, Mrs. Elizabeth Haines, aged 22 years.

THE CALCUTTA MAGAZINE.

No. III.—MARCH, 1830.

Contents.

I. ORIGINAL PAPERS.		Page.
The Betrayed.....		157
Stanzas.....		163
Ditto.....		164
On the Effects of Climate upon Man,		165
Night.....		180
Why Weep we for the Dead.....		181
M. Le Blond.....		182
Sonnet, the Shooe Dagon Rangoon.....		210
Lily of Lara.....		211
Sonnets.....		112
II. SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS.		
A Scene off Bermuda.....		65
The Last Hours of Louis XIV.....		68
The Mauvais Pas, a Scene in the Alps,		72
The Old Tolbooth.....		82
Sporting Scenes in India.....		85
The Metropolis in Danger.....		90
III. GLEANINGS,—LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.		
Musquitoes in Canada—Micrometer—Noble Origin of the Rajpoot Race—Destruction of the Antediluvian Cave of Kuhlock—De Beranger—Miniature Steam Engine—The Mosque at Mecca—Lakes—Constantinople—New Kind of Glass—Instance of Self-possession—Roman Antiquities—A taste for Poetry—Extraordinary Animal Remains—Sale of Rare Portraits—National Debts and Public Revenues—A Curious Watch—Antiquities in Spain—Preservation of Eggs—Natural History: the Lion—Influence of Accident in Directing Pursuits—Pruning—A curious Exhibition—Rise of Individuals of Obscure Origin—Diamond Lenses—Westminster-Hall—Electric Cloth—Specimen of a Royal Turkish Imbecile.		
IV. BENGAL GENERAL REGISTER.		
For February.	Law Intelligence.....	xxix
	Meeting of the Creditors of Messrs. Palmer and Co...	lxvi
	Meeting of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society,	xxviii
	Military Appointments,	13
	Commercial Intelligence.....	17
	Shipping Arrivals and Departures,	18
	Arrival and Departure of Passengers,	19
	Domestic Occurrences,	20

ADVERTISEMENT.

Subscribers are requested to observe that the *Calcutta Magazine* is divided into four distinct departments, and that the numbering and form of the pages are so arranged as to admit of the matter being bound into four separate volumes at the end of the year. Two volumes will consist of ORIGINAL PAPERS—a third, the SPIRIT OF THE ENGLISH PERIODICALS and the GLEANINGS—and a fourth will form a complete BENGAL GENERAL REGISTER.

At the end of the year separate Title Pages and Indexes to each volume will be supplied *gratis* by the Publishers.

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

Page 144, paragraph 2, line 4, for “ and offers his prayers till midday,” read “ and offers his prayers for an hour or two.”

THE BETRAYED.

A TALE OF 1757.

Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here.

MOORAH,

Thy glories, one by one,
In gloomy night have set ;
All save Affection's sun
Whose light is ling'ring yet.

D.

The Ganges has so frequently changed its bed, that it is scarcely possible to speak with certainty of villages, which were in existence in Bengal ten years ago, especially of such as were upon the banks of the river. I must therefore run the risk of being considered inaccurate, should the traveller not find the village of——*poor*, opposite to Rajmahal. About seventy years ago, however, there *was* such a place ; and if it is not now to be found, let it not be a matter of wonder, that Time, who lays low the palaces of the proud, and covers with oblivion the dwelling places of the mighty, should have left no trace of a small and unimportant hamlet. At no considerable distance from this village, lived, at the period I have mentioned, Dana Shah, a Mahomedan Durvesh. This man had been once in favor with Ali Verdi Khan ; but the flagitious conduct, and cruel disposition of Mirza Mahomed, the Soobah's grand-son, had driven him out of Moorshedabad, and forced him to seek a privacy more suited to his sacred character. While engaged, during one stormy night, in his holy office of prayer, he heard the noise of heavy footsteps at the door of his hut ; but according to a custom of the Mussulmans, who will not leave their devotions upon any account, he did not stir to ascertain what it was. Although Mahomed was obliged to go to the mountain, yet was our good Durvesh determined not to move an inch, to find out whence proceeded the noise, or what was tramping at his door. A human voice was, however, soon heard, imploring for shelter in the name of Soliman and every Peer and Puegumbur in whom the faithful trust. Dana Shah was not insensible to such a call ; for, to the honor of the prophet be it known, that he has inculcated the practice of hospitality among his followers, and declared it to be a sacred and paramount duty.

In a little time, the door opened, and discovered to the Durvesh two elephants, which, as he saw by the vivid flashes of

lightning, were rather handsomely adorned with embroidered trappings, bearing in their howdahs two persons. A few servants completed the party; and they all appeared much fatigued with a long and dangerous journey. As soon as the strangers had alighted, Dana Shah perceived, that the one was an extremely handsome young man, about twenty years of age, and that the other was a female, whose youth and beauty should not have been the sport of so rude a night. Having first given them his blessing, he invited them into his cell to partake of such cheer as he could afford, and such shelter, as they might find under his humble roof. As soon as the strangers had entered, he spread a mat upon the floor for them, expressing at the same time, his regret, that it was not a carpet, such as their condition indicated they had been used to. "Alas!" cried the young man, "if you knew our condition, it would excite your pity." At the sound of his voice, the Durvesh started inwardly, but immediately suppressing his emotion, he moved a small brazen lamp towards his guest, that he might peruse his features. Looking intently upon him for a few minutes, he seemed to discover, that the face upon which he gazed was not a stranger to his eye, although Care had already begun to trace her characters upon his young and beautiful brow. The Durvesh who had been a man of the world, although he then lived retired from its business and its follies, wished his guest to tell his own story, without being questioned. For, although his suspicions of the young man's rank and importance were confirmed by the view he had taken of his face, he would have "assurance doubly sure," and, therefore, wished him voluntarily to unfold his secret. "May be, you are on a long march, and have lost sight of your attendants in this storm!"

"Well said," replied the stranger; "it is indeed a dreadful storm, that has separated me from all those who should be around their master; but God is merciful, and I yet may find a home."

"But you cannot be without a home," said the Durvesh; "your condition and appearance speak of other things; and although you have only the drivers of your elephants and a few other servants with you, I am sure there must be thousands of slaves in your father's hall to do all your behests.—But talking perhaps is irksome; let me set about preparing such food as I can offer."

"Alla reward thee;" exclaimed the young man, "Truly the night of adversity has lowered upon me, and I have no where to lay my head. They who fed upon my bounty have turned their arms against me; and thou beholdest, the representative of the house of Ali Verdi Khan thus low, imploring thy protection." Then taking off his turban, and laying it at the feet of

the Durvesh, "I am the man" continued he "who but yesterday was named *The Mighty*, and who was taught to believe, that there was no power like his own :—but Seraje ad Dowlah is now at thy feet holy man, and he intreats thee in the name of the prophet, and for the sake of the hallowed Kaabah, not to withhold thy pity from an unfortunate, fallen prince."

"And what mishap has befallen you, son of the mighty ;" said Dana Shah, "that the habitation of one so lowly should afford shelter to the Soobah of Bengal ; and who is this partaker of the calamity which has fallen upon the descendant of the all-powerful Ali Verdi ?"

"It is some consolation," replied the prince, "that amidst all my sufferings, and in all my hours of trouble, I have ever found the bosom of my Lutf respond to mine ; and as she enjoyed my prosperity, you see she has not shrunk from sharing my adversity.—But ere I begin to detail my misfortunes, let me send away my elephants and attendants, lest their appearance at the door of thy hospitable cot should bring my pursuers upon me.

"Well suggested", interrupted the old man ; "and I hope your Highness will allow me to take that duty upon myself. I shall desire your servants to proceed with the beasts in a direction, which your pursuers cannot have followed ; and then send my own man, Abad al Russool, across to Rajmahal, that he may go from thence to the fakcer of the Colgong Rock, and solicit protection for you, until we endeavor to re-establish you on the musnud of your fathers."

With tears in his eyes, and with a heart too big for utterance did the young prince press the hand of his generous protector, and with that thoughtless confidence which characterized his life, and from which he suffered so much, at once assented to the proposal of the Durvesh.

While Dana Shah went out to give the necessary directions ; Lutf, the beautiful, the devoted Lutf took up her sitar, which she had brought with her to divert the mind of her unfortunate husband. But before she could get the strings in tune, the Durvesh returned, and informed Suraje ad Dowlah, that every thing had been despatched, and that he might now tell the eventful history of his calamity, without the slightest apprehension.

"Alas for Palassi* !" Exclaimed the prince ; "for upon that fatal field, the glory departed from my house. My army has

* *Plassey Anglice*. The names of places in India are utterly unintelligible to the natives, when pronounced by Europeans. Thus we have *Serampoor* for *Sserampore*, *Boglipore* for *Bhagulpore*, *Muttra* for *Mathura*, &c. &c. Upon its being once asked how *Serampoor* could have got that name. "Easily enough," said an incorrigible punster ; "it is made up of "Sir I'm poor," the exclamation of every hard-pressed debtor, who flies to the Danish settlement for protection."

been defeated, my own friends become traitors"—(the Durvesh here appeared agitated)—"and they in whom I placed confidence have sold me to my enemies. Alla! Alla! was the race of Ali Verdi destined to be bartered, to be given like slaves in exchange for gold—the gold too of *Kafirs*? Is there not a day of retribution in store for those who break their faith; and is not the perjury of Jaffer Khan now numbered among his sins? But it is the will of fate that I should thus be used; fortune has turned her back upon me, and, but for the truth of the love of my own Lutf, I might add, that I am abandoned by mankind. This is my story venerable man; and you, who have ceased to regard the world, but as one who has in it no stake, will not refuse me the protection I implore, nor drive me from this shelter to the mercy of my enemies."

"God forbid my son," replied the Durvesh, "that the descendant of Ali Verdi Khan should meet any thing but good from my hands. So may I hope for heaven, as I treat thee; and may that hope perish for ever, if I fail in my truth!—But you seem faint with the fatigue of your journey; let me dress some food for you. I can prepare it speedily; and although Sorrow supplies a poisonous nourishment to those whom she seizes, bidding them live upon their misfortunes, yet would I hope, that time may chase away the care that now presses so heavily upon thee." Upon this, he went into another part of his hut, and began preparing a slight repast for the unfortunate Seraje ad Dowlah.

To soothe the breast of her husband by whom she was sincerely loved, and whom she worshipped with the devotedness of an enthusiast, the tender Lutf took up her sitar again, and, "let me sing to thee," said she to him—"my songs you said were sweet in better days; let me see whether sorrow has destroyed the music of the voice you have always loved to hear. Misfortune has spared the strings of my sitar; but those of my heart are broken, every one, but that which binds it for ever to thee."—Then throwing her beautiful arm upon the instrument, she struck a few chords, and sang some words, something like the following to a well known plaintive air.

Ah! wherefore should thine eagle-pride
Still strive to soar above,
When thou may'st all thy sorrows hide
In this fond bosom, Love!
In vain the wounded bird would spread
Its wing when pressed with pain;
And why should thy unhappy head
Seek pomp and power again?

In murky hour, the giant storm
Runs madly through the sky ;
Yet, morning sees the rainbow's form
Like a young bride, on high.
Thus hath our tempest past, and thus
Our rainbow beams above ;
'Tis all that now remains for us,
And who needs more than love ?

I cannot philosophize concerning human sympathy, and its causes ; but it is not the least of life's blessings, that we find hearts to reflect back our smiles, and to weep with us, tear for tear. The song of his gentle Lutf brought the light of other days around her husband ; her affections were all the treasure he now possessed, and the music of her voice the only comfort of which he was not deprived. For, although he had drunk the bitter cup of misfortune to its very dregs, and although he was reduced to the utmost misery, yet felt he something akin to joy, when Lutf poured out her sweet strain, like a blessing, upon his heart.

A knocking being now heard at the door of the humble dwelling, the Durvesh came out of the room where he was preparing a little food for his guests, and proceeded to see what was the matter. Seraje ad Dowlah waited his return with dreadful anxiety. His heart boded the worst, and he had no means of escape ; his elephants and attendance had been sent away, and resistance could not be successfully attempted. He therefore resolved to surrender his person, and to solicit the favor of being sent a prisoner to Colonel Clive, who was then with the army at Daoodpoor. In a moment, the little apartment was filled with men of ferocious appearance, who immediately seized the prince. Seraje ad Dowlah implored them to release him, but he implored in vain ; then turning to the Durvesh, he begged that he would exert his influence, as a religious devotee, in persuading his enemies to let him go. "Appeal not to me, thou monster of iniquity," cried the Durvesh, while the fire in his eye almost brightened the room ; "appeal not to me for assistance—that thou art in the hands of these brave men, the servants of Meer Kassim, is a fortunate circumstance and was contrived by me. Hast thou forgotten, boy, how thou didst drive me from before the face of Ali Verdi, and how, in addition to other enormities thou didst cause the murder of my last friend, my best benefactor Hosein Kouli, in the public street of Moorshedabad ? Alla has put thee in my power ; and I am happy, that the glory of having rid the world of such a tyrant will be ascribed to Dana Shah." Seraje ad Dowlah burst into tears. He was a

weak man; and his misery upon finding himself thus deceived, and thus deprived of all hope, was beyond endurance. He fell almost lifeless into the arms of the men, who had surrounded him; and they, while he was in that insensible state, conveyed him in a small boat across the river to Rajmahal. His fate, after these circumstances, is sufficiently well known. He was sent from Rajmahal to Moorshedabad; but as, at the time of his arrival there, Jaffer Khan was at Munsoorgunge, he was thrown into prison by Meerun, the son of Jaffer. His last moments were dreadfully painful: but although separated from the tender, the true partner of his joys and sorrows, and confined in a small room, life was not to him a heavy load. O! what is there in this earth, and all that belongs to it, which makes us still cling to existence, even when perhaps "'tis something better not to be." He requested the officer commanding the guard to make it known, that if his life were spared, he would willingly retire to any part of the province upon a small pension. But the peace of Bengal, or the safety of Jaffer Khan was not to be hazarded by consenting to such a proposal. His death was determined—by whom, it is perhaps difficult to say. Some maintain, that it was fixed by men of a civilized nation; but my authority states, that Meerun, the son of Jaffer, offered a sum of money to any of his attendants, who would undertake to kill Seraje ad Dowlah. At first they were all unwilling to execute such a commission; but at length, a wretch named Morad Beg, who had once been his dependent, and who from his infancy had lived upon the bounty of Ali Verdi Khan's family undertook the execution of this black, this cruel deed. When the assassin entered the apartment in which the fallen prince was confined—"Art thou come" said he "to kill me; and will they not let me live in obscurity?—no, no—it cannot be. I must die to atone for the murder of Hosein Kouli." Upon this, the ruffian gave him several wounds till he sunk, exclaiming—"enough, enough? Hosein Kouli, thou art revenged." His body was soon after removed from the prison; and in a little time, the grave closed for ever over the faults and misfortunes of Seraje ad Dowlah.

D.

STANZAS.

*On the Death of a favorite Horse, at the age of nearly nineteen years ;
more than fourteen of which he had passed in my possession.*

Farewell, my good Steed ! thy long service is o'er
Thou wilt bear me in war, and in pastime no more.
No more thou'lt be cheer'd by the sound of my voice,
No more in thy speed shall my spirit rejoice !
Stiff, stiff, are those limbs, which in life us'd to fly,
Like a storm-driven rack through the hurricane sky ;
And cold is that ardour, so generous and true,
Which age could not weaken, nor labor subdue.

My faithful old Servant, of twice seven years !
Should I blush to embalm thee with *some* manly tears,
When I think that not once, for the space of an hour,
Hast thou fail'd me in will, or in courage, or power ;
When I think how that fond and intelligent eye
Would single *me* out, though a thousand were bye ?
And remember how surely thy eloquent neigh
Would give me glad welcome, my beautiful Bay !

In the pride of thy strength thou hast borne me along,
And hast shar'd in the risk of the battle's hot throng—
Where the arrows have whirr'd, and bullets have shower'd—
But thy eye never quail'd, and thy ear never cower'd.
Thou hast seen the Pindarras' sharp, murder-stained spear,
And hast heard the hoorra of their head-long career ;
And hast witness'd when on them our vengeance was wreak'd,
How the desperate have striven, and the timid have shriek'd.

Thou found'st me in years, and in wisdom, a boy,
For the future all hope—from the past no alloy ;
Thou left'st me in years (more than wisdom) a man,
With much to mourn over which *thou* could'st not scan.
But in frolic, or hazard, in fault, or in fame,
I have still been to thee, old Companion ! the same ;
And the same hast *thou* been through the much chequer'd time,
Which on *thee* brought old age, though to me but my prime.

We have gone through strange scenes, my lost Steed, I and thou ;
And thy vigour hath sav'd me from peril ere now.
I have shar'd with thee oft my scant morsel of bread,
And lain by thy side on the same chilly bed ;
('T was the fortune of war !) and, in mischievous whim,
I've had cause to exult in thy fleetness of limb ;
For thou'st borne me full well through morass and through wood,
And gallantly breasted both upland and flood.

I us'd thee not so as to now feel remorse,—
 No spur ever gall'd thee, my noble old Horse !
 In thy wildest career, or to guide thee, or check,
 A word from my lip, or my hand on thy neck,
 Was of magical power ;—and for pleasure, or need,
 A touch of the bridle would urge thee to speed.
 The loud booming shot could not quiver thy nerve,
 Nor the thunder-ton'd Elephant force thee to swerve.

No more shall the bugle's clear note of command
 Make thy hoof spurn the earth, and thy nostril expand ;
 No more to thy curvets my sabre shall clank,
 No more make thee bound as it swings to thy flank ;
 Nor again shall that eye with proud rapture be lit,
 Midst the toss of thy head, and the champ of thy bit.
 So mild, yet so mettled,—so steady, yet free,
 Oh ! never will Steed be what thou wert to me !

I have laid thee too deeply beneath the broad plain,
 For the loathsome beak'd vulture thy limbs to profane ;
 Or the ravening wolf and the jackall to feed
 On thy mangled remains, my so long cherish'd Steed.
 In decent repose and in safety they lie,
 And oft shall I yield thee a merited sigh :
 Thou hast earn'd it by service long, varied, and true,—
 Then to all but thy memory, old Charger, adieu !

CAWNPORE, }
Jan. 25th, 1830.

R. A. MCNAGHTEN.

STANZAS.

Have you not seen these languid eyes
 Smile dimly o'er each scene,
 T'is sorrow haunts in pleasure's guise
 The steps where joy has been.
 For pleasure's self has lost the power
 To warm this blighted mind—
 As moonlight gilds the faded tower
 But leaves no glow behind.
 Yet while I feel each hope that fed
 Life's morning dream, depart,
 Still gleams of former days will shed
 Their halo round my heart.
 So when the Day-God downward moves
 Some beams are backward cast,
 As though his light like mem'ry loves
 To linger o'er the past.

ON THE EFFECTS OF CLIMATE UPON MAN.

[It may be necessary to state, that the principal parts of the following paper were composed in 1823, while the Author was serving in the British Navy on the coast of Africa, and consequently before the valuable works of Macculloch were published ; a circumstance which is corroborative of the opinions so ably maintained by that erudite physician and profound observer of nature.]

The investigation of causes which have an extensive and diversified influence on animated nature, and more particularly on man, not merely respecting the duration of life, but in the more peculiar effects produced by them on intellectual existence, is a subject worthy the consideration of the philosopher, and the statesman. Of the numerous families of the human race scattered over the earth, and derived from a single species, it is an important fact, that no complete similarity has ever been observed between two individuals, and that the inhabitants of different soils and climates, exhibits the most marked distinction in their physiognomical appearances and mental endowments. Whence these peculiarities (which form the natural boundaries of kingdoms) have arisen, has been a subject of discussion for ages.

Some have assigned the craniological configuration as affording sufficiently marked indications of character and nationality ; others have reasoned on the approximation to, or distance from the sun's path in the ecliptic ; several have brought in support of a theory an astrological horoscope ; and at a later period political institutes have been supposed to form the operating cause.

The principle, which it is the object of this essay to unfold, is, that man is the creature of circumstances over some of which he has no control ; that his corporeal strength and mental development, depend partly on birth, but more especially on localities, viz. the nature of the soil he inhabits, and the air he respires.

The induction of facts being not only the clearest but the most just mode of supporting a proposition, it is not intended to waste time and thought on useless disquisitions and superogatory observations, but combining *cause* and *effect*, adduce such cases as bear most strongly on the point at issue, and afterwards briefly

MARCH, 1830.

B 3

treat of such preventives as experience and observation have suggested.

It is premised that animal and vegetable matter when deprived of the principle of vitality, and while passing through the putrefactive stage, undergo fermentation; during which period, certain gases (varying in some degree according to the nature of the decomposing substance) are given off, which Moschati, Currie, Broechi, &c. have shewn to consist principally of carburetted hydrogen and ammoniacal gases. This noxious production, has been designated by various terms such as *marsh-miasmata*, *paludal-effluvia*, *terrestrial-radiation*, *morbific-emanations*, *vegeto-animal-exhalations*; all of which however I shall include under the more simple and better known term of *malaria*, of which it may be requisite to observe that animal matter forms the most deadly source.

Myriads of *insects* and cold blooded *reptiles* spring into life during the seasons of rain, and perish in hot weather; the *former* at times darkening the air, by the swarms in which they rise from the earth, and the *latter*, as in the case of locusts, creating a famine by their rapacity and a plague by their speedy decomposition. With respect to miasm from vegetable decomposition it has been enquired, whether salt or fresh water is most productive of malaria? To which it may be replied, that a *small* quantity of salt materially expedites the decomposition of animal, as well as vegetable substances, and that for salt to prove antiseptic it must be abundant; hence the sickness of places where there is an occasional flux of tide to a considerable extent over a mangrove shore; and it has been observed, that where irruptions of the ocean have occurred, viz. in Holland, England, &c. plague or fever have rapidly succeeded: The Sunderbunds of Bengal, may here be adduced as affording a striking instance of the rapidity of ligneous decomposition, when aided by slightly saline water, and alternately wet and dry shores; a combination of which is extremely favorable to the propagation and dissolution of the mangrove shrub.

It is not a mere theory but a well founded opinion, that all the destructive epidemics that have afflicted this globe, have had their origin in malaria; which in a cold climate has produced typhus fever; in a more temperate one, plague and yellow fever; and within the tropics, cholera, &c.—each modified according to the Idiosyncratic state of the sufferers.

Hippocrates, Virgil, Seneca, Justin, Tacitus and many others who have transmitted to posterity accounts of various epidemics which have at different periods destroyed large numbers of mankind, have all remarked that they were preceded by heavy

rains and intense heat, and that these seasons were almost invariably to be prognosticated by the appearance of a comet. I may here enumerate a few examples;—ancient Rome was subject to frequent epidemics, generally caused by inundations of the Tiber, but in the year 81 of the Christian era, after a severe rainy season succeeded by intense heat, the mortality was so great, as to carry off *ten thousand citizens daily!* Proceeding chronologically to A. D. 1347, it is to be found narrated by historians, that that year was marked by a comet, by excessive rain and heat, and succeeded by the most dreadful mortality that we have any record of, which carried off *two-thirds* of the human race in a very brief period;—many places were entirely depopulated; *twenty millions* of mankind died in the East in one year; 100,000 perished in Venice; 50,000 were buried in one grave-yard in London; grass grew up in the streets of cities hitherto most populous, and people fled in boats and ships to sea, regardless of property and friends!!!

The years 1770 and 1771, were distinguished by a large comet being visible; an immense globe of fire was seen on the 17th of July, and the most violent earthquakes, storms, rains, and inundations occurred, succeeded by extreme heat and drought. The consequences were, pestilence and its concomitant miseries; 200,000 people perished in Russia and Poland; 1000 bodies were buried daily in Constantinople; in Bohemia 168,000 persons died in one year; 150,000 individuals perished in Canton; the streets of towns on the banks of the Ganges were filled with dead bodies, and such a number of carcases were thrown into the river, as to render the water and the fish unfit for use.

In 1817, this country was visited by a severe epidemic under the form of cholera, which evidently had its origin in malaria, as Jamieson in his report of it proves that the preceding seasons were accompanied by unusual moisture and heat, and that its general progress, was along the margin of a river, or over a low swampy tract; on such facts, we may reject the idea of the conveyance of cholera by contagion or infection to the Mauritius, or the still more improbable hypothesis, of its being blown over the surface of the Indian ocean to that island, as was stated.

In 1824, a season of unusual moisture and heat, a severe epidemic raged in Calcutta, when the mortality was not confined to man, for a large number of dogs and other animals perished; and a highly intelligent medical gentleman* states, that a similar "epidemic prevailed in some other parts of India, where the

* Mr. Twining.

situation was low, and in the vicinity of the sea or within the delta of rivers."

In 1825 an epidemic broke out at Berhampore, which spared neither age, sex, nor habit of body; and we find the reason of a difference of a year between this sickness and that of Calcutta in 1824, by observing in Dr. Mouat's description† that the rainy season did not set in, by a long period, as early as in the lower parts of Bengal.

It may be necessary now to point out a few instances of malaria, in various parts of the world, and as a general rule it may be observed, that a clayey soil is most productive of this gas, and a chalky one most free from it;—and that the most beautiful and fertile tracts in warm climates are the most sickly, after the exciting causes before adverted to.

Dr. Rush, in enumerating the causes of yellow and bilious fevers in Philadelphia says, they are as follows; exhalations from marshes and from animal and vegetable substances in a state of putrefaction; bilge water; stagnating rain water; duck-ponds; hog-styes, locusts; weeds cut down and exposed to heat and moisture near a house; and the matter which usually stagnate in the gutters, common sewers and alleys of cities, and in the sinks of kitchens. Of the ill-effects of the latter, and more particularly of gutters, many instances could be cited in this country, where durwans are liable to fevers, &c. from similar causes; it may be sufficient to mention the following circumstance quoted by the distinguished author above named. "A gentleman in Philadelphia, who had a sink in his kitchen lost a number of cats and dogs by convulsions, at length one of his servants was affected by the same disease and died; this led him to investigate the cause and he traced it to the sink, which, on its being cleared and closed up, was completely deprived of its unhealthiness."

As the same effects are experienced from bilge water on ship board, or where there are green timbers in a ship; it is unnecessary to advert to the *many* instances that have occurred in the naval and merchant service; one, as illustrative of the cause of a disease, formerly of great destruction to the maritime interests, I may here quote:—Captain Bell states, that scurvy broke out among his men on a voyage to the East Indies, in 1784, whereof several men died, and he supposed the scurvy to have been "caused by the *foul air* emitted by the green timbers" that were in his ship; for he observed, that "the hammocks which were near the *sides* of the ship, *rotted* during the voyage, while those that were suspended in *midships*, retained their *sound* and natural state."

† Vide translations of the Medical and Physical Society of Calcutta.

Moorshedabad, built on the banks of the Cossimbazar river, is a very crowded and populous city, containing upwards of 200,000 inhabitants; it is low and filthy, built with narrow streets, after the usual manner of eastern towns, and having numerous stagnant pools; there are no drains, and even the natives find it exceedingly unhealthy; scarcely a year passing without some epidemic raging in the city.

The pestilential and dreaded shores of eastern and western Africa, have proved the destruction of many of our bravest seamen and soldiers, and even the nobler animals domesticated by man, such as the horse, dog, &c. speedily perish. Of the unhealthiness of these shores, except at certain seasons, the writer of these pages has had painful experience while serving as a medical officer in the squadron, employed under the command of that distinguished officer W. F. W. Owen, Esq. who, notwithstanding the death of nearly two-thirds of his officers, among whom were included a Post Captain, a Commander, five Lieutenants, a Medical Officer, a Master, a Purser, a Naturalist, a Botanist, a Linguist, very many junior officers, and a proportionate number of seamen and marines; completed the most extensive maritime survey that has ever been made. Dear bought experience however at length taught the Commander not to attempt the survey of any bay or river, either during the rainy season, or immediately after it.

The island of Zanzibar, is situated on the east coast of Africa, in Latitude $6^{\circ} 12'$ south, separated from the main land by a navigable channel of a few miles broad; it is so low, that the sea breeze blows almost entirely over it. Nothing can surpass its fertility; and although nearly a degree in length, it appears throughout like a beautiful cultivated garden, where every fruit and vegetable of the tropics grows in the fullest perfection and abundance, where the carpet of nature is at all seasons green and bedecked with all the lowly yet lovely flowrets, that usually decorate the lawn:—Yet amidst all this luxuriance and loveliness, death is borne on the breeze that blows over this, otherwise, terrestrial Eden, and its shaft is unerring in its aim to any stranger who may be allured by the bewitching scenery around him, and the apparently ethereal blandness of the night, to sleep on the island.

Commodore Nurse and several officers and servants, were induced, partly through necessity, to sleep one night on shore; on the following morning they sailed in H. M. frigate *Andromache*, and in a few days, those who remained that one night on the island, perished from the effects of fever:—in fact so sudden and uniform were the symptoms, among those who slept on shore, that it was at first supposed, they had been poisoned by the Sultaun of the Island at whose residence they had been entertained.

A boat's crew of H. M. S. "Barracouta" passed one night on shore at the watering place of the same island, in a tent, and they all died;—several sailors attracted by the extreme beauty of the place, deserted from H. M. vessels "Leven," "Barracouta" and "Albatross," but were speedily captured by the Arabs, for the usual reward of three guineas. The poor fellows however might as well have been permitted to enjoy their brief moments of liberty and happiness, as they all fell victims in a few days, to the effects of malaria.

While on the subject of malaria on this coast, a striking instance of its effects in Madagascar, (where the French have suffered so much from it) may be adverted to.—Radama, the most powerful and enlightened chief in the island, when aiming at what he ultimately obtained, namely the absolute sovereignty of the country marched from his capital, (which is situated on the high table land to the northward and centre of the island) at the head of 100,000 men, for the purpose of subduing the feudal chiefs of the southward or low provinces, and the fertile but swampy districts of Anossi. Fever and dysentery soon thinned the ranks of the invading army, and they were compelled to retrace their steps; exhibiting at one view the unhealthiness of the marshes and the strong links of affection that attach men to each other; every ten soldiers having bound themselves by a vow, that, in case any of their number perished in battle, or died from wounds or sickness, the survivors were to carry the bones of their comrades to their native country and families, for interment; hence arose the melancholy sight of one man wending homewards his sad and toilsome way, laden with the least perishable remains of perhaps four, five or six of his comrades; and in the faithful fulfilment of their plighted faith, amidst all the depression arising from discomfiture, sickness and famine, 20,000 Malagashes returned to their Highlands, from the swamps and marshes of the low, southern provinces!

Before I proceed to demonstrate how malaria is best obviated, I shall, without any particular chronological or geographical arrangement, cite cursorily a few more instances of the injurious effects of this morbid gas.

The plague in Egypt has been, after due investigation, ascribed to the slimy deposition of the Nile, subsequent to the recession of its waters, when the fervid rays of an African sun, begin to dart on vast quantities of semi putrescent animal and vegetable effluvia. In Hungary where epidemics have been so frequent and fatal, it is worthy of remark, that there are an immense number of morasses formed by the overflowing of the Danube.

Lancisius, physician to Pope Clement the II^d. relates that, "thirty ladies and gentlemen of the first rank in Rome having

been on a party of pleasure towards the mouth of the Tiber, the wind suddenly shifted and blew from the south *over the putrid marshes*, when 29 of the party were immediately seized with a tertian fever, *one only escaping.*"

The author of this essay, is the sole survivor, (after a most severe fever) of a party of three officers and sixteen seamen, who went up the river which separates the island of Mozambique from the main, having slept only one night on shore at a Portuguese monastery, about ten miles distant from Mozambique.

That accurate and able physician Dr. Lind, in describing the cause of the severe mortality that occurs on the coast of Guinea says, "There are generally perceived heavy dews which fall in the night, and the land is every morning and evening wrapped up in a fog; there are forests and thickets of trees impenetrable to refreshing breezes; the soil is either marshy or watered with rivulets whose swampy and oozy banks are overrun with sedges, mangroves and the most noxious weeds, the slime and filth of which sends forth an intolerable stench, especially towards evening."

The Arabs have evinced their knowledge of the effects of marsh miasm, by breaking down the banks of rivers, and inundating the territories of the Turks when they received injuries from them; the consequences of these shocking acts of barbarity have been, a general consuming sickness which depopulated whole towns and villages.

Although the island of Java may be considered in general as healthy, yet an exception must be taken as regards the low and swampy shores of the island; and in particular the city of Batavia, which was at one time considered the emporium of disease in the East. It was intersected with half filled canals and tanks, and so completely environed with trees and shrubs as to prevent the free circulation of air. A veritable historian has stated, that within the space of 22 years, although there was no particular extent of sickness, yet the number of deaths within the city, was upwards of one million. An intelligent Naval Surgeon has given a melancholy account of the effects of malaria in Batavia roads, in which a squadron of H. M. ships, with troops on board anchored; there are two islands in the roadstead named Onrust and Edam, the *former* well cleared of trees and underwood, nearly flat and free from swamps or marshes, with the exception of a small spot which is however *daily* washed by the tides: the *latter* covered with jungle and long grass, and having a *stagnant marsh* in a part of the island. Sickness prevailed among the troops and seamen employed in the expedition, and most unfortunately, for some political or military reasons, the British Hospital was removed from Onrust to

Edam, the consequence of which ill-timed measure was, that although all those who were employed on shore during the *heat* of the day escaped sickness,—yet only *four* men survived out of many hundreds of soldiers and sailors who slept on the island, or remained even for a short time on shore after night fall, and those *four* men, were under the influence of *mercury*.

Arrakan and more particularly Rangoon, have afforded recent examples of the effects produced by swamps and dense jungles; the mortality which occurred in the British army (European as well as Indian,) during the campaign of 1825, being more destructive to our gallant soldiers, than the sword, spear or jingal of the wily Burman foe. Similar but more extensively fatal examples might be cited by the catastrophies of Walcheren, New Orleans, &c.

The late endemics at Mill Bank Penetentiary and Gibraltar, have been proved to owe their origin to marsh effluvia.

A low and swampy river in South America has been called by the Spaniards, Rio Morte, or *the river of death*, from the destruction attendant on all their countrymen who have attempted to settle on its banks.

Humboldt says, that the lakes situated in the valley of Tenochtitlan throw off from their surface, miasmata of sulphuretted hydrogen; (a gas probably similar to that which issues from the Grotto del Cana and Lake of Averno.) This miasm is considered extremely unheathy, and the Atzetcs in their hieroglyphical writings represent it by a *death's head*: These lakes are partly filled with plants of the family of the Junci and Cyperoides, which vegetate at a small depth under a bed of stagnating water. This extraordinary philosopher in another part of his works relating to New Spain says, "The humidity of the coasts, assisting the putrefaction of a great mass of organic substances gives rise to several maladies; for under the burning sun of the tropics, the unhealthiness of the air, almost always indicates exceeding fertility of soil;" and again he observes, "tertian fevers, &c. are the scourge of those countries exposed to humid winds and frequent fogs, although adorned by nature with the most vigorous vegetation and rich in every useful production."

At Jamaica a magnificent hospital was erected for the reception of seamen, and from its intended usefulness and grandeur, it obtained the name of "Greenwich Hospital." Unfortunately it was built near a swamp, and the patients who entered it with even trifling complaints, were soon seized with the most malignant diseases; the mortality at last became so alarming, that the medical officers were obliged to abandon the hospital altogether, and another asylum for the sick was erected in a more healthy situation. It was not uncommon to find the whole of the sentinels

who were posted at this ill-fated Infirmary, seized in the middle of the night with sickness of various natures, and several reliefs of guards be required before morning.

A remarkable instance in confirmation of my opinions on malaria occurred in the arid Island of St. Helena: in 1741, a tremendous water spout burst over the highest peak of the island, washing the slight strata of soil from the hills, and completely inundating the vallies; a severe sickness and mortality rapidly succeeded, and intermittent fever became so prevalent among all classes of the inhabitants, as to induce General Pyke to advise the Court of Directors of the E. I. C. to permit the importation of arrack for the use of the sick.

As a conclusion to this part of my essay, I may hazard a general observation, that those localities of soil which are unfavourable to men as new comers, are equally so to those domesticated animals, that most probably belong to the temperate zone;—in illustration of this I may state, that horses and dogs conveyed to the beautiful and fertile island of Zanzibar and the fortress of Mozambique, have invariably perished, and the Arabs of the former, and Portuguese on the latter island, are necessitated to use camels and asses which are apparently indigenous, or have been for a long period naturalized there. I may even generalize so far as to state, that whenever epidemics or endemics have raged, horses, cows, dogs, fowls; &c. have also suffered from somewhat similar diseases at the same period. It would be superfluous to adduce instances of a fact which is obvious to every person who has had the slightest opportunity for observation.

I shall now proceed briefly to state the more remote but not less destructive effects of malaria, and then recount the measures and preventives that have been found most efficacious in arresting the progress of this subtle and baneful destroyer, or in neutralizing its pernicious consequences.

The first effect of malaria, on those who are unaccustomed to it, is a depression of spirits—sometimes accompanied by excessive nervousness—listlessness—torpor—an acute pain across the forehead and breast, together with oppression of breathing,—the eyes become dim—the face of the sanguineous, flushed—and after a slight resistance of the nervous and vascular systems to overcome the obnoxious poison, the latter prevails and a broken slumber succeeds, which, if the sufferer be in a situation prolific of malaria, is almost sure to be fatal:—Indeed many instances have occurred of travellers who have lain down in such places, having been overcome with these sleepy sensations and never risen again; one instance of recent and contiguous occurrence may be here adduced, which together with the circumstance heretofore related of

Commodore Nourse and others, who slept one night on shore at Zanzibar, will be sufficiently corroborative of the opinions advanced. "A Sergeant of the Horse Artillery at Dum Dum, on the 7th Dec. 1828, lay down inadvertently under the night air and fell asleep; he was taken up in the morning almost bereft of sense, his eyes swelled to an extraordinary degree, and immediately conveyed to the hospital, where he soon after expired;"—after this manner have perished many of our brave but too often thoughtless soldiers and sailors, who have lain down to snatch a momentary repose in unhealthy spots, with no other canopy but the skies.

Every observer of the appearance of the lower class of people residing on the vicinity of the Pontine and other marshes or sickly situations, has described them as being in general characterized by a miserable, apparently old, and decrepid appearance,—withered and sallow in corporeal structure—having their abdomens immensely swollen—their limbs exceedingly attenuated—a leaden eye, livid complexion, shining skin, and lounging gait, and with a fatuity of mind indicating extreme age.

The difference that is manifest both in mind and body between the inhabitants of a low, hot and damp region, and the people of an elevated, cool and dry atmosphere, is too striking to require comment, and this may be sufficiently illustrated by contrasting a Dutchman with a Swiss. Indeed in many nations, although the language and the lineaments of the countenance may be common to the highlander and lowlander, yet is there very little affinity in their genius and disposition. The Tartar and Chinese may serve as an example; the *former* being bold warlike and independent, lovers of toil and of a ferocity approaching to brutality; the *latter*, a cowardly, pacific and servile race, prone to superstition, addicted to compliments and extravagant in all the littleness attending the ceremonials of behaviour. That the effects resulting to man from a residency in a marshy climate is not of recent observation, may be known from the fact, that the Greek and Latin Historians, ascribed the proverbial stupidity of the Bæotians to the humidity of their climate, and that the Britons were remarkable for the longest, and the Egyptians for the least extended, life.

All the travellers who have visited the Tierras Calientes of South America are of opinion, that the inhabitants of those warm and moist vallies will never be roused from the apathy and degradation in which they have been plunged for centuries; and they have remarked, that the residents of the Tierras Calientes, form a striking contrast with the bold and free men who inhabit the Table Land above them, who are so attached to their native soil, that "although the frost of a single night frequently deprives them of the whole hopes of their harvest,

yet they never think of descending into the fertile but thinly inhabited plains beneath them where nature showers in vain her blessings and her treasures, and where the labour of one man for two days in the week may procure the means of subsistence for a whole family for a week."

Of the effects of malaria on the range of human life I shall cursorily notice a few facts.

M. De Warville says, that he has seen in the dry, healthy parts of America, women of 60 or 70 years of age, with an air of freshness and sparkling with health; and that in many places *one* person in *nine*, attains the age of *eighty* years;—while on the low island of Oerlon, M. Moheau states, there are not more than *five* or *six* octogenarians in *fourteen thousand* inhabitants! The limit of life in Switzerland is placed by M. De Moivre at 86 years, while in Georgia it is stated that white females born there very seldom attain the age of 40, and men rarely that of 50 years.

Out of 1000 persons born at Vienna, half of them do not live to be two years of age, whilst in the province of Vaud in Switzerland, 500 out of 1000 persons born there, live to be *forty-one* years old!!!

At Petersburg in Virginia, no white person born there has ever attained the age of 23 years; one individual who attained the age of 21 (!) was quite decrepid and worn down, although he had never suffered from severe sickness; and on the West Coast of Africa, white children born there, seldom attain 10 years of age;—this is strongly contrasted with the health of the people of the capital of Norway, where there is but one physician among 30,000 inhabitants.

The preceding remarks sufficiently demonstrate the effects of climate and soil even on man, who, of all animals, is best capable of defending himself against the consequences of deleterious elements; for it cannot be denied, that in some countries his mind as well as body arrives with great rapidity and but little vigour, at maturity—when, without a perceptible intervening period of manhood, the corporeal structure hastens in an equal ratio of celerity to the grave: this fact is however but a part of the universal law of nature, that whatever is rapid in its growth, is equally speedy in its dissolution; the horse and the poplar quickly reach their height, gracefulness and beauty and are short lived;—while the elephant and the oak require nearly a century to attain their vastness, strength and grandeur, and flourish in all the pride of majesty for ages!

I shall now advert to the preventives which both savage and civilized nations, are in the habit of using, with a view to counteract the pernicious consequences of malaria.

Elevation and distance form excellent safeguards against marsh miasm, which apparently possesses such a gravity and density that it never rises high or travels far in the atmosphere; the truth of this remark may be fully exemplified. Dr. Hunter and several other army practitioners found that an elevation above the ground floor of a barrack enjoys a considerable exemption from disease, and the same remark may be made respecting the lower and upper deck of a ship of war. Several places in the vicinity of the Pontine and other marshes are elevated a few feet above the level of the plain, and the inhabitants of the raised land present a great dissimilitude to those residing on a marshy soil. This observation might be cited with respect to many situations; the marked difference between the Bengalees and the natives of the Upper Provinces of India, mentally and bodily, is sufficient for my purpose and has been too often remarked to need comment. During the prevalence of the epidemic which ravaged this country in 1817, the Marquis of Hastings ascribed the preservation of the centre division of the grand army, which he commanded in person, to having removed his encampment from the banks of the Sinde river in Bundelkund, to some high and dry land in an easterly direction. At this period it was also found, that the cantonements at Agra being *dry* and *airy* were nearly exempt from the epidemic, but those at Muttra being *low* and near the banks of the river suffered much from the prevailing disease. It is also stated in Jamieson's valuable report of this epidemic that the city of Saharunpore which is *low* and filthy, filled with ruined buildings, and intersected by *foul* channels with oozy banks, suffered considerably;—and that the disease became checked on its approach to the high land, which proved hostile to its further propagation in that direction:—This latter remark of Jamieson's coincides with Humboldt's statement, viz. that 3000 feet above the level of the sea is the utmost limit of yellow fever.

Enough has perhaps been said to evince the utility of *height*;—and as respects *distance* I shall merely observe that the officers and crews of H. M.'s ships, who were employed at Walcheren, Beveland, New Orleans, Batavia, &c. (with the exception of those who slept on shore) enjoyed a perfect immunity from disease, although the vessels lay at anchor within a cable's length of the shore where so many of their brave comrades fell victims to malaria.

Respecting the other precautions such as the smoke of wood or coal—a generous diet—the use of tobacco and stimulants—the anointing the body with some oleaginous matter—the keeping up of fires—the not venturing into the open air before or after sunrise—and the wearing of a veil or covering over the

breathing apertures, a few remarks may be made. The smoke arising from coal, wood or any of the substances usually used for fuel, has been found to destroy the effects of miasmata—Bruce relates that all those persons who lived in smoky houses escaped a severe epidemic; and it has been observed, that cooks on boardship are frequently exempt from a fever which affects the whole ship's company. Men who are employed in the occupation of making charcoal or preparing turf, inhabit the most unhealthy spots of marshes for years, in the enjoyment of rude health, by constantly keeping fires in their houses and where they work, and by not being out of doors during the night. The Italian couriers when crossing the Campagna-di-Roma are frequently obliged to sleep in the marshy districts, but secure themselves from any baneful consequences, by having a fire made in a well closed room, (even in summer) drinking a bottle of wine, and smoking a few segars.

The squadron of H. M.'s ships before alluded to which were employed on an extensive survey of the islands and rivers on the coasts of Africa, Arabia, and Madagascar, &c. where the officers and seamen suffered considerably from the effects of malaria: after painful experience, at last found that their only safeguard when exploring a low, swampy river, was to anchor their boats in the middle of the stream, close well the tilted canopy of the boat, light a fire beneath it and sleep in the heat and smoke produced by it: by these precautions they escaped the severe fevers of which so many of their comrades had previously perished.

The crews of whaling ships who find a profitable but arduous employment on the sickly shores of Asia and Africa, frequently return to their native land without the loss of a man and in the most perfect health, although necessitated in their search after whales to toil with strenuous exertions at the oar for six or eight hours daily, beneath the fervid rays of a tropical sun—their habits are therefore worthy of notice: Their cloathing, which is seldom taken off until worn out, consists of a shirt, jacket, trowsers, cap and shoes of flannel or blanketting which soon becomes thoroughly imbued with oil; their beards and whiskers are suffered to remain unshaven, and the face becomes thereby protected from the sun; their diet is nourishing and abundant, consisting of fish, flesh, and fowl, with yams, rice, &c. (which they obtain from the natives in barter for beads, knives, iron, gunpowder, &c.) together with a moderate daily allowance of spirits; their toil is solely between *sunrise* and *sunset*, after which they retire to their crowded births, where, over a can of grog and enveloped in the fumes of tobacco, each boats crew relate the perils and achievements of the day to one another.

Men thus inured to a life of danger and hardship suffer little from the rapid vicissitudes of climate, and are as remarkable for their nautical skill and strength, as they are for mildness of temper and independence of sentiment.

With respect to the application of oleaginous substances as a preventive of disease, it has been observed that very many of the natives of Asia, Africa and America, pay particular attention to the anointing of their bodies with oil during sickly seasons, by which means they consider they enjoy a considerable immunity from disease, and are not so liable to "catch cold."

Indeed oil has been used, with great efficacy, as an antidote to the plague, an idea that suggested itself from a consideration of the fact that no oilman died of that malady during the period when it raged for four years in Egypt, and destroyed 400,000 of the inhabitants. Oliver in his travels in Africa says, that the men who make and sell butter are in a great measure exempt from epidemic diseases, and it would be corroborative if we were enabled to discover whether oil and butter men in Calcutta enjoyed a like immunity from the plague of Bengal—Cholera.

With regard to wearing a veil over the mouth and nostrils, it is said that the American Indians invariably resort to this precaution when their occupations lead them into the noxious fens of their country, and the natives of Calcutta may be observed morning and evening with their faces enveloped in one of the folds of their garments.

Whatever be the nature of this subtle and mysterious poison it seems certain by these facts, that its deleteriousness is in a great measure destroyed by a high temperature, as is obvious from the most unhealthy spots being perfectly innexious at noon day—from the efficacy of fire and smoke as a preventive of its effects—and from the natives of countries where its effects are felt in a severe degree, guarding the respiratory organs from the inhalation of the night air, except it passes through a warm medium:—The functions of the skin being intimately associated with those of the lungs, as is evident from the fact that when a portion of the cuticle is destroyed by burns or scalds, the breathing becomes proportionately laborious, may explain the utility of anointing the surface of the body, when contagious or infectious diseases prevail.

I shall now proceed to the most important preventives of malaria, and by which a very great influence may be exercised over the corporeal nature and even mental endowments of man—and animals and plants be modified to a wonderful degree;—these are, *digging canals*—cutting out passages for stagnant waters—burning and otherwise *clearing away underwood*—*cutting down forests*—and *opening and tilling the soil*. If we look to the history of the commercial establishments and colonies

of European nations in every part of the world, we shall find that a salubrious climate, a healthy race of people—increase of wealth and a diffusion of the blessings of freedom and civilization have been the sure effects of persevering and well directed industry.

By referring to the works of Hippocrates it will be found, that he states the city of Abydos to have been several times depopulated by fever &c. but that on the *draining* of some *contiguous marshes*, the city and its vicinity became perfectly *healthy*. Can there be a stronger illustration than the foregoing, as to the benefits to be derived from draining the salt water lake and clearing and cultivating the Sunderbund waste land?

The feats recorded of Hercules may in many instances be traced to his having also drained and cleared several districts.

Barbadoes, the most southern of the Caribbean chain of Island, Lat. 13° N. has been well *drained* and *cleared*; the result of which is, that ague is not now an endemic on the island, and speedy recovery is obtained by those persons visiting it, who suffer from ague at the adjacent islands.

Humboldt and Ward state that cholera, vomito—prieto and agues are dreadfully severe in Vera Cruz and the Tierras Calientes, where the vegetation is rank, dense and luxuriant, but that on the table land of Mexico, which is cleared, these diseases are unknown.

A celebrated writer, Dr. Lind, speaking of the Portuguese settlements in Africa, observes, that the most healthy place, or the Montpelier for its air, is the town St. Salvador, notwithstanding that it lies within six degrees of the equator, and on the banks of the river Congo or Zaire; yet from “the *neighbouring* country being *cleared* of the natural *woods* and *thickets*, its inhabitants breathe a *temperate* and *pure* air, and are in a great measure *exempt* from the *plagues* of an unhealthy climate.”

The town of Kingston in the island of St. Vincent was found to be extremely unhealthy on account of an *adjoining* morass, but since the marsh has been drained and the woods cut down, the town has been comparatively healthy. Dr. Chisholm in his statistical pathology of Bristol and Clifton, so long ago as 1805, has given severing striking examples of the effects of malaria; among many others, he states, that “King Steinton stands on a portion of extensive *claybeds*; it is exposed to the *exhalations* from several marshy tracts on the side of the river (Teigne,) and several small islands which are seldom covered with water, the consequences are that the inhabitants are very short lived, and after children arrive at the age of 10 or 12 years their constitutions are affected with *miasm*, and never after recover without a change of situation; this is exemplified by the complexion of the inhabitants, and the vast number of graves in the church-

yard; these various exhalations affect the habit by producing agues, remittent fevers and dysenteries, which generally terminate in scirrhus livers and dropsies, and are most active during the warm months; if a removal however take place to the almost adjoined village of Bishop Stanton, (which is *cleared* and *airy*) health is secured."

The space occupied by the preceding observations necessitates my postponement of several remarks, naturally arising from a consideration of the vast utility to be derived by the inhabitants of this city, from the *widening* of its *streets*—(particularly those in the native parts of the town,) the *cleansing* of the drains, sewers, and *gutters*—the *filling* up of *shallow* depositories of *water*—the *digging* of large and *deep tanks*—the proper formation and declivity of water courses—the speedy and complete removal of all putrefying substances—the abolition of every thing which obstructs the free circulation of air for miles round the city and to the southward, such as old houses, walls, shrubs, underwood, and as many trees as possible—the burning of wood instead of coal for fuel—the digging of canals whereby the country would be most effectually and beneficially *drained*—and finally the general *clearing* and cultivation of the soil to as great an extent as possible, and particularly *towards the sea* : by the adoption and execution of these measures, a purer, dryer and, of course, healthier atmosphere than they now respire would be breathed by the residents of the "city of palaces," and this emporium of the intelligence, commerce and wealth of Asia, (where but little more than a century ago there were but a few hundred inhabitants,) may be elevated to a still greater extent than heretofore, as the proudest *testimonium* of the extraordinary energy, perseverance and skill of the British nation !

NIGHT.

I love thee Night ! there is a pleasure in
 Thy gloom which day denies—a solitude
 So fearful yet majestic—then begin
 The streaming fancy and the hushed-up mood
 Of bitter feelings ; and of thoughts endued
 With an impassioned burning, all their own :
 A time that suits the cankered soul to brood
 Upon its ills, in its own o'erstrung tone ;
 Hid from the curious eye, unfettered and alone.

WHY WEEP WE FOR THE DEAD.

Why weep we for the Dead?
For their's is sweet and calm repose,
The slumber of the fragrant rose,
Whilst we on thorns and brambles tread.

Is it, that dark despair
Points to the future, as a shade
Thro' which, nor love, nor light pervade,
A cavern deep of gloom and care?

Or is it, that the mind
Trembles to pierce the veil obscure
Which hides from sight and splendor pure,
A light, to strike the earthly blind?

Why weep we for the dead?
They sleep in peace—their sighs are o'er,
Their footsteps press a heavenly shore,
Where not one bitter tear is shed.

Why grieve, we for the blest,
Who smile in skiey realms of peace?
'Tis that we covet their release,
And envy them their rest!

My Brother! thou hast gone
In all thy opening bloom of mind,
And thou hast left sad hearts behind
To wail o'er thy funereal stone!

My Brother thou hast died
When thought was stealing o'er thy mind;
And frank, vivacious, bright, and kind,
Thou wert thy grey haired father's pride!

Yes, Henry! thou hast fled,
Released from life's protracted woes
To brighter scenes than earth bestows;
Then, *wherefore* weep we for the dead?

R. C. C.

MR. LE BLOND.

[It is not precisely known how much truth may be in the following story ; but it was first published in French as a narrative of actual events, under the title of *Histoire de Mr. Le Blond, on aventures secretes and plaisantes de la cour de la Princesse, de * * **. It is a counterpart of the well known history of the executioner of London, who was carried off to behead an unknown person, and after being well rewarded was again set down with blind folded eyes, before the city gates. The adventures of Le Blond, however are not quite of so terrific a nature.

MOTHER AND SON.

In the handsome town of Namur there lived an old and pious widow, very retired and quiet. He who did not see her at the mass where she never failed to attend every day, or in her shop where she sold silk and lace, knew nothing of her existence. Mrs. Le Blond might have died as unknown as she had lived, had she not had a son who attracted the attention of the whole town, when he could scarcely be twenty-five years of age. He was a good youth, and was educated by Mrs. Le Blond in the most pious manner ; he never saw worse company than his mother, and his nearest relations ; his pockets were never well lined with cash, for Mrs. Le Blond had inherited nothing from her husband, and her trade with silk and lace yielded her but a scanty profit ; he was very moderate in his wishes, very industrious, very honest, and not deficient in sound common sense. But all these virtues would not have made him celebrated, had he not been by far the most beautiful youth, not only in the town, but at least a hundred miles round. But the honest and simple hearted Le Blond seemed not much affected by the admiration of the ladies. He thought he was a human being like every one else, and was not conscious with what power he attracted the looks and the hearts of the fair sex of Namur, as they by mere chance passed his shop. Married and unmarried ladies whenever they looked at him did so with expressions of kindness that he was used to from his very infancy ; in this he found nothing strange, and did not give himself the trouble to make any reflexions about it. When the complaisant ladies entangled him in long discourses, he only thought that women were all alike fond of talking. If any lady, in self-forgetfulness, gave a gentle squeeze to his hand, he very honestly squeezed again and let her go.

The customers of Mrs. Le Blond visibly increased, ladies of the higher classes willingly went to, and fro, to buy ribands or laces, Mrs. Le Blond said, "Behold my child, heaven blesses our piety, our honesty and our industry." The son thanked heaven for its goodness.

Mean while it was remarkable that this success was attended by strange peculiarities. Mrs. Le Blond certainly was as pious, as honest and as industrious as her son, in spite of which, when she

was alone in the shop, she seldom could come to a bargain with her customers. She was always found to be too exorbitant in her prices. On the other hand they never bargained her son down for a kreutzer, they found him very reasonable, though he did not demand less. "Well" said the mother, I am a peevish, weak, old wife. You have a better mouthpiece than I. It is best for me to retire, I have traded and scraped together long enough. Do you the business now. Take a wife, I shall pass my old days with you.

The son found all this very reasonable. The ancient custom of taking a wife at a certain age, was well known to him, without troubling his head about the reason.

MR. LE BLOND'S DILEMMA.

But where shall I get a wife? "For that let me care, my child!" Said Mrs. Le Blond: "let me look out."

"How would it be mother, if I took Mary my cousin? You know mother that uncle said long since: Mary and I must become a pair. She would make a good house-wife. In our earliest childhood we played together husband and wife, uncle spoke to me about it only a few days since."

"With me too!" said Mrs. Le Blond: "but my dear child that can never be, and for a hundred and fifty good reasons. Out of these let me only enumerate to you the first dozen. Then for the *first*; as long as our shop was little visited, your uncle would not deign to look at us. Now that, the proud Gentleman perceives our customers to be on the increase, he grows more polite. I cannot trust the old fox. The *second*: Mary is very good, very economical, very amiable; but she has nothing. A merchant should not ask for the qualities of his bride, but for the quantity of her fortune. She is as poor as a church-rat, you are not better off. Zero multiplied by zero produces zero. The *third*: you are cousins german; earthly and spiritual laws are against a matrimonial union of such near relations. I shall never give my consent to it, should even the laws give it. The *fourth*. * * *

"Enough mother!" said the corrected son: "It was only a fancy of mine, choose then another for me."

Mrs. Le Blond in a few days had got another, the daughter of the rich cutler Paul. The girl was rich but as ugly as sin; a humpback and a deformed eye, caused by the small-pox, were the least defects of her person. Hence she had not got a husband as yet, though, to be sure there was no scarcity of admirers of her money. Mr. Paul, the cutler, agreed immediately with Mrs. Le Blond's proposal, and Miss Paul who had given up all hopes of ever finding a lover within the four quarters of the known

world, glowed, as she heard of the fair Mr. Le Blond, so much from shame and pleasure, that her whole face turned quite green.

But when the good Le Blond heard of the new acquisition, all things turned green before his eyes. After he had recovered from his first terror, he raised all his ten fingers, and said: "Mother, see I cannot only recount to you on my finger one hundred, but, two hundred and fifty good reasons, why I cannot take Miss Paul, for my wife. First: if only I think of it, I get the fever; secondly, the horrors; thirdly, the fits; fourthly darkness before the eyes, fifthly * * *."

"Stop!" said Mrs. Le Blond who did not wish to hear the remaining odd hundred reasons: "you speak like an Apothecary, and not like a merchant. Let us count and see how much we shall gain if we get in our trade ten times a return of the Paulish money?"

But mother and son in their calculations came never to the same result. This produced much chagrin and vexation. Mrs. Le Blond insisted upon such a profitable union, and her son on his 250 objections. She grew more peevish, he more melancholy. Notwithstanding the hoarse winter weather, he went oftener to take a walk than in the spring or summer, only to avoid hearing his mother, and had he not been restrained by gratitude and filial affection, he would have run away into the wide world that he might not hear of that fever-bringing bride.

THE APPARITION.

One morning he was as usual in the church to hear the mass. Not far from him there was a lady on her knees, her face covered with a richly embroidered veil. She played the rosary quickly through her fingers, but still she did not appear to be over attentive. Her eyes were often turned towards young Le Blond; then she whispered with her neighbour, and looked again towards the youth.

Le Blond saw this well, but he only thought to himself: "this lady may not be quite so ugly as the bride intended for me." When he was leaving the church he perceived that the ladies were also preparing to leave it. Some Gentlemen respectfully followed them, helped them into a magnificent carriage standing before the church, got into a second, and drove off.

This passing apparition was only remarkable to him because he beheld it again on the following day. When, to divert his thoughts from his humpbacked bride, he passed the Stone-bridge of the Sambre to ascend the Castle-hill. Soon afterwards he met the same gentlemen he had seen at the church, and he also saw the two same carriages waiting. After ascending a little higher on the second turn of the road, he saw the same foreign lady with

the embroidered veil, and her companion. From thence is a beautiful view of Namur and its environs, situated between two mountains, circumflowed and crossed by the rivers Maas, Sambre, and Vederin.

Ladies when they ascend or descend a hill should not talk too much and turn about their heads, or a false step may be the consequence, particularly when the road is rendered slippery by the snow. The veiled lady gave a proof it. She fell with a loud scream, young Le Blond ran to her assistance and politely helped her to get up, who with many thanks accepted of his arm as a support all the way down the mountain. But she complained of some hurt at her foot; hence she often stood still to repose. She put various questions to the polite youth, and when she heard amongst other things, that he traded in lace, she expressed a wish to buy some, named the hotel where she lodged, and the hour when he was to carry the lace to her. He had only to inquire after the Countess St. Silvain. She would have chattered on without feeling the least fatigue, had the Gentlemen, not come up to inquire into the delay of the Ladies. She related to the respectful Gentlemen her little misfortune, who on hearing it were nearly fainting, and led her most carefully to her carriage. Mr. Le Blond continued his walk, related to his mother what had happened to him, and at the fixed hour he enquired at the Hotel after the Countess St. Silvain. He was conducted into a room. She was there again in a travelling dress, her face covered with an embroidered veil. He laid before her two boxes of his best lace. She had soon made her choice, paid whatever he asked, added some pieces of gold for his trouble, in coming himself to the Hotel, and ensnared him into a long talk, as she did in the morning on the Castle-hill. As amongst other things he said, that he had never been far from Namur, the Countess replied: "will you enter into my service? You will see the whole of France. I'll give you more pay than all the profit you can make in your trade. I will make you mine or my husband's secretary.

She said all this so kindly, and in so sweet a voice, that he was well nigh seduced by it, particularly when Miss Paul entered his thoughts. But to abandon his old mother—that his heart revolted against. And though he had sworn more than twenty times, that he would run away into the wide world rather than marry the rich cutler's daughter—yet he gave the Countess a refusal, assuring her he could not think of leaving his poor old mother.

But when he returned home to his mother he laid no little stress on his sacrifice. To which she replied: "Go whenever you will disobedient son. Yet you must marry Miss Paul. She is not handsome it is true, but you ought to look at her through

golden glasses, a handsome face gets ugly by the wear, but a plain one improves in sight by long custom, and besides matters are too far advanced now with Mr. Paul, to retract.

The youth embittered by his mother's obstinacy ran back to the Countess, but he returned very quietly into his shop for the Countess had departed.

THE SIEGE.

The apparition was soon forgotten. But Mrs. Le Blond did not forget Miss Paul. In the meantime custom rendered every thing tolerable. The youth heard daily of the advantages of a match with Miss Paul and daily said *no*. In such a manner a whole year passed, and then a new plague came.

The King of France Louis XIV. took it into his head to be called a great man, he was indeed called Louis the Great, but what is not done to please a man who has the command of some hundred thousand men? With his armies he marched towards Namur in 1692, and at the expense of some hundred tons of gunpower he ruined all the plans of marriage settlements of Mrs. Le Blond, in regard to the cutler's daughter and her headstrong son. For after a siege of eight days he took the town, and after two and twenty days the castles; and Mrs. Le Blond fell sick from terror and died.

Her son felt much obliged to the king of France for his Military interference in his marriage concern; but the death of his mother chagrined him a great deal. However the good mother left him more property than he expected. Without his knowledge she had laid by many rolls of Ducats which just sufficed to put in execution his long conceived plan of taking a larger shop. After two months, he quitted his small house wherein was his small shop situated in a narrow lane, and hired a roomy and elegant shop in the most frequented street in the town. And his customers soon found the way to it. He was also not a little pleased to find that a fine little garden was attached to his new dwelling house, for he was extremely fond of rearing flowers. The garden was bounded to the left and right and behind it with gardens belonging to the neighbouring houses. The gardens were separated with hedges of white-thorn in which there were so many openings that the whole might be viewed as a common. Le Blond in his part of the common had a bower of wild jasmin, where he resolved to pass his leisure hours, and learn the Italian grammar, to be enabled to correspond in the Italian language, as well as other traders of Flanders. The proprietor of the splendid mansion, of which he occupied the premises, was the president of the Souverain Baillage, who cared little about his tenant.

Things went on extremely well. The fair customers did not abandon the good youth; they always had something to see, to examine and to buy. He seemed to get handsomer every day; and the fair sex, of Namur asserted, that his magazine of goods was the best in town, and his prices the most reasonable.

On the other hand he did not make much progress with the Italian grammar. There was no Italian teacher in Namur. It was altogether a troublesome job; moreover a new interruption to his lessons came on unexpectedly.

THE INTERRUPTION.

As on a warm summer evening, he marched towards the jasmine bower with the Italian grammar under his arm, he saw his place occupied by a lady with a book in her hand reading with much attention. It was a girl of about eighteen years of age, beautiful as Venus. For such warm snow as her face and neck, such cheeks of carmine, lips like glowing fire, eyebrows as if painted with China ink in beautiful arches, and round the charming head a cluster of dark locks, were not easily to be met with in this world.

The youth was startled, and the handsome lady was not less surprised at the entrance of Le Blond who seemed to her a being of another world. In her confusion she hurriedly bowed to him, and both asked mutually a thousand pardons, without having given the slightest offence. At last the conversation was begun; the lady spoke with much vivacity, but somewhat unintelligibly, for she pronounced the French with a curious foreign accent, interlarded with entire Italian phrases. Yet so far could be made out, that they both were neighbours. He had sought the bower to learn Italian, and she to increase her knowledge of the French, a grammar of which she had held in her hand. She had arrived from Italy, but three months. Whilst conversing with the help of signs, a female voice called Carolina, on which she took leave, and disappeared. He now swore by all the Saints to apply himself diligently to the study of the Italian, to be enabled to tell his fair neighbour, he hardly knew what.

As he took up the grammar, he saw it was French, Carolina in her confusion had taken his Italian one. Towards the evening only it occurred to him that it would show good manners to return the grammar with his own hands. He betook himself to the now beloved street. The large house, a true palace was easily discovered. Over a warehouse of fashion was in large golden letters. *Bienvenuto, Sisters, Milliners from Milan.*

So far things were well. But an uncommon anxiety now seized him. He passed the palace a great way down the street, he then

recollected himself. "Why should I not enter?" thought he: "I am not going to commit a crime." He turned round, but with every step he approached the palace his anxiety rose. "What would she say if she should see me with the grammar? Will she not think that I am an intruding fool? Can't I wait till she should send for the book herself? And which one of the sisters Bienvenuto is Carolina? Who knows if she be at home? Then the grammar would be off, the only pledge of seeing her again."

With similar observations he again passed the palace with lengthened steps. But the farther he went, his longing increased. He again turned, went up to the palace with firm steps and passed it again. In such a way he went on for an hour longer, till it grew quite dark. Tired and vexed at his pusillanimity, he returned home.

THE MISTAKE.

Le Blond felt no great appetite for supper, but one lives sometimes very well on air, and builds fine castles in it too. It pleased him much that Carolina was a Milliner. That trade agreed so well with his silk and lace shop. He made various plans, the charming Carolina was the only one in the world that was fitted to be Mrs. Le Blond. The only question was, how to gain the affection of that angel?

He had calculated well and correctly, he only was mistaken in a trifling circumstance, viz. that Carolina belonged indeed to the palace, but not to the sisters Bienvenuto. She was the only daughter of the French General de Fano, who in the siege of Namur had received a wound and was obliged to remain to nurse himself. It never entered the brains of the silk and lace trader, that he aspired at the conquest of the only daughter of the most courageous General of Louis XIV. he was also so bad a politician, that he did not even know of the existence of General de Fano.

Carolina on her side—for since I have betrayed to the reader a part of the secret I may as well give the remaining part into the bargain.—Carolina did not leave with a little confusion the enchanted jasmin bower. Young Le Blond was constantly in her memory. She was extremely curious to know who he was. At last she learnt that the large house with the jasmin bower was inhabited by the president of the Souverain Baillage—that was sufficient. Young Le Blond was of course the son of the president.

The change of grammar she had long perceived. From a Dog-ear, she saw that the learner had come as far as the first conjugation, *Io amo*.

MUTUAL INSTRUCTION.

The following day Le Blond went to the jasmin bower before sunrise, entered it just at the same time with his fair

neighbour from the opposite side. Probably they came so early because the mornings are particularly well adapted to study. The grammars were treated like prisoners of war after peace is concluded—they were exchanged.

The discourse once begun, they naturally came to touch on the merits of languages. Carolina complained of the difficulty of the French, and young Le Blond of the troublesomeness of the Italian. The one by the complaint of the other felt the sweet virtue of pity, and they agreed to teach each other; the *jardin* bower, was so well calculated for the school-room.

The beginning was made on the spot; they sat down on this small bench, and very earnestly took up the grammar.

Without doubt they would have made rapid progress in the very first lesson, had they not been seated so close, perhaps on account of the shortness of the bench. When Carolina's finger, in following up the words, by accident came in contact with the young man's hand, it sometimes happened that she could no longer distinguish a single letter, though she had never before had occasion to complain of dimness of sight.

Of course much progress could not be expected from the first lesson, though the desire of learning was so extraordinary in both the young people, that on the following morning, the rising sun found them in the new school-room deeply engaged in the study of languages. But it so happened, that they sometimes lost their memories. Both were often as mute as fishes, glowed as if they were seized with a fever, probably arising from the contemplation of the singularities of the two different languages and their respective difficulties.

At the third lesson they naturally were disposed to make up for the little progress they had hitherto made. After a long silence in looking over their task, Le Blond began the lesson with the present tense: "*Io amo.*" It is well that he had to wait for the translation, as for the life of him he could say no more.

With downcast eyes she translated: "*j'aime.*"

After sometime he had strength enough to stammer: "*Tu ama.*"

With a deep sigh she said: "*Tu aimes.*"

He continued, and accidentally took up her right hand and pressed it against his beating breast: "*Egli ama.*"

"*Il aime!*" she added with a glance at him. With the beautiful hand on his breast all his knowledge of the Italian vanished, he continued: "*nous aimons.*"

"That is not correct!" said the teacher: "*you must tell it in Italian.*"

He looked into her eye with a piteous look and repeated: "*nous aimons!*"

She replied unconsciously: "*nous aimons!*"

Both remained silent, fell into each other's arms, lisping.
" nous aimons "

They did not learn more in that lesson but they thought to have learnt a great deal.

THE HELPER.

The desire of learning increased daily. They learned to speak without the assistance of the grammar, they had a great deal indeed to say. True Le Blond loved only the Milliner, and Carolina the President's son; but when they both knew of their mistake, the whole lesson passed in sighs and tears, they only loved the more heartily, the more their mutual desire to be united by the priest's hand, became desperate.

" Were I only rich ! " he sighed. " Were I only poor ! " sighed she.

To increase the misfortune, the winter came, made the jasmin bower more transparent, and bestrewed with treacherous snow every path in the garden. The interviews became less frequent, they only saw each other in the churches where not a mass was omitted, so pious did they become.

One evening young Le Blond in a melancholy mood brooding over his misfortune, took his seat in a coffee-house in Namur. The unlucky man had not been able to see Carolina for three long days. Meanwhile she had been present at all the grand balls and parties, and this evening she was invited to a ball and supper by the president of the Souverain Baillage. Thence his despair; he shut his shop early and ran away, not to be compelled to hear Carolina dance over his head. Ah! he was very unfortunate!

A gentleman in a great coat of a pepper and salt colour, sat next to him.

He drank one glass of punch after another.

" Is it not so ; " said he to Le Blond : " you are Mr. Le Blond ? "

Le Blond stared at him, and at a large scar across his forehead he recognized a stranger whom he had often seen within the last two days. Once in his shop, when he bought for a large sum, silk and lace, and many times besides, walking up and down the street where his shop was situated, and at church also. He seemed to be an aged man with a long lean yellow face, yet his eyes had lost nothing of their primitive lustre. Le Blond replied in the affirmative.

" You don't seem to be in good humor ? " said the stranger

" Possibly. One cannot always be gay. "

" Then take some punch, it serves to cheer one up. "

" Not with me. "

" Can I assist you ? "

" I dont see how. "

"I have taken an interest in you, young man, and more than you can believe. You don't know me, but let us be friends. Do but trust me, and I will certainly assist you."

"Very obliging."

"Has any one offended you?"

"Not at all Sir."

"Or a love affair?"

"The least of all."

"Then it may be want of money. Some thousand Livres? You are a child of fortune. You might be the richest man in Namur."

"How so?" "That I'll tell you as soon as you wish to be so?"

"Who would not wish to be rich?"

"Well. But here—where all we say may be overheard, this is no fit place to discourse such matters. I am a stranger in Namur, will you accompany me to my Hotel, and sup with me in my room."

Le Blond gave a mistrustful look to the stranger. Yet the adventure on that fatal evening when Carolina was to dance over his shop, was for diversion sake not to be rejected. "There can be no harm in trying the experiment!" thought he and went along.

THE TREASURE.

The stranger occupied the best rooms in the Hotel. On a wink of his, four servants flew immediately to order a selected supper. Le Blond was surprised at all he saw, for he could perceive that the stranger with the great coat of pepper and salt colour, must be a man of extraordinary wealth, who might choose other men for his companions than a simple trader of silk and lace.

"With whom have I the honor to converse?" Asked Le Blond somewhat bashfully.

"Only call me Abubeker," replied the man with the great-coat: "I am from my birth a Chaldean."

"Dear me a Chaldean! Why came you from so far in Asia, to our country?" "As chance had it, somewhat from ennui, somewhat from a desire of knowledge. I propose to travel into Iceland as soon as the weather gets warmer."

"To Iceland, and permit me to ask, is it a long time since you left Asia?"

The Chaldean seemed to calculate for a short time, he then said carelessly: "In about a fortnight, it will be one hundred and thirty-five years."

Le Blond said he did not understand him. The Chaldean repeated dryly: "One hundred and thirty-five years."

"Good God! one hundred and thirty-five years! And pray how old are you then?"

"Three hundred and thirteen years."

"Three hundred and _____," exclaimed Le Blond.

"And thirteen years full," added carelessly the Chaldean: "you find this strange, I dare say; you might think that I have a desire to joke with you. You will live to see more strange things if you will confide in me. But believe what you will, never judge men by their words but by their deeds."

Le Blond found this speech extraordinary, but he thought to himself: "This gentleman wishes to joke on my credulity. But let us see who will outwit the other."

The servants announced the supper. They went into a large dining room, illuminated by innumerable lights, and highly perfumed. Two covers only were set on the table, one for Le Blond and one for the Chaldean. They sat down. The finest viands, the first rate wines only were served.

"Now my dear friend," said Abubeker: "let us relish our meal; banish every care you may have."

Le Blond relished his meal well enough, and towards the conclusion of the meal he got pretty merry with the fine wines, but instead of becoming more open toward the stranger, his just mistrust rose. He would have liked well enough to know more of that extraordinary Chaldean, though he related during the whole time, the most curious adventures, and singular things by water and by land.

"But Mr. Abubeker" said Le Blond after the servants had retired: "You relate to me Fairy tales. Do you then really think, that a man of common sense should believe all that you say on your bare assertion?"

"It is perfectly indifferent to me," replied the Chaldean: "whether you believe me or not; it is only your own loss. But that I am versed in the occult sciences, you might easily have perceived. Did you never hear of necromancy?"

"Indeed I have; but I never held it in high esteem. So much I know that it rests on deceit and the artifices of a juggler."

"Very possibly with you ignorant people in Europe; but in our country, it is totally different."

"Let us see a trick."

"I make no tricks!" replied Abubeker: "But—see young man. Your countenance has won my favour. I swear to you, that you are born under a lucky star. Speak sincerely to me, in what can I assist you? My assistance will be of more value to you than all the tricks of a juggler. For example: Are you as a merchant, in pecuniary embarrassment? Do you require money?"

Le Blond smiled mistrustfully: "It might be so."

"Very well! why conceal it? You are destined to lift a treasure at the ruins of the castle Valerien des Anges."

"A treasure!"

"Yes, and that a very considerable one."

"Why don't you lift it for yourself Mr. Abubeker?"

"Because it is not destined for me, and because I do not require it at all."

"When shall I lift it?"

"As soon as you wish to undertake this journey to Valerien des Anges."

"Does it require certain preparations? or other circumstances?"

"Not any in the least."

Le Blond became almost mad at the dry earnest manner of the Chaldean, yet he thought he wished to have his joke with him. He considered by himself for some minutes and then said, "Well Mr. Abubeker, to tell you the truth, by to-morrow I must pay a bill upon me of five thousand francs. Should I be sure of the treasure, would not you have the goodness to advance me five-thousand francs until I lift the treasure?"

Le Blond remained silent and fixed his eyes attentively on the countenance of the Chaldean, to feast on the unavoidable dilemma of that boaster. But the Chaldean did not change his features in the least, and with the greatest composure he said: "with pleasure. You shall have it."

Then again he turned the discourse on Necromancy and his adventures during his travels.

At last, towards midnight, Le Blond rose to take leave. Out of forbearance he did not wish to remind the swaggering Chaldean of the five thousand francs, and was sufficiently pleased with the agreeable way he had passed the evening in his company. Beside the story of the bills which he said he had to pay was merely invented, to put the Necromancer on a trial. But he requested him to delay a little, stepped in a side room, brought four bags of money and placed them one by one on the table. He then ordered one of his servants to light Le Blond home, to another to carry the money after him.

Le Blond was surprised. He thanked him in a most earnest manner, and took his leave. The servants accompanied him home where he was expected by his own servant to whom the money bags were handed.

THE JOURNEY TO VALERIEN DES ANGES.

This extraordinary event deprived Le Blond entirely of his sleep.

On the following morning the Chaldean occupied his whole mind, which previously was all devoted to Carolina. Now more sober than the preceding evening he thought that the pretended

three hundred and thirteen years old Gentleman had only made a fool of him, and instead of the five thousand francs he had sent him home with some bags filled with lead and sand. To spare himself shame, he did not even open the bags which were lying at the same place. At last curiosity prevailed. But how great his astonishment, when instead of sand and lead he found in each bag, fifty Louis d'or.

"False money and nothing else!" thought he, taking the gold weights. All were full in weight. He sent some pieces to a Goldsmith, they had the legal pureness.

Le Blond did not know what to believe; after such a considerable advance on the treasure he was to lift, could he doubt its truth? what earthly motive could the stranger have had to play with him such a costly joke?

He resolved to be henceforth sincere with the Chaldean, to unfold to him his pitiful case.

Immediately he went to Mr. Abubeker, from the vivacity of whose motion he would not have been suspected to be three hundred and thirteen years old. He asked him in a friendly tone "Well have you paid off your bills?"

Le Blond confessed that he only wanted to try his new friend begged his pardon and promised to unfold to him the innermost recesses of his heart. He did so, and he related minutely all the circumstances of the lessons in the jasmin bower; of Carolina's love; of the pride of the General de Tano, and that he had not the faintest hope of ever obtaining her hand.

The Chaldean listened attentively.—"My Good friend," said he after some considerations, "why do you despair? Lift the treasure, buy a country seat yielding a handsome revenue, present yourself to the General as a rich proprietor, and he wont refuse you his daughter."

"But do you not deceive me with the hope of the treasure?"

"What interest could I have to deceive you? On the other hand I cannot conceal that you have deceived me with your story about the bills; you ought not to have done this; it undoubtedly delays the lifting of the treasure for some days or even weeks."

Le Blond betwixt doubt and confidence asked "what have to I do if I decide to go with you?"

"Make arrangements for your business, remain silent to every one of our intentions, give out, you go on a journey of commercial affairs; you had better sell all to the highest bidders, for after the lifting of the treasure you will want your shop no longer."

"May I not tell it to Carolina?"

"Yes of your journey, of your confidential hope to be shortly able to sue publicly for her hand. But nothing of Valerien des Anges, nothing of the treasure."

"When will the journey begin?"

"In three days I shall be no longer in Namur."

Le Blond promised to make the necessary arrangements for his departure. "For thought he when at home," what do I hazard? Should Carolina not become mine what do I care about the world? I will lift the treasure."

Before three days were over he was ready, Carolina was informed of his departure and they parted with a thousand oaths sealed with a thousand kisses of eternal love and faith.

He took his seat in the Chaldean's carriage, and with him he went of from Namur, not in the clear day but at midnight. The moment the clock of the Cathedral struck twelve the coachman of the Abubeker cracked his whip!

THE LIFTING OF THE TREASURE.

In the way the Chaldean continued as boasting, free and the same assurance as at the Hotel at Namur. The whole day they travelled in full speed, changing horses, and the carriage closed. The weather was foggy and rainy. Even food and wine was taken in the carriage, they halted no where. Towards the evening in the dusk they stopped at a lonely house in a large forest. An old huntsman in a worn out livery, received the travellers, and conducted them into a room, whose window panes were for the most part broken and replaced with paper, and the once costly tapestry hung in mouldering pieces. After lighting an agreeable fire. The Chaldean's servants brought wine and cold meat, whilst the huntsman with a servant spread some mattresses and straw on the floor.

"Are we to sleep here?" asked Le Blond frightened at the large room, which had all the appearance of being haunted.

"Ten steps from here are the ruins of Valerien des Anges. Precisely at midnight not earlier nor later, we must be there. In the mean while let us drink by the enlivening flames of the fire and make ourselves comfortable."

A cold sweat seized every limb of Le Blond. All extraordinary tales of strange apparitions which are said to appear on occasions of lifting hidden treasure came to his mind. He asked: "Are we to meet too with such?"

The Chaldean smiling shook his head and said. "Stuff! Are you afraid of nursery tales?"

They shortened the long winter-evening with wine and conversation. Le Blond partly from the last sleepless night, partly from the effects of the wine felt very sleepy. The Chaldean took much trouble to keep him awake by wonderful stories.

When it was near midnight the Chaldean grew more serious, and perceiving the extreme want of sleep of Le Blond, he ex-

claimed him in a stern tone: "You have not deceived me with any untruth? It might prove prejudicial both to you and me."

"I assure you upon my honour, that besides the invention of the bills, which I——"

"That alone was bad enough. Your inclinations to sleep at a moment of so much consequence for your future days, is suspicious. I have experienced a similar case when the lifter of the treasure fell into a slumber of six weeks."

"That is terrible!" exclaimed Le Blond.

"Not quite so terrible for the sleeper, for all this time he had the most charming and sweetest dreams in the world, so that he would have wished nothing more ardently than never to awake from his swoon. But for me to wait for his waking was disagreeable enough."

"But the treasure—was it lifted in spite of it?" asked Le Blond.

The Chaldean looked at his watch and hinted to him to be silent and to follow him; he lighted a small lantern and descended a narrow stair case. Le Blond was so much drowned in sleep that he scarcely was conscious of what he did. After some windings they stopped near the ruin of an old wall. The Chaldean by signs hinted that here lay the treasure. Whilst the Chaldean by the light which the lantern afforded him read in a book Le Blond on a broken piece of the wall made himself as comfortable as possible; the Chaldean continued to read long after the Blondin had fallen fast asleep.

THE DREAM.

That was to be sure a very unseasonable sleep, but Mr. Le Blond could not possibly help it. When he at last awoke or thought he was awake it was broad day light. He repeatedly rubbed his eyes. He was on a superb bed, received an agreeable light through the green silk curtains. He drew them aside when he saw that he was in a magnificent bed room; the wood of the furniture was of the finest grain; the walls were hung with beautiful pictures in richly carved and gilded frames, representing for the most part the tricks of Cupid. On a side table near his bed, flowers of roses and geraniums, were in chaste golden vases.

Le Blond found it difficult to recollect the past. He had a confused remembrance of the chimney fire at the house of the forest, of his walk to the old wall, of the reading of Abubeker. He rose from his bed, in search of the Chaldean.

On the rustling a side door opened; a valet de chambre with a livery thickly inlaid with gold came in; he made a sign, two other servants stepped in on their toes, and an old Gentleman

behind them, who immediately without uttering a word and touching his pulse presented him a golden spoon with medicine.

"It is not necessary!" said Le Blond: "I feel somewhat confused, but very well in other respects."

The Doctor shook his head and said: "I intreat your Royal Highness, to take only these few drops! Your Royal Highness will feel infinitely relieved by it."

Mr. Le Blond gazed with widened eyes on the Doctor, and desired to be spared from medicine. He then inquired after Abubeker.

Every one present stared with looks of consternation, it was evident from their countenances that they thought him deranged. At last the Doctor asked, "Whom does your Royal Highness mean by Abubeker?"

"The Chaldean who last night arrived here with me, who else."

Your Royal Highness has been here a considerable time, and you arrived with your consort the Duchess."

"I? considerable time? Consort? Duchess? spare those jokes, and foolish titles, where are my clothes?"

The Doctor and the servants enterchanged painful looks. At last they all united to entreat him most submissively to wait till they would have obtained the necessary orders from his consort. One of the servants went away. Le Blond thought those people mad or all a trick of the Chaldean. He inquired if he was at Valerien des Anges?

Your Royal Highness is in your hunting castle of Linden for the benefit of your health! Replied a valet de chambre.

Shortly after the servant returned with an order to give his clothes to his Royal Highness.

"Does your Royal Highness please to dress in the morning suit, the uniform, or the Hunting dress?"

"I wish for my own clothes, and that you will make an end to this royal joke."

They brought the clothes, all were of the finest texture, also a surtout of green cloth, on the left side of which was embroidered a silver star.

Le Blond at the sight of it lost his patience. He demanded his own clothes in a furious mood. All were frightened, the physician only had the courage to conjure him most humbly, not to be ungracious, because anger might bring a relapse of his sickness. And told him that he never wore different clothes from these, Mr. Le Blond, seeing his remonstrances useless, consented, in the hope of soon finding the Chaldean when dressed; the servants were busy in assisting him dressing, and brought him perfumed water in a silver ewer to wash himself. Then breakfast was served in magnificent porcelain-ware.

All was strange and curious to him. He had never dreamt of such magnificence. He stepped towards the window, saw that he was in an elevated old castle, and as far as his eye could reach he saw but one continued forest.

"How far may Namur be from this place?" No one could tell. He repeatedly asked for Abubeker, described him minutely, said that he was three hundred and thirteen years old, and whatever he knew of him. The servants shrugged up their shoulders as if to excuse their ignorance. The Doctor assured him that in this part of the world such a figure never appeared; and on account of the three hundred and thirteen years, he immediately examined his pulse.

"Gentlemen," said Le Blond, "either I am mad, or you are so. For I do not dream that I am fully awake,—I feel it. By whom am I here?"

"Your Royal Highness is with her Royal Highness the Duchess, your consort in your own castle of Linden," replied the physician.

"What I am married? Pray let me see my consort."

"I shall immediately inform her Royal Highness of your desire!" said one of the servants and went away.

"Stuff!" said Le Blond, and was going to leave the room when he perceived that he was in slippers only; he called for his boots.

Meanwhile a servant opened wide the door saying: "Her Royal Highness the Duchess!"

THE DUCHESS.

A young lady in a light morning dress, as tasteful as costly, came in. On a glance from her, the Doctor and the servants retired respectfully. "I wish to remain alone for a short time with my consort!" said she. "Remain within call."

Le Blond when he saw the young, unknown and charming stranger approach toward him with a friendly smile, knew no longer if he dreamt or was seized with the raging fever. He bowed respectfully opened his mouth to excuse himself but he could not utter a word. She gracefully placed both her hands on his shoulders looked for a long time in silent tenderness in his countenance; then said: "How do you do to-day? Be yourself again, dream no longer of a lace and silk shop, of your conjuror, hidden treasures, of Carolina, which have been your constant theme for these six months. How glad I should be to return soon with you to the Royal Court in Paris! To-day only I received letters from the Duchess de Berry in which she makes the most affectionate inquiries after your health."

"The Duchess of Berry?" exclaimed Le Blond whom the familiar leaning on his shoulders from the beautiful figure, her tender looks, her sweet voice made him blush and turn pale again in rapid succession. "My gracious Lady, I don't know where I am. I begin to believe in witchcraft. I intreat you to clear these mysteries. I will relate to you the whole history of my life. Then judge." He related it.

"Gracious God," exclaimed the Duchess: "you have related that and repeated it over again these two hundred times. For that very reason according to the advice of the royal physicians in Paris and to avoid publicity, we were obliged to come here for the sake of your recovery. I beg of you to remain quiet, fancy no longer such foolish ideas, be again yourself, do not grieve me again with such strange imaginations. Will you promise this to me?"

"Whatever you may be pleased to command. But I am either mad, or influenced by magic, or the conjuror deceives you and all your domestics. For I swear unto you, that I am no Duke, I am the silk-trader Le Blond of Namur, I" "Again the old song!" exclaimed the Duchess in a sorrowful mood: and you have just now promised to me to be reasonable. All my efforts, my anxiety for you, are then in vain. Perhaps you don't know me again?" Le Blond shook his head; yet her shape and particularly her voice seemed not unknown to him: "It appears to me that ere this I have had the honour of having been in your company but ——."

"Thanks to Heaven," replied the Duchess! "your mind begins to clear up; for the first time these six months I hear a reasonable word. Patience, by and by you will recollect every thing. Endeavour only to avoid your wild imaginations. At least, do not give utterance to them, above all not before your domestics. You are the Duke of Mottier, you are my husband, you might be so happy, if ——."

"I the Duke of Mottier! I,—my Lady—your husband! indeed I must be mad to believe all this!"

"My dear you are mad for not believing it, for wishing always to jump out of the windows, and ragingly running about. Thence was I obliged to cause the windows and doors to be secured with bars, to keep myself for some days at a distance from you; on that account must I keep the servants watching even now before the door of the room. Once even you were on the point of killing me! so little do you love me."

"What, I kill you? I—to jump out the windows? but do tell me how in God's name I could wish to do so!"

"You will then no more frighten me?"

"Indeed Madam I will not."

"You will never any more speak of your dreams, at least not make yourself ridiculous before the servants; be again the Duke, my husband, in short all what you really are?"

"My gracious Lady," replied Le Blond, trusting no longer his eyes or ears. "I do not indeed know what I am; but I'll be whatever you may be pleased to make of me."

On that the Duchess embraced him with both her arms, imprinted her beautiful lips on his, and fire streamed through all his nerves and veins. He returned with shyness the warm kiss, and led by her hand, he went into the other apartments.

THE DUKE.

One room surpassed the other in splendour. But as often as he said, he never before beheld such magnificence, the Duchess with a smiling threat put her hand before his mouth: "What did you promise me?" said she and he willingly obeyed.

When he was left alone for a short time, seated on the softest couch he said to himself: I cannot conceive what comedy is played with me, and with what intentions, or if I have been charmed by that damned Chaldean. Meanwhile I will wait the issue patiently. Or, an idea struck him; he recollected that Mr. Abubeker had related to him in the house in the forest of a person who fell into a slumber of six weeks at the time of lifting a treasure, during which he had the most agreeable dreams?

"It would be the most singular joke in the world, if in a swoon I were lying now on my mattress in the house in the forest and the old Chaldean anxiously waiting for my awaking whilst I fancy myself to be a Duke here.!"

On this he resolved to act the part of Duke, in which he happily succeeded. He however felt a little embarrassed how to treat the handsome Duchess as his wife. He looked up to her with the profoundest respect, much more than she herself could have wished. Her tenderness made him at last more bold, less respectful, but more loving. The castle was lonely and surrounded on from all sides by an immense forest, old and weatherbeaten on the outside. On the other hand within, the saloons and apartments were furnished with princely magnificence, and the meals were of the most profuse richness and delicacy.

But nothing interested him so much as the Duchess; he could not but admire, and love her; he pitied her delusion in taking him for her husband, true only in his thought, but at last, who can blame him? he contradicted her no longer. She was particularly gay when he assumed a commanding tone towards the domestics, and acted the part of the Duke of Mottier; after a few days he felt at

home as if he had been from his infancy used to that splendid indolence. His spouse seemed daily to increase in beauty, even the recollection of Carolina became weaker by the splendor of her presence. The days passed away with uncommon rapidity. They made hunting parties. The Duchess was a most excellent rider, and with her gun she brought down the game with infinite better luck than the inexperienced Duke who for along time was very awkward and unsuccessful. But even in that he soon became very expert, yet the Duchess asserted that he was far from having attained his former celebrity, that the king himself had often declared that no one could be compared to him as a huntsman.

When the astonished Duke heard the like, he used to scratch himself behind the ears and to think. "Alas of all this I don't remember a single word. But that I am completely deranged, I know very well."

But similar things he never ventured to utter, lest he might displease the Duchess. She frequently read letters to him from various Princes, congratulating him on his recovery, and what seemed to him most droll was that he was obliged to reply to those letters, even to Louis XIV. to thank them for the interest he took in his health. His spouse was often bursting with laughter when he read to her these letters in which the style of the lace trader was so strangely mingled with that of the Duke of Mottier.

THE SECRET.

Had Le Blond had the option to leave his splendid prison he would not have done it. The bolted doors, the drawn up draw-bridges kept him less than his heart. He dearly loved his spouse, and indeed she behaved affectionately towards him. He became even more attached to her, when one morning with an inexpressible felicity on her countenance she confessed to him, that her wish to become a mother was accomplished. From that moment she was the dearest object in the world to him. When Carolina obtruded on his memory he endeavoured to banish it like an hereditary sin.

The Duchess too, since that confession, seemed to redouble her tender affections towards him; but with every day he saw in her features an increased melancholy. In vain did he endeavour to console her, to coax from her the reasons of her afflictions. She continued her sobs and tears endeavouring to excuse her singular behaviour under various pretexts. The physician whom the afflicted spouse consulted, shook smilingly his head and said, "Your Royal Highness should not be so anxious, that melan-

choly is in her Royal Highness' circumstances so very natural, that it scarcely could be expected to be otherwise."

This appeared to His Royal Highness a very plausible reason. But when he observed the Duchess more minutely, her tears, her caresses, it seemed to him that another reason was at the bottom of her soul. She even once uttered the enigmatical words "That the end of my wishes is accomplished is the very reason of my melancholy."

One evening holding her husband close in her arms melting in tears, he conjured her again to unriddle the secret of her soul. He intreated so earnestly, that she said at last: "Well to-morrow you shall know it." In vain did he beg her to unfold it to him now. She led him to supper and requested him to drown his curiosity in wine.

When he awoke, the secret the Duchess promised to reveal to him was uppermost in his thoughts. But not a little was he surprised to see that he was lying on the old matraass in the room with the torn tapestry in which he had last been with the Chaldean.

Some coals were still on the fire. The old hunstman with the thread bare coat was standing at the windows, and scarcely did he perceive the sleeper awaking when he ran to the door, calling out; "Mr. Abubeker he is awake!"

The Chaldean with a smile entered the room, his first question was; "How do you feel?"

"Tolerably well, I only feel somewhat confused! But before all, tell me where I am."

"Where else but in Valerien des Anges."

"Where is my castle, my spouse the Duchess of Mottier? Where are my servants?"

The Chaldean burst out into laughter: "It appears you still live in your dreams. But joking apart take these few drops it will serve to restore your strength; it is no trifle to be lying unconsciously beyond three months. What a deal of trouble we had with you. Here take this."

Le Blond at first refused but when the Chaldean assured him that he would not say a word before he drank it, he swallowed it down. It was like liquid fire: "Now tell me," continued Le Blond: "Where is the Duchess my spouse? I must absolutely go to her."

"Mr. Le Blond," replied the Chaldean with his peculiar dryness: "recollect where you are, and for what purpose you came hither with me? Do not render yourself ridiculous by speaking of your dreams like a madman, of your castles, Duchesses, servants? On the contrary I have a right to reproach you for your long unseasonable sleep of which you alone by your duplicity are the cause. I have warned you more than once."

"Do not joke with me Mr. Abubeker, where is Linden, and the Duchess of Mottier my spouse? You surely will not make me believe that all that was a dream." The Chaldean in discontent shook his head, and said after a while with visible displeasure. "And you Sir, will not suppose that I am in humor to dispute with you about the nature of your dreams. The sound reflexion of one moment will convince you of your folly, you ought to thank me that I saved you from your swoon."

"To thank you? No Mr. Abubeker in this you are mistaken. It is not so delightful to descend from the rank of a Duke to that of a lace trader."

"Well Sir remain in your frenzy, I'll be no longer at the trouble to contradict you," replied by the Chaldean: "My time is precious. The carriage is ready, I return to Namur. Do you intend to go with me?"

"Not from this spot Sir. The castle Linden and my spouse cannot be far from here."

"Very well. Then I go alone, and must leave you in this forest. Farewell." Le Blond opened the window and called out. "Well Mr. Abubeker what then is become of the treasure which we were to lift?"

"Of that, in the carriage. I must be off now, should you wish to accompany me, you have no time to lose."

Indeed the carriage stood ready, the lamps were lighted, the servants at their places, Le Blond saw that he would be left alone. He took his seat at the side of Abubeker.

THE SEPARATION.

Le Blond seated at the side of the magician who did not seem disposed to reply to his various questions, had time to make reflections in silence. Two circumstances appeared remarkable. The one, that if the treasure had indeed been lifted, and was in the carriage, it could not be of considerable weight. The other that the Abubeker was fond of making the longest way in the least possible time, for the horses did not delay them above a few minutes, since at every post they stood ready prepared.

"But to return to the treasure," asked Le Blond: "What is become of it? Is it lifted?" "Certainly."

"To what amount if you please?" "I don't know."

"Is it in the carriage?" "Yes!" replied the Chaldean yawning: "But with your leave, I require sleep. Let me I beg of you, be undisturbed for a few hours. In the mean while, consider how you will employ it with wisdom." The sleepiness of Abubeker suited ill with Le Blond's curiosity. "Allow me to ask before you fall asleep, what you mean by employing it with wisdom?"

"You love the daughter of the General in Namur—what is his name?" "Good God!" exclaimed Le Blond. "There can be no question of that. I am already married, I am nearly a father."

"You drive me into a fury with your nonsense. If you will not become more reasonable, I tell you the whole treasure will vanish!"

Le Blond remained silent, and the snoring of the Chaldean was soon heard.

Towards the morning when the carriage stopped to change horses, the Chaldean gaped widely, Le Blond could not contain himself any longer and said: "To speak with sincerity, do you think me fool enough to believe that I have dreamt, and been lying in a swoon this quarter of a year, that—

The Chaldean whistled a morning song. Le Blond continued: I can now give you the most undisputable proofs, that I am awake, and that I actually was the husband of the Duchess."

Mr. Abubeker did not allow him to go on, he addressed him in a thundering voice, but in a wildly strange language of which Le Blond understood not a word.

"Speak to me in a way that I may understand you!"

"You are right Mr. Le Blond, I forgot myself!" Said the Chaldean continuing in an angry tone of voice, and pressing his hand much harder than reasonably could be expected from a man of three hundred and thirteen years: "All my warning is then in vain. Already you have by your persevering folly diminished your fortune. Forget your dream, may its foolish contents never more pass your lips, nor do you write a word of it: with these conditions, you will once see me again; but should you not strictly adhere to it, never.

With these words the door of the carriage was opened, the Chaldean dismounted, the same moment a broad shouldered robust fellow entered unceremoniously, took his seat opposite Le Blond, and immediately after the carriage drove off in full speed.

At these new arrangements Le Blond felt thunder-struck; his wonder was not all diminished when his new travelling companion drew forth a pistol saying: "That is well loaded!" he then took out a long knife: "That is very sharp, will you try the sharpness of its point with your finger?"

"I feel not the least inclination for it," replied the terrified Le Blond: "I believe you on your word. But why all these ceremonies?"

"At the first outcry, or the least suspicious motion, I'll have the honor to plunge this knife in your body, or should I not have the pleasure to be near enough to you, to aim a ball

through your brains. In the meanwhile I must request you to allow me to blindfold you.

But why so? asked the trembling lace maker.

"Because you are my prisoner," replied the frightful neighbour, presenting a piece of cloth.

Are you ready? he continued pointing with his knife towards his heart.

Le Blond in despair advanced his head towards the cloth, for such a convincing invitation required little argument. His eyes were soon so hermetically shut that he could not perceive a glimpse of daylight.

Our adventurer had now full leisure to make philosophical reflections, for his companion became as mute as a fish. He repented having had any thing to do with the Chaldean, and he was sorry to have exasperated him when once engaged, by which means he had forfeited the treasure. He took the resolution to follow his admonitions punctually, at least by so doing he had the hope of seeing the magician again.

I don't know how long the journey lasted, Le Blond did not know himself, for he could not distinguish day from night. He slept, awoke, fell again asleep, dreamt, awoke again, and found the journey very long because the new mode of travelling with closed eyes did not overmuch please him. He was anxious to know whither he was conducted, and what was to become of him, two questions to which subject his neighbour never replied.

ALL THINGS AT THE SAME PLACE.

"Dismount if you please," said his neighbour. Le Blond obeyed. He felt himself on terra firma, but did not know where; he was waiting for what was to happen further. He heard the carriage rolling away. Still he remained motionless. After a considerable while, he ventured to ask several questions. No reply. At last he hazarded to lift the bandage a little. The poniard of his neighbour was not felt. He tore the bandage from his eyes, he did not see the better for it; all was dark. The poor Le Blond was afraid of having turned blind, "Oh God, must I experience such a calamity! would I were dead!" Continuing to lament the loss of his eyes; he happened to turn, when to his inexpressible joy he saw a number of lights from the windows of a long range of houses. He viewed the place more narrowly. It was the well known street of Namur, he was before his own shop, but it was shut, it was perhaps midnight.

After knocking a long time at the door, the clerk came to open it; he was half asleep; when at last he recognized his master,

he was right glad to see him again, and took up the travelling trunk placed before his door.

The following morning or rather noon (for Mr. Le Blond had a long sleep) he found all things in their former place. The interval of time of his absence appeared like a dream. All appeared the result of the diabolical tricks of the pretended Chaldean; perhaps Beelzebub himself, who had pitched on him for some satanic purpose. What was to be done now? He soon found that he would be obliged to attend again in his lace shop on his customers who during his absence seemed to have forgotten the way to his warehouse.

The less he had to do in his magazine the more assiduous he was in his visits to the jasmin bower, in the hope of seeing again his beloved Carolina. But all in vain. He stepped more than twenty times a day to his garden, Carolina was not to be seen. But the oftener he returned to the bower the more the memory of the Duchess became faint, the stronger the recollection of the charming Carolina; the happy moments during the lessons; the eternal vows of fidelity and love. To be sure the recollection of the circumstances with the Duchess of Mottier were not strictly speaking in accord with his vow of his eternal fidelity; he was afraid lest his dear Carolina might have kept her vow of fidelity in the same manner. He endeavoured to convince himself that all was but a dream, yet his tender conscience reproached him, that infidelity in a dream, was still infidelity.

Towards evening he ran up and down before the shop of the sisters Bienvenuto, but alas, all his voyages of discovery were vain. He saw no more the handsome Carolina.

The following day brought him still worse news. General de Fano and his family—despair seized him—had left Namur some weeks ago, probably for Italy. On hearing this he ran to his room, threw himself on his bed and cried like a child. Life was now a burden to him. He cursed his melancholy fate, and the impious Abubeker, who had cheated him of his fidelity, had made him lose his customers, had despoiled him of his Dukedom and deprived him of Carolina.

But one cannot always curse and weep. The poor Le Blond was reduced to sell lace again and to measure out silk. Of his adventures he did not say a word, however much he was urged by his friends. Without the express forbidding of the Chaldean he would have kept silence, for he heard from learned men that there was no such place in the known world as Linden, Mottier, nor even Valerien des Anges.

After six months he had forgotten all except Carolina, then again he experienced a

NEW CHALDEAN PRANK.

He received one day amongst other commercial letters, one to the address of M. De Blond de Beaulieu. The town, street, number of his house were so accurately given, that the address could not mean any one else but himself. That Le was changed into a noble De did not surprise him, it might be a mistake, but the addition de Beaulieu made him wonder. He opened the letter. It was dated from Beaulieu in the Government of Languedoc. The letter was signed Louis Favier, and the following were the contents: That as M. Valerien des Anges had purchased all the landed property together with all its rights, &c. &c. for M. De Blond, he as superintendant begs to recommend himself to the favour of his Lordship, &c. Accompanying was the deed of conveyance in the usual tedious forensic style. Among these papers he found the following note.

"Sir,

Herewith the treasure is changed into one of the most agreeable and advantageous estates. *Enjoy it in silence!*

ABUBEKER."

The annual rent of that estate alone amounted to more than the whole value of his stock in trade.

Le Blond could not believe all this to be true, for that Abubeker should have left Chaldea, and at such an advanced age as three hundred and thirteen years, should have nothing better to do than to hunt for a good soul to lift treasures for him, appeared, impossible. He read over those papers, however and as the various informations as to the reality of the existence of that estate were affirmative, his incredulity began to shake. To have all doubts cleared, he took heart and went up to the president Du Baillage in whose house he lived. When he was noticed at last, he said he had inherited the property of an aunt at Chandernagore in Bengal, that he had in consequence purchased the dwellings and lands of Beaulieu in Languedoc, &c. &c. The president who had never condescended to take the least notice of his tenant, was thunder struck when he heard of the riches of the young man. The question was to look into the validity of those documents. When he found the signatures correct, he made him a friendly smiling bow, calling him: "my dear friend!" After having ascertained the correctness of the various seals: "My best M. Le Blond," he exclaimed when he remarked the sum of purchase, and when he read of over the long list of rights, &c. he got up from his seat and called him. "M. De Beaulieu."

From the rising politeness of the proud president he saw that for this time the Chaldean had treated him honestly; a chair was politely offered to him. His lace shop was stiled a singular

fancy. The president had several marriageable daughters, and he was pressingly invited to renew his visits. A whole unoccupied story, stabling, equipages, kitchen, cellar, were offered to him. He was gently reproached for his long neglect in never having paid a visit before, and the president seemed quite delighted with his company. When he had withdrawn, the young ladies agreed with the old Papa, that Mr. De Beaulieu was a betwitting man.

The report of his large accession of riches spread soon over the whole town of Namur. His shop and stock in trade was immediately disposed of. Congratulations, and invitations from the first houses crowded upon him. The whole town pretended to be related to him.

Though till then his sole occupation had been to make money now all on a sudden so miraculously possessed of so much wealth, he did not feel the happier—Carolina was wanting. Namur seemed a desert to him. He resolved to travel the four quarters of the globe in search of her, but as such long travels require money he directed his way first to Languedoc to take possession of the cash collected by his intendant Louis Favier.

THE LAST APPEARANCE OF THE CHALDEAN.

In his way to Beaulieu, passing the night in an Hotel in the town of Alby, when he first opened his eyes he saw the Chaldean standing before him, who addressing him said: "M. de Blond I promised to see you once more."

"It is very agreeable to me," said the surprised Le Blond, "but Abubeker"—

"Silence my name here is not Abubeker, but Valerion des Anges. I have fulfilled my promise towards you, and to accomplish all your desires, accept of the invitation you will receive to-day. I am now returning to Chaldea, but even there through my faithful spirits, I shall know if you keep your dream a secret. Beware not to communicate it to any one else, or all your fortune will vanish."

So saying he went away. Towards noon, a well dressed gentleman came to invite him in the name of the Archbishop to dinner at his palace in the Fauxbourg Chateaux Neuf. He accepted of the invitation, yet it appeared strange to him. How came the Archbishop to know him? Since Le Blond had been once Duke, though only in a dream, nothing was easier for him than to act the Nobleman. The Archbishops' court hence did not perplex the ex-lace and silk trader. When he reached the palace the Archbishop with a number of Gentlemen were walking up and down in the magnificent garden. The salutations

were soon over, they all seemed to know him. All spoke with admiration of his beautiful villa. They all complained that circumstances had compelled his friend Valerien des Anges to depart so suddenly.

"We must become better acquainted," said an old gentleman with a stiff leg: "by your purchase of Beaulieu we have become the nearest neighbours. I am General de Fano. My daughter remembers to have become acquainted with you sometime ago in Namur."

The young man turned red and pale. The old General perceived it and smiled, lend me said he, your arm for a support; the young girl is yonder in that jasmin bower of which she seems to be very fond, she knows that you are here.

Le Blond trembled as if seized with a fever. He did not deny being acquainted with her, nor did he deny many other things which appeared strange to him. He continued with more courage "I wish my friend Mr. Valerien des Anges had told you all—that, for example, I should like too, to become the nearest neighbour of your heart."

"That he did very honestly," replied the General, "he might have told you that I'll be happy to welcome you as my son-in-law."

Le Blond unmanned by surprise and overjoyed, would in gratitude, have thrown himself at the old General's feet had his daughter not made her appearance at that instant.

Why relate more. All went on in the prosaic form. The Chaldean had done all, and well. The general who had retired with a stiff leg and a moderate fortune, was glad to accept of such a rich son-in-law. M. De Beaulieu was proclaimed bridegroom at the Archbishop's table. Shall I relate the splendour of the nuptials? That of all the splendour Le Blond found nothing so splendid as the tear of joy in Carolina's eye as she fell in his arms, when for a moment they were left alone. "Io amo!" exclaimed she, "tu ama?" said he, pressing her to his lips. After a while, almost expiring in the fulness of their hearts, they lisped: "Noi amamo!" They conjugated further. A proof they had not altogether forgotten the lessons which they had so pleasantly studied at Namur. But without following the author from whom I have this history, who is very prolix in his description of the marriage ceremony and the after scenes; suffice it to say that Le Blond and Carolina—what they never could have hoped, became man and wife, and the history with the exception of a trivial circumstance is finished. Were it only a romance and not a true history, it would be easy enough to give it a romantic end. But history gives no latitude to the historian.

THE VEIL.

Five years had elapsed (says the French original writer) before Carolina could tell her husband the further consequences of conjugation, when the handsome mother of a lovely boy received a remarkable present not on the very birthday but a few weeks afterwards.

It was a beautiful pearl necklace and a veil, with the following lines!

"Happy being! Receive this as a present, on your child's account, from a happy woman who envies you no longer! Your husband, if he can, may now tell you who I am."

Le Blond was sent for to confess. When he looked at the chit, he turned as pale as death: "Gracious God! the hand writing of the Duchess of Mottier!"

He had scarcely uttered these words when he was terrified at having betrayed the secret which the Chaldean had warned him so much to keep, but after reading the lines and looking at the veil, "O ha!" said he, the veil of the Countess St. Sylvain who once wanted to make me her secretary, only because I assisted her to rise from a fall on the hill of the castle in Namur."

A young wife does not easily forget such things. She did not cease to tease Le Blond for further information. But in vain.

Carolina suspected what never had entered Le Blond's head. Yet all their inquiries remained fruitless. Duchess of Mottier! Countess De St. Sylvain! no such names were known M. De Beaulieu and his fair lady could never learn more!

V. R.

SONNET.

THE SHOOE DAGON, RANGOON,

Oh! it is splendid, this—a glorious gleam
Of fairy land! while now the rising sun
Pours o'er the forests one rich glowing stream
Of beauty and of light!—doth it not stun
Each sense, to view that bright, aspiring dome,
Lifting its golden pride so high in air,
And, like a lighted pyre of glory, there
Gleaming in might and majesty?—but, come,
Ascend the platform—now,—oh, heavens! how grand
A pile is this to grace a heathen land!
And all around how beautiful!—the foam
Of seas and rivers,—hills, and woods, and lakes,
And every form fantastic nature takes,
Here shine upon the eye,—a scene most brightly fair?

C.

LILY OF LARA.

Lovely the lily, that by Lara's side
 Drinks the glad waters of the Lara's tide
 Lara is glad when on her roots he plays
 Joys not the sun that warms her with his rays
 Shall I not go the lovely lily bring?
 Shall I not go, and to the lily sing?

" Fairest of flowers! Oh wilt thou come to me?
 Wilt thou the first of all my garden be?
 Shall thou not bear of all the highest place?
 Shall not all others fade before thy face?
 Let me rejoice, when morning shews thee bright
 Let me rejoice, when with thee lives my night
 Come to my arms, and in my bosom rest,
 Come to my arms, and let my soul be blest."

Who is the lily that by Lara's side
 Drinks the glad waters of the Lara's tide?
 Is it not Merjan, of the flowing hair
 Dark as the nights on Zabra's mountains are?
 Is it not Merjan, of the downcast eye,
 Whose looks for ever in our bosom lie?
 Is she not fair as happy Yemen's bow'r?
 Of Yemen's virgins is she not the flower?

" Oh Virgins come! array'd in all thy charms!
 Oh Virgin come! and nestle in mine arms!
 Mother of many children shalt thou be,
 Lions thy sons—thy daughters like to thee!"
 " Why should I come, youth of the desert wide?
 Wilt thou not leave me when I am thy bride?
 Will not thy love to other fair be borne,
 And I but pitied, or but laughed to scorn?"

Never, Oh never! will I leave thee fair!
 Virgin Lara! by my tribe I swear.
 Oh, if I leave thee be accurs'd my fame,
 Mock'd by my people! and despis'd my name

* * * * *

" Thanks! thanks! thou Virgin of the flowing hair
 Dark as the nights on Zabra's mountains are!
 Thanks! thanks! thou Virgin of the downcast eye
 Whose looks for ever in our bosom lie!
 Thanks! to the lily, that by Lara's side
 Drinks the glad waters of the Lara's tide."

LODOWICK BARRY THE YOUNGER.

SONNET.

On dreary Iceland's sterile, Polar plains,
 Or locked in frost, or drench'd with melting snows,
 The cloud-compelling winter sternly reigns :
 Yet peace is there, and every virtue blows ;
 Warm constant love, and faith that never feigns,
 And all unknown remorse's vengeful pains.
 But in the Isles that gem the tropic sea
 Where verdurous groves re-echo to the strains
 Of nature's minstrelsy, and seem to be
 The seats where mercy builds her chosen nest,
 Not all that genial Heaven-descended plea
 Avails to make the stormy passions rest,
 'There slaves are steep'd in abject, deep despair,
 Or troop rebellious by the torches' glare.

Y.

SONNET.

To———

Our paths are desolate, and far apart—
 Our early dreams have vanished—Never more
 May we together mingle, as before,
 Our fond impassioned spirits. Quick tears start
 As eager memories rush upon my heart,
 And rend oblivion's veil. E'en now the store
 Of star-like spells that softly glimmered o'er
 The twilight maze of youth, a moment dart
 Their clouded beams on Care's reverted eye !
 Alas ! the promise of the past hath been
 A brief though dear delusion !—All things pass
 My onward way, and mock the lengthening scene—
 Through Life's dim mist thy form oft seemeth nigh,
 Though lone and distant as the Night's fair Queen.

D. L. R.

A SCENE OFF BERMUDA.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, NO. CLVII.]

The evening was closing in dark and rainy, with every appearance of a gale from the westward, and the weather had become so thick and boisterous, that the Lieutenant of the watch had ordered the look-out at the mast-head down on deck. The man, on his way down, had gone into the main-top to bring away some things he had left, in going aloft, and was in the act of leaving it, when he sung out,—“A sail on the weather-bow.” “What does she look like?”—“Can't rightly say, sir; she is in the middle of the thick weather to windward.”—“Stay where you are a little. Jenkins, jump forward, and see what you can make of her from the foreyard.” Whilst the topman was obeying his instructions, the lookout again hailed—“She is a ship, sir, close-hauled on the same tack,—the weather clears, and I can see her now.”

The wind, ever since noon, had been blowing in heavy squalls, with appalling hulls between them. One of these gusts had been so violent as to bury in the sea the lee-guns in the waist, although the brig had nothing set but her close-reefed main-topsail, and reefed foresail. It was now spending its fury, and she was beginning to roll heavily, when, with a suddenness almost incredible to one unacquainted with these latitudes, the veil of mist that had hung to windward the whole day was rent and drawn aside, and the red and level rays of the setting sun flashed at once, through a long arch of glowing clouds, on the black hull and tall spars of his Britannic Majesty's sloop, *Torch*. And, true enough, we were not the only spectators of this gloomy splendour; for, right in the wake of the moonlike sun, now half sunk in the sea, at the distance of a mile or more, lay a long warlike looking craft, apparently a frigate or heavy corvette, rolling heavily and silently in the trough of the sea, with her masts, yards, and the scanty sail she had set, in strong relief against the glorious horizon.

Jenkins now hailed from the foreyard—“The strange sail is bearing up, sir.” As he spoke, a flash was seen, followed, after what seemed a long interval, by the deadened report of the gun, as if it had been an echo and the sharp half-pinging, half-hissing sound of the shot. It fell short, but close to us, and was evidently thrown from a heavy cannon, from the length of the range. Ms. Splinter the first Lieut. jumped from the gun he stood on—“Quarter-master, keep her away a bit!”—and dived into the cabin to make his report.

Capt. Deadeye was a staid, stiff-rumped, wall-eyed, old First Lieutenantish-looking veteran, with his coat of a regular Rodney cut, broad skirts, long waist, and stand up collar, over which dangled either a queue, or a marlinspike with a tuft of oakum at the end of it,—it would have puzzled Old Nick to say which. His lower spars were cased in tight unmentionables of what had once been white kerseymere, and long boots, the coal-

skuttle tops of which served as scuppers to carry off the drainings from his coat-flaps in bad weather; he was, in fact, the "last of the sea-monsters," but, like all his tribe, as brave as steel—when put to it, as alert as a cat.

He no sooner heard Splinter's report, than he sprung up the ladder, brushing the tumbler of swizzle he had just brewed clean out of the fiddle into the lap of Mr. Saveall, the purser, who had dined with him, and nearly extinguishing the said purser, by his arm striking the bowl of the pipe he was smoking, thereby forcing the shank half way down his throat.

"My glass, Wilson," to his steward.—"She is close to, sir; you can see her plainly without it," said Mr. Treenail, the second Lieutenant, from the weather nettings where he was reconnoitring. After a long look through his starboard blinker, (his other skylight had been shut up ever since Aboukir,) Deadeye gave orders to "clear away the weather-bow gun;" and as it was now getting too dark for flags to be seen distinctly, he desired that three lanterns might be got ready for hoisting vertically in the main-rigging.—"All ready forward there?"—"All ready, sir."—"Then hoist away the lights, and throw a shot across her forefoot—Fire!" Bang went our carronade, but our friend to windward paid no regard to the private signal; he had shaken a reef out of his topsails, and was coming down fast upon us.

It was clear that old Blowhard had at first taken him for one of our own cruisers, and meant to *signalize* him, "all regular and ship shape," to use his own expression; most of us, however, thought it would have been wiser to have made sail, and widened our distance a little, in place of bothering with old-fashioned manœuvres, which might end in our catching a tartar; but the skipper had been all his life in line-of-battle ships, or heavy frigates; and it was a tough job, under any circumstances, to persuade him of the propriety of "up-stick-and-away," as we soon felt to our cost.

The enemy, for such he evidently was, now all at once yawed, and indulged us with a sight of his teeth; and there he was, fifteen ports of a side on his main-deck, with the due quantum of carronades on his quarterdeck and forecastle; whilst his short lower masts, white canvass, and the tremendous hoist in his topsails, shewed him to be a heavy American frigate; and it was equally certain that he had cleverly hooked us under his lee, within comfortable range of his long twenty-fours. To convince the most unbelieving, three jets of flame, amidst wreaths of white smoke, glanced from his main-deck; but in this instance, the sound of the cannon was followed by a sharp crackle and a shower of splinters from the foreyard.

It was clear we had got an ugly customer—poor Jenkins now called to Treenail, who was standing forward near the gun which had been fired—"Och, sir, and its badly wounded we are here." The officer was a Patlander as well as the seaman. "Which of you, my boy?"—the growing seriousness of the affairs in no way checking his propensity to fun,—"Which of you,—you, or the yard?"—"Both of us, your honour; but the yard badliest."—"The devil!—Come down, then, or

get into the top, and I will have you looked after presently." The poor fellow crawled off the yard into the foretop, as he was ordered, where he was found after the brush, badly wounded by a splinter in the breast.

Jonathan no doubt "calculated," as well he might, that this taste of his quality would be quite sufficient for a little 18-gun sloop close under his lee; but the fight was not to be so easily taken out of Deadeye, although even to his optic it was now high time to be off.

"All hands make sail, Mr. Splinter; that chap is too heavy for us.—Mr. Kelson, to the carpenter, "jump up and see what the foreyawl will carry. Keep her away, my man," to the seaman at the helm;—"Crack on, Mr. Splinter—shake all the reefs out,—set the fore-topsail, and loose top-gallant sails;—stand by to sheet home, and see all clear to rig the booms out, if the breeze lulls."

In less than a minute we were bowling along before it; but the wind was breezing up again, and no one could say how long the wounded foreyard would carry the weight and drag of the sails. To mend the matter, Jonathan was coming up, hand over hand with the freshening breeze, under a press of canvass; it was clear that escape was next to impossible.

"Clear away the larboard guns!" I absolutely jumped off the deck with astonishment—who could have spoken it? It appeared such downright madness to show fight under the very muzzles of the guns of an enemy, half of whose broadside was sufficient to sink us. It was the captain, however, and there was nothing for it.

In an instant was heard through the whistling of the breeze, the creaking and screaming of the carronade slides, the rattling of the carriage of the long twelve-pounder amidships, the thumping and punching of hand-spikes, and the dancing and jumping of Jack himself, as the guns were being shotted and run out. In a few seconds all was still again, but the rushing sound of the vessel going through the water, and of the rising gale amongst the rigging.

The men stood clustered at their quarters, their cutlasses buckled round their waists, all without jackets and waistcoats, and many with nothing but their trowsers on.

"Now, men, mind your aim; our only chance is to wing him. I will yaw the ship, and as your guns come to bear, slap it right into his bows.—Starboard your helm, my man, and bring her to the wind." As she came round, blaze went our carronades and long-gun in succession, with good-will and good aim, and down came his foretop-sail on the cap, with all the superincumbent spars and gear; the head of the top-mast had been shot away. The men instinctively cheered. "That will do; now knock off, my boys, and let us run for it. Keep her away again; make all sail."

Jonathan was for an instant paralysed by our impudence; but just as we were getting before the wind, he yawed, and let drive his whole broadside; and fearfully did it transmogrify us. Half an hour before we were as gay a little sloop as ever floated, with a crew of 120 as fine fellows as ever manned a British man-of-war. The iron-shower sped—ten of the

hundred and twenty never saw the sun rise again ; seventeen more were wounded, three mortally ; we had eight shot between wind and water, our main-top-mast shot away as clean as a carrot, and our hull and rigging otherwise regularly cut to pieces. Another broadside succeeded ; but by this time we had bore up, thanks to the loss of our after-sail ; we could do nothing else ; and, what was better luck still, whilst the loss of our main-top-mast paid the brig off on the one hand, the loss of head-sail in the frigate brought her as quickly to the wind on the other ; thus most of her shot fell astern of us ; and, before she could bear up again in chase, the squall struck her, and carried her main-top-mast overboard.

This gave us a start, crippled and bedevilled though we were ; and as the night fell, we contrived to lose sight of our large friend. With breathless anxiety did we carry on through that night, expecting every lurch to send our remaining topmast by the board ; but the weather moderated, and next morning the sun shone on our bloodstained decks, at anchor off the entrance to St. George's harbour.

THE LAST HOURS OF LOUIS XIV.

[FROM THE COURT JOURNAL, NO. 15.]

The hope of making their fortune tempted several quacks, who offered to save the King, though he was at the last extremity. The first was an old man, like a hermit, wearing sandals and a long beard. He pretended to have come from the Holy Land for the purpose of working the miracle ; but he would not explain his proposed remedy except in the presence of the King. All his power, he said, consisted in a phial containing two drops of blood which had been brought from the foot of the Saviour's cross. He would not show to any one the precious relic, but said he would make trial of it after the imposition of hands. He was sent to Fagon, who had no more faith in relics than in miracles.

"Certainly, Father," said he to the anchorite, "you will be permitted to try your skill ; but first let me ascertain that your phial does not contain poison."

"Good heaven, what an idea ! I swear that, unless the dying King is stained with mortal sin——"

"I do not doubt the efficacy of your remedy ; but still, permit me to examine it."

The holy man presented to Fagon a bottle sealed with the arms of St. Peter.

"*Diable !*" exclaimed the Doctor, "your divine blood is terribly black !"

"You must recollect that it has been in the bottle for sixteen centuries."

"The bottle itself is not so old, at any rate, for it looks very much like a church *burette*." And Fagon, with great *sang froid*, broke the phial, to the great dismay of the pretended hermit. "Father," added he, "this is not the blood of God; it is nothing but ink."

Father le Tellier* was very indignant at this imposture; and the worker of miracles was sent to the prison of Saint-Pierre-en-Seize.

Another empiric, styling himself a German Doctor of the faculty of Leipzig, who knew something of chemistry, came, recommended by Madame. He was referred from Madame de Maintenon to Father le Tellier, then to Fagon, then to Cardinal de Rohon, and to Maréchal. He received only insults and rebuffs. One called him a quack, another a sorcerer; one affirmed that he was mad, and another accused him of being a thief. Maréchal, though convinced that the King could not live more than another day, asked the German what he thought he could do.

"I possess two elixirs," replied he. "The first will restore the King's appetite, for you know he has taken no food for this week past. The second will check the progress of the gangrene, and perhaps cure it entirely."

"I have no faith in what you say," replied Maréchal; "but there is no harm in trying your remedy."

The King consented to take the first elixir, which certainly appeared to have a wonderful effect. His appetite returned, and he ate as heartily as if he had been in good health. He was even supposed to be out of danger, and the disappointment evinced by the Duke du Maine tended to confirm the report. "Wait till to-morrow," said Maréchal, doubtfully. Still, however, the account of the King's improvement was repeated, and the poets of the Court wrote some thanksgivings in rhyme.

The Duke d'Orleans, who had been besieged by premature congratulatory visits, was now almost deserted for two days. This mortified him, and he promised to remember it. "If the King eats another hearty meal," said I, "you will be utterly forsaken. Madame de Maintenon, who had retired to Saint-Cyr, has come back again with renewed hope; and Massillon said to me, with an air of disappointment, 'What a splendid funeral oration I have lost!'—'But we,' replied I, 'have lost much more.'"

Next day, when the German presented himself with the elixir for the gangrene, the door was shut in his face with a thousand threats and imprecations. The King, after having passed a very restless night, had sent

* Le Tellier is thus characterized by Mr. Bulwer, in the new novel of *Dave-reux*:—"Le Tellier, that rigid and besotted servant of Loyola—the sovereign of the King himself—the destroyer of Port Royal, and the mock and terror of the be-deviled and persecuted Jansenists."—vol. 2, p. 178.

Some curious traits in the history of Dubois, from whose unpublished memoirs the above interesting extract is taken, may be collected from a piquant little story, which is related in the above-named novel, vol. 2, p. 82-3.

Dubois was the creature and favourite of the Regent Orleans, and was, like most '*favourites*,' and all '*creatures*,' thoroughly despised by the person who favoured him. On the death of Dubois, the Regent wrote as follows to the Count de Nocé, whom he had been induced to banish for an indiscreet sarcasm against Dubois, which he uttered at one of the Regent's *pitit soupers*:—"With the beast dies the venom; I expect you to-night to supper at the Palais Royal."—Ed.

for his family, who all hastened to his bed-side. The Princes and Princesses were all assembled, with the exception of the Dowager Madame de Conti, the Princess and Madame de Vandome, who pretended illness, in order to avoid witnessing the dying moments of Louis XIV. Madame de Maintenon was counting over a chaplet of large beads. The King had given his instructions to the Dauphin and the Duke d'Orleans. He perceived the Duke du Maine, who kept back, and was laughing in his sleeve. "He to whom is confided the care of the future Sovereign," said the King, in a grave tone of voice, "is responsible both to God and man. I beg of you all to watch over the orphan child." The King's eyes were suffused with tears. "Daughter," said he to the Duchess d'Orleans, "do not abuse your power to the disadvantage of your sisters, who will need support after my death."

"Madame," resumed he, addressing himself to the Duchess du Maine, "be obedient to your husband, who stands much in need of wise and honest advice."

At that moment the Duchess and Madame de Maintenon looked angrily at each other. Louis XIV., continuing his advice to his illegitimate daughters, said "I recommend you above all to be united. "Yes, Sir, I will obey you," replied Madame, imagining that this observation was addressed to her and Madame de Maintenon.

"Madame," replied the King, "I did not intend that advice for you; I know you are reasonable. I spoke to these Princesses, who are not so prudent as you."

"Ah! Sire," exclaimed Madame, "spare me."

"God has pardoned," continued the King, "and Father le Tellier, to whom I have confessed, has twice given me absolution. I am sure that you, at least, will not forget me, for when I was King I loved you tenderly, and you have as much virtue as the rest have wickedness."

"Madame," interrupted Maintenon, reddening with anger, "go away; this emotion is too much for his Majesty. Go away."

She dragged her out of the room, and then said in a conciliating tone, "Do not suppose, Madame, that I ever said any thing to injure you in the King's good opinion."

"Oh," replied Madame, sobbing, "all that is out of the question now." She turned round suddenly to go away, and stumbled on Fagon, who had just come out of the King's apartment.

"Oh! Madame," said the Doctor, "do not knock me down!"

"How is the King now?" inquired she.

"Dying," he replied, and hurried away.

On the 1st of September the gangrene had reached the heart of the King, and he experienced the most excruciating agony.

"I think," said he, "that a great change has taken place."

"Sire," replied Fagon, "this crisis may be attended by happy results."

"No; I feel my nerves contracting. Is not this Wednesday, Maréchal?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Father," said Louis XIV., "a *De profundis*, if you please."

The Confessor knelt down at the bed-side, and every one present did

the same. The King clasped his hands, and joined devoutly in the prayer. Suddenly loud bursts of laughter were heard, and the Confessor stopped. "Go on, I beg," said the King, repressing his indignation; but the tears glistened in his eyes. When the *De profundis* was finished he sent M. de Villeroi to know who had been laughing so heartily. When M. de Villeroi returned, the King said, "You should have requested Monsieur du Maine to wait till I was dead before he gave way to such extravagant joy." The entrance of Madame de Maintenon put a period to this gentle reprimand. She remarked the dim eyes of the dying King, and for the first time she felt unfeigned regret. "Madame," said the King, "I thought it was more difficult to die." The bursts of laughter were renewed. Madame de Maintenon changed colour. Some one rose with the intention of checking this indecent merriment, when Louis XIV., making an effort to speak, ordered that no notice might be taken of it. "It is M. du Maine," said he, "though M. de Villeroi dared not say so; but as I am dying, I pardon him; and even if I were not dying I should still forgive him." The domestics vented their grief in sighs and sobs, and the priests continued praying. "Why do you weep?" said the king. "Did you think me immortal?" These were his last words. Madame de Maintenon was removed from the melancholy scene. A convulsive movement terminated the suffering of the royal patient. Maréchal placed his hand on Louis XIV.'s heart. The prayers stopped for a moment, and the cry, "The King is dead!" resounded through the Palace.

I was walking about in the gallery leading to the royal apartments, inquiring for news, and studying the countenances of all whom I met. I had witnessed the scandalous gaiety of the Duke du Maine, who was conversing with Antin. Massillon, who was no less impatient than I, kept near the royal chamber. He seemed to be seeking inspiration for his funeral oration.

"The King," said he to me, "awaits his approaching end with admirable firmness and tranquillity of mind."

"Death is nothing," replied I. "To a king who dies in public it is an act of royalty."

When the King's death was made known, we hurried to the royal chamber. It was filled with praying priests and weeping domestics. Fagon and Maréchal examined the body. The features were scarcely recognizable, and appeared to me to be shrunk.

"You see," said Fagon, "that the elixir which was given to his Majesty was poison. It is impossible otherwise to account for this terrible change. The body is shrunk, at least, the length of half a head."

"Would it not have been better to have allowed the disease to take its course?" said Maréchal.

There was a moment's silence, during which Massillon advanced majestically to the mortal remains of Louis le Grand. He raised his hands to heaven, fixed his eyes on the deceased in profound meditation, and in a voice of thunder he exclaimed, "My brethren, God alone is great." It is impossible to express the effect which these sublime words produced; for my part, I felt as though the marrow of my bones was chilled, and

many persons fell with their faces on the ground. Massillon thus commenced his funeral oration on Louis XIV.; the words, "*God alone is great,*" were more than eloquent.

"THE MAUVAIS PAS," A SCENE IN THE ALPS.

Illustrating a passage in the Novel of Anne of Geierstein.

[FROM BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, NO. CLVII.]

Is there an individual, who has trod at all beyond the beaten track of life, who does not harbour within his mind the recollection of some incident or incidents of so eventful a nature, that it requires but the shade of an association to bring them forward from their resting-place, bright, clear, and distinct, as at the moment of their existence? We suspect there are many who, in their hours of solitude, might be seen to manifest symptoms of such reminiscences; and many who, in the busy world, and amidst the hum of men, might also be seen to start as if visions of things long gone by were again before them, and to shrink within themselves, as though spirits of olden times "were passing before their face, and causing the hair of their flesh to stand up."

It is now many years ago since an event of this character occurred to the writer of these pages. His event, however, such as it is, would, in all probability, never have been recorded on any other tablets than those of his own private thoughts, or have wandered beyond the limited circle of others, who, from natural causes, were interested in its details, had it not, within the last few days, been brought vividly before him, by a writer, whose unrivalled descriptive powers have so often given a semblance of truth to tales of fiction, and excited a thrill on the recital of perils and adventures, where no personal interests were called forth to give additional animation to the narrative. Long before they can peruse these lines, the readers of Blackwood's Magazine will, doubtless, have made themselves acquainted with Anne of Geierstein; and many a mountain traveller, accustomed to sojourn amidst the heights and depths of Alpine scenery, will have borne testimony to the splendid representation of Mont Pilate, arrayed in its gloomy panoply of "vapour, and clouds, and storms," and will have followed the daring Arthur Philipson, with breathless interest, as he wound his cautious way on the ledge of the granite precipice upreared before him: and such readers will scarcely be surprised, that a description like this should make no ordinary impression on one, who, without the slightest pretensions to the vigour and muscular activity of a hardy mountaineer of the fifteenth century, once found himself in a predicament somewhat similar, and oddly enough occasioned by a disaster akin to this, which so nearly proved fatal to the travellers from

Lucerne. Believe me, Mr. Editor, when, in Sir Walter Scott's 34th page, I descended from the platform on which the adventurous son bade adieu to his father, and gained with him the narrow ledge' creeping along the very brink of the precipice, days, months, and years shrunk away, and once again did I feel myself tottering on the airy pathway of the very platform, on which I also was once doomed to gaze, with feelings which time can never efface from my recollection.

It was in the year 1818, that I arrived in the village of Martigny, a few days after that memorable catastrophe, when by the bursting of its icy mounds, the extensive lake of Mauvoisin was, in an instant, let loose, pouring forth six hundred millions of cubic feet of water over the peaceful and fruitful valleys of the Drance, with the irresistible velocity of sixteen miles an hour, carrying before its overwhelming torrent every vestige of civilized life which stood within its impetuous reach. The whole village and its environs exhibited a dreary scene of death and desolation. The landlord, with many others of his acquaintance and kinsfolk, had been swept from their dwelling places, or perished in their ruins. The wreck of a well-built English carriage occupied part of the inner court-yard, while the body torn from its springs, had grounded upon a thicket in the field adjacent. The plains through which the treacherous stream was now winding its wonted course, had all the appearance of a barren desert. Luxuriant meadows were converted into reservoirs of sand and gravel; and crops nearly ripe for the sickle were beaten down into masses of corrupting vegetation. Here and there amorphous piles of trees, beams, carts, stacks, and remnants of every description of building, were hurled against some fragment of rock, or other natural obstacle, forming in many cases, it was too evident, the gravemound of human victims soddening beneath. On the door of the dilapidated inn, the following appeal was attached; but it required no document written by the hand of man to tell the tale of woe: "The floods had passed over it, and it was gone and the place thereof was known no more."

"AMES GENEREUSES !

"Un mouvement de la grande nature vient de changer une contrée fertile et riante en un theatre de désolation et de la misère, par l'irruption du lac de Getroz, arrivée le 16 Juin 1818. Les victimes de cette catastrophe tendent leurs mains vers vous, images de la Divinité bienfaisante. Quelle occasion favorable d'exercer votre vertu favorite, et de verser des larmes de pitié, en tarissant celles de malheur !"

It was impossible to contemplate effects consequent upon so awful a visitation, without a corresponding excitement of strong curiosity to follow the devastation to its source, and learn, from ocular inspection, the mode in which nature had carried on and completed her dreadful operations. Accordingly, having ascertained that although the regular roads, bridge-ways, and pathways, were carried away, a circuitous course over the mountains was feasible to the very foot of the Glaciers of Mont Pleureur, which impended over the mouth of the lac de Getroz, a guide was secured, and with him, on the following morning, before sunrise, I found myself toiling through the pine-woods clothing the steep sides of the

MARCH, 1830.

mountains to the east of Martigny. It is not, however, my intention to enter into details (though interesting enough in their way) unconnected with the one sole object, which, while I am now writing, hovers before me like Macbeth's dagger, to the exclusion of other things of minor import. Suffice it to say, that as the evening closed, I entered a desolate large scrambling sort of mansion, formerly, as I was given to understand, a convent belonging to some monks of La Trappe; a fact confirmed by sundry portraits of its late gloomy possessors, hung round the dark dismantled chamber in which I was to sleep. The village, of which this mansion had formed a part, had been saved almost by miracle. A strong stone bridge, with some natural embankments, gave a momentary check to the descending torrent, which instantly rose, and in another minute must have inevitably swept away all before it, when fortunately the earth on every side gave way, the ponderous buttresses of the bridge yielded, down it sunk, and gave immediate vent to the cataract. While I was looking towards the heights of Mont Pleureur, on whose crest the spires and pinnacles of the Glacier de Getroz were visible, a stranger joined the owner of the house in which I was lodged, and from their conversation I collected that he, with a companion, had that day visited the scene of action. "And you saw it," said the landlord. "I did," was the reply. "And your companion?"—"No, for we did not go the lower road," observed the traveller. "How so? did you take the upper?"—"We did," was the answer. "*Comment donc? mais le Mauvais Pas?*"—"I crossed it," replied the traveller. "*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the landlord; and your companion?"—"He saw what it was, and returned." Having heard nothing of any extraordinary difficulties, I paid no great attention to this dialogue, particularly as I had the warranty of my guide that our course would be on the right bank of the river the whole way; and it was evident, that any thing like this *Mauvais Pas* of which the host and traveller spoke, was on the heights above the left bank. I therefore retired to rest, in high spirits, notwithstanding the sombre scowling looks of the monks which seemed to glance on me from their heavy black frames, ornamenting the panelled walls of the cheerless dormitory in which my pallet was stretched—quite sufficient, under other circumstances, to call up the recollection of every ghost and goblin slumbering in the mind, from the earliest traditions of nursery chronicles.

As the journey of the day promised, under most favourable circumstances, to be not only long but fatiguing, and as some part of the road was represented to be passable for horses, by which much time and labour might be spared, a couple were hired, and another guide engaged to bring them back; and, as we quitted the hostelry at early dawn, the beams of the rising sun were just glancing on the highest peaks of the Glaciers, at whose base our excursion was to terminate. For the first three or four hours, sometimes on the plains, at other times defiling over the heights, according to the obstacles interposed by the recent devastation, we pursued our course without any other interest, than that produced by a succession of striking objects, amidst the wildest exhibitions of mountain scenery I ever beheld. At length, we descended into a valley

of considerable extent, affording flat platform, of what had been hitherto meadow land, though now a wide plain, on whose surface, in every direction, were scattered, in wild confusion, rocks and stones, and uprooted trees of all dimensions, deposited by the torrent, which had now returned to its original channel, through which it was roaring over a bed of broken granite, forming a sort of loose and coarse shingle. This valley, though unconfined towards the west, was apparently closed in towards the east, immediately in our route, by a stupendous barrier of precipitous rock, as if a mountain, impending over the river on our right, had shot forth one of its mighty arms for the purpose of arresting the waters in their progress. On drawing nearer, however, a fissure, extending from the summit to the base, through the very heart of the rock, was perceptible, through which the river rushed in a more confined channel. It naturally occurred to me, that, unless we could pass onwards through this fissure, we had nothing for it but to return; though having, in our morning's progress, more than once forded the stream, I concluded that a similar attempt would be made in the forthcoming case, in which I was confirmed by the two guides. When, however, we drew a little nearer, I remarked, that they looked forward repeatedly with something like an anxious cast of countenance examining here and there at the same time certain blocks of stone embedded in small pools, on which, although there was a communication with the river, the current had no effect, the communication being so far cut off, as to exclude even the slightest ripple. "The waters are higher than they were yesterday," said the one. "And are rising at this moment," replied the other, who was carefully watching the smooth side of one of these detached blocks, half filling the calm and unruffled surface of one of these diminutive lakes. And again, with scrutinizing eyes, they looked forward towards the fissure. "Shall we be able to stem the torrent in yonder spot?" I asked. "We hope so," they hastily answered; "but not a moment must be lost;" and, suiting the action to the word, the horses were spurred on to a full trot, the eyes of both being now intensely fixed on something evidently in or near the river. "Do you see a dark speck at the foot of the left hand precipice?" observed one of the guides to me. "I do."—"Monsieur," continued he, "the waters are rising rapidly, by the increased melting of the snows: and if that dark stone is covered when we reach the fissure, our passage through the torrent will be hazardous, if not impracticable." From that instant every eye was rivetted to the fragment, which, instead of becoming more marked and visible, as we shortened the intervening space, very sensibly diminished in size; and, in spite of every effort to urge the horses on, soon dwindled to a speck, and was almost immediately after, to our great mortification, entirely lost under a ripple of white foam which broke over its highest point. "Ce n'est plus nécessaire d'avancer; il faut s'arrêter," said the guides; "c'est fini." The horses were accordingly reined in. We alighted, and I sat down in despair to secure what I could by sketching the magnificent scene before me; demanding, in a tone of forlorn hope, if it was indeed impossible to proceed, either by scaling the opposing barrier, or by any other circuitous

route. On saying this, they again examined the margin of the river; but it gave no encouraging sign. The white foam had even ceased to break over the hidden stone; a swift blue stream was hurrying over it, and not a token of its existence remained. While I continued my sketch, I observed that they were in earnest conversation, walking to and fro, now looking back on the road we had travelled, and then casting their eyes upwards to the right; the only words which I could distinctly hear, for they were more than once repeated, being "*Mais il faut avoir bonne tête—a-t-il bonne tête?*" At length, one of them came up, and said, "*Monsieur, il y a un autre chemin, mais c'est dangereux—c'est un mauvais pas! Avez vous bonne tête.*" As the correctness of any answer to the conclusion of this address depended much upon divers particulars, and certain other data, which it behoved me to know, I begged him to describe a little more at large the precise nature of this *Mauvais Pas*, the ominous term recalling in an instant the words I had heard from the traveller the night before.

The result of my enquiry was very vague. That it was high amongst the mountains, and somewhat distant, there could be no doubt. That, in order to get to it, we must return, and cross the river below, where, being wider, it might still be forded, were also preliminary steps. The heights on the right were, in the next place, to be gained, and that by no very inviting path, as I could see; but these were not objections calculated to deter me from proceeding, and wherein the real difficulty consisted I could not distinctly discover. "Is, then, this *Mauvais Pas* much more steep and difficult than the ascent which you have pointed out amongst those rocks on the right?"—"Oh, no," was the reply; "it is not steep at all; it is on a dead level."—"Is it, then very fatiguing?"—"Oh, no; it is by no means fatiguing; the ascent which you see before you, is by far the most fatiguing part of the whole route."—"It is, then, dangerous, owing to broken fragments of rock, or slippery grass?" for I had heard them mutter something about slipping. "Oh, no; it was on hard solid rock; and, as for grass, there was not a blade upon it. It required but *une bonne tête, cars si on glisse, on est perdu!*" This winding up was certainly neither encouraging nor satisfactory; but having so repeatedly heard the danger of these mountain passes magnified, and their difficulties exaggerated, and the vague information above mentioned, saving and except the definitive result, being by no means in itself appalling, I expressed my readiness to try this path, if they had made up their minds to guide me. To this they consented; and preparations were instantly made; "for," added they, "the day is waning, and you will find there is much to be done."

We remounted the horses, and hastened back about a mile to a wide part of the river, which we succeeded in fording without much inconvenience; and soon after left them at a spot from whence they could be sent for at leisure. We then turned again to the eastward, and soon reached the foot of the heights on the left bank of the river, forming the barrier which had checked us on the other side. Up there we proceeded to mount, pressing onwards through brake and brier, boughs and bushes

to the summit of the ridge. During this part of the task, I endeavoured to pick up further particulars respecting the winding up of our adventure; but all I could learn was, that, in consequence of the suspension of all communication in the valleys below, by the destruction of the roads and bridges, a chamois-hunter had, since the catastrophe, passed over this path, and that some work-people, on their way to repair the bridges, finding it practicable, had done the same; but that it had never before been used as a regular communication, and certainly never would again, as none, but from sheer necessity, would ever think of taking advantage of it. But, by way of neutralising any unfavourable conclusions I might draw from these representations, they both added, that, from what they then saw of my capabilities in the art of climbing—for the road, here and there, required some trifling exertion—they were sure I should do very well, and had no reason to fear. Thus encouraged, I proceeded with confidence; and, in the course of rather more than an hour's sharp ascent, we attained a more level surface in the bosom of a thick forest of pine and underwood, fronted, as far as I could guess from occasional glimpses through gaps and intervals, by a grey dull curtain of bare rock. "We are approaching the *Mauvais Pas*," said one of the guides.—"Is it as rough as this?" said I, floundering as I was through hollows of loose stones and bushes.—"Oh, no; it is smooth as a floor," was the reply.—"In a few minutes we shall be on the *Pas*," said the other, as we began to descend on the eastern declivity of the ridge we had been mounting for the last hour. And then, for the first time, I saw below me the valleys of the Drance spread forth like a map, and that it required but half-a-dozen steps at most to have cleared every impediment to my descending amongst them, in an infinitely shorter time than I had expended in mounting to the elevated spot from whence I looked down upon them. And then, too, for the first time, certain misgivings, as to the propriety of going further, and a shrewd guess as to the real nature of the *Mauvais Pas*, flashed across me, in one of those sudden heart-searching thrills, so perfectly defined in the single word *crebling*—a provincial term, expressing that creeping, paralyzing, twittering, palpitating sort of sensation, which a nervous person might be supposed to feel, if, in exploring a damp and dark dungeon, he placed his hand unadvisedly upon some cold and clammy substance, which his imagination might paint as something too horrible to look at.

But whatever were the force and power of these feelings, it was not now the time to let them get the master-ship. It was too late to retract—I had gone too far to recede. It would have been unpardonable to have given two Swiss guides an opportunity of publishing throughout the cantons, that an Englishman had flinched, and feared to set his foot where a foreign traveller had trod the day before. On then I went, very uncomfortable, I will candidly confess, but aided and impelled, notwithstanding, by that instinctive sort of wish, common, I believe, to all people, to know the worst in extreme cases. Curiosity, too, had its share—not merely excited by the ultimate object for which I was about

to venture myself in mid air, but a secret desire to see with my own eyes a pass which had so suddenly and unexpectedly assumed importance, in my fate. And after all, though there were very unequivocal symptoms of something terrible in the immediate vicinage of the undefined grey skreen of rock before me, I had as yet no certainty of its appalling realities.

For a furlong or two no great change was perceptible; there was a plentiful supply of twigs and shrubs to hold by, and the path was not by any means alarming. In short, I began to shake off all uneasiness, and smile at my imaginary fears, when, on turning an angle, I came to an abrupt termination of every thing bordering on twig, bough, pathway, or greensward; and the *Mauvais Pas*, in all its fearfulness, glared upon me! For a foreground, (if that could be called a foreground, separated, as it was, by a gulf of some fathoms wide,) an unsightly facing of unbroken precipitous rock bearded me on the spot from whence I was to take my departure, jutting out sufficiently to conceal whatever might be the state of affairs on the other side, round which it was necessary to pass by a narrow ledge like a mantel-piece, on which the first guide had now placed his foot. The distance, however, was inconsiderable at most, a few yards, after which, I fondly conjectured we might rejoin a pathway similar to that we were now quitting, and that, in fact, this short but fearful *trajet* constituted the substance and sum-total of what so richly deserved the title of the *Mauvais Pas*. "Be firm; hold fast, and keep your eye on the rock," said the guide, as I, with my heart in my mouth, stepped out—"Is my foot steadily fixed?"—"It is," was the answer; and, with my eyes fixed upon the rock, as if it would have opened under my gaze, and my hands hooked like claws on the slight protuberances within reach, I stole silently and slowly towards the projection, almost without drawing a breath. Having turned this point, and still found myself proceeding, but to what degree, and whether for better or worse, I could not exactly ascertain, as I most pertinaciously continued to look upon the rock, mechanically moving foot after foot with a sort of dogged perseverance, leaving to the leading guide the pleasing task, which I most anxiously expected every moment, of assuring me that the deed was done, and congratulating me on having passed the *Mauvais Pas*. But he was silent as the grave—not a word escaped his lips; and on, and on, and on did we tread, slowly, cautiously, and hesitatingly, for about ten minutes, when I became impatient to learn the extent of our progress, and enquired whether we had nearly reached the other end. "Pas encore."—"Are we half way?"—"A peu pres," were the replies. Gathering up my whole stock of presence of mind, I requested that we might pause a while, and then, as I deliberately turned my head, the whole of this extraordinary and frightful scenery revealed itself at a glance. Conceive an amphitheatre of rock forming, throughout, a bare barren, perpendicular precipice, of I knew not how many hundred feet in height, the two extremities diminishing in altitude as they approached the Drance, which formed the chord of this arc; that on our left constituting the barrier which had impeded our

progress, and which we had just ascended. From the point where we had stepped upon the ledge, quitting the forest and underwood, this circular face of precipice commenced, continuing without intermission, till it united itself with its corresponding headland on the right. The only communication between the two being along a ledge in the face of the precipice, varying in width from about a foot to a few inches; the surface of the said ledge, moreover, assuming the form of an inclined plane, owing to an accumulation of small particles of rock, which had, from time immemorial, shaled from the heights above, and lodged on this slightly projecting shelf. The distance, from the time taken to pass it, I guessed to be not far short of a quarter of a mile. At my foot, literally speaking, (for it required but a semiquaver of the body or the loosening of my hold, to throw the centre of gravitation over the abyss,) were spread the valleys of the Drance, through which I could perceive the river meandering like a silver thread; but, from the height at which I looked down, its rapidity was invisible, and its hoarse brawling unheard. The silence was absolute and solemn; for, fortunately, not a zephyr fanned the air, to interfere with my precarious equilibrium.

There was no inducement for the lesser birds of the field to warble where we were, and the lammer-geyers and the eagles, if any had their eyries amidst these crags, were revelling in the banquet of desolation below. As I looked upon this awfully magnificent scene, rapid train of thoughts succeeded each other. I felt as if I was contemplating a world I had left, and which I was never again to revisit; for it was impossible not to be keenly impressed with the idea, that something fatal might occur within the space of the next few minutes, effectually preventing my return thither as a living being. Then again, I saw before me the forms and figures of many I had left—some a few hours, some a few weeks before. Was I to see them again or not? The question again and again repeated itself, and the oftener, perhaps, from a feeling of presumption I experienced in even whispering to myself that I decidedly should. “*Si on glisse, on est perdu !*” how horribly forcible and true did these words now appear,—on what a slender thread was life held! A trifling deviation in the position of a foot, and it was over. I had but to make one single step in advance, and I was in another state of existence. Such were a few of the mental feelings which suggested themselves, but others of a physical nature occurred. I had eat nothing since leaving the old convent, and the keen air on the mountains had so sharpened my appetite, that by the time I had reached the summit we had just quitted, I felt not only a good deal exhausted, but extremely hungry. But hunger, thirst, and fatigue, followed me not on the ledge. A feast would have had no charm, and miles upon a level road would have been as nothing. Every sense seemed absorbed in getting to the end; and yet, in the midst of this unenviable position, a trifling incident occurred, which actually, for the time, gave rise to something of a pleasurable sensation. About midway I espied, in a chink of the ledge, the beautiful and dazzling blossom of the little *geni*

tiana nivalis, and, stopping the guides while I gathered it, I expressed great satisfaction in meeting with this lovely little flower on such a lonely spot. And I could scarcely help smiling at the simplicity of these honest people, who, from that moment, whenever the difficulties increased, endeavoured to divert my attention, by pointing out or looking for another specimen. We had proceeded good part of the way, when, to my dismay, the ledge, narrow as it was, became perceptibly narrower, and, at the distance of a yard or two in advance, I observed a point where it seemed to run to nothing, interrupted by a protuberant rock. I said nothing, waiting the result in silence. The guide before me, when he reached the point, threw one foot round the projection, till it was firmly placed, and holding on the rock, then brought up the other.—What was I to do? Like Arthur Philipson's guide, Antonio, I could only say, "I was no goat-hunter, and had no wings to transport me from cliff to cliff like a raven."—"I cannot perform that feat," said I to the guide; "I shall miss the invisible footing on the other side, and—then!"—They were prepared for the case; one of them happened to have a short staff; this was handed forward, and formed a slight rail, while the other, stooping down, seized my foot, and placing it in his hand, answered, "Tread without apprehension, it will support you firmly as the rock itself; be steady—go on." I did so, and regained the ledge once more in safety. The possible repetition of such an exploit was not by any means to my taste, and I ventured to question the foremost guide as to the chance of its recurrence, and the difficulties yet in store. Without pretending to disguise them, he proceeded to dilate upon the portion of our peregrination still in reserve, when the other interrupted him, impatiently, and in French, instead of Patois, (forgetting, in his anxiety to enjoin silence, that I understood every word he uttered,) exclaimed, "Not a word more, I entreat you. Speak not to him of danger; this is not the place to excite alarm; it is our business to cheer and animate;" and in the true spirit of his advice, he immediately pointed to a bunch of little gentians, exclaiming, "Eh, donc, qu'elles sont jolies! Regardez ces charmentes fleurs!" Long before I had accomplished half the distance, and had formed a correct opinion as to what remained in hand, the propriety of turning back had more than once suggested itself; but on looking round, the narrowness of the shelf already passed presented so revolting an appearance, that what with the risk to be incurred in the very act of turning about, and forming any thing like a *pirouette* in my present position, added to an almost insurmountable unwillingness to recede, for the reasons above mentioned, and the chance that, as it could not well be worse, the remainder might possibly be better. I decided on going on, estimating every additional inch as a valuable accession of space, with a secret proviso, however, in my own mind, that nothing on earth should induce me to return the same way, notwithstanding the declaration of the guides that they knew of no other line, unless a bridge, which was impassable yesterday, had been made passable to-day; and we knew the people were at work, for a man had gone before us with an axe over his shoulder.

Thus persevering with the speed of a tortoise or a sloth, the solemn slow movements of hand and foot forcibly reminding me of that cautious animal, we at last drew near to a more acute point in the curve of this gaunt amphitheatre, where it bent forward towards the river, and consequently we were more immediately fronted by the precipice forming the continuation of that on which we stood. By keeping my head obliquely turned inward, I had hitherto in great measure avoided more visual communication than I wished with the bird's-eye prospect below; but there was no possibility of excluding the smooth bare frontage of rock right ahead. There it reared itself from the clods beneath to the clouds above, without outward or visible signs of fret or fissure, as far as I could judge, on which even a chamois could rest its tiny hoof; for the width of whatever ledge it might have was diminished, by the perspective view we had of it, to Euclid's true definition of a mathematical line, namely, length without breadth. At this distance of time, I have no very clear recollection of the mode of our exit, and cannot speak positively as to whether we skirted any part of this perilous wall of the Titans, or crept up through the corner of the curve by some fissure leading to the summit. I have however, a very clear and agreeable recollection of the moment when I came in contact with a tough bough, which I welcomed and grasped as I would have welcomed and grasped the hand of the dearest friend I had upon earth, and by the help of which I, in a very few more seconds, scrambled upwards, and set my foot once more, without fear of slips or sliding, on a rough heathery surface, forming the bed of a ravine, which soon led us to an upland plateau, on which I stood as in the garden of paradise.

In talking over our adventure, one of the guides mentioned a curious circumstance that had occurred either to himself or a brother guide, I forget which, in the course of their practice. He was escorting a traveller over a rather dizzy height, when the unfortunate tourist's head failed, and he fainted on the spot. Whereupon the mountaineer, a strong muscular man, with great presence of mind, took up his charge, threw him over his shoulder, and coolly walked away with him till he came to a place of safety, where he deposited his burden, and awaited the return of sense; "but," added he, "had such a misfortune occurred on the *Mauvais Pas*, you must have submitted to your fate; the ledge was too narrow for exertion,—we could have done nothing."

We were now not much more than a league from our original destination, a space of which, whether fair or foul, I cannot speak with much precision, so entirely was every thought and sense engrossed in the business which had occupied so large a portion of the last hour. It is merely necessary to inform the reader, that at the expiration of a given time, I stood before the ruins of a stupendous mound formed of condensed masses of snow and ice, hurled down from above by the imperceptible but gradual advancement of the great Glacier of Getroz, nursed in a gorge beneath the summit of Mont Pleureur. Not a moment passed without the fall of thundering avalanches, bounding from rock to rock, till their shattered fragments, floundering down the inclined plane of snow, finally precipitated themselves into the bed of the channel through which the emancipated Lac

de Mauvoisin had in the brief space of half an hour, rushed, after it had succeeded in corroding the excavated galleries, and blown up in an instant its icy barrier.

Seated on a knoll immediately fronting the stage on which this grand scenery was represented, we rested for some time, during which we were joined by one or two of the workmen employed in repairing the roads and bridge to which the guides had alluded; and the first question asked was, "Peut on le traverser?" No direct answer followed; it was evidently therefore, a matter of doubt, requiring at least some discussion, during which, although the parties conversed in an under-tone, I again heard, more than once, the disagreeable repetition of "Mais a-t-il bonne tête?" and a reference was finally made to me. It seems the bridge had been completely destroyed, but some people had that morning availed themselves of the commencement of a temporary accommodation, then in a state of preparation, and had crossed the chasm; and provided Monsieur had a *bonne tête*, there was no danger in following their example. Hesitation was out of the question; for whatever might be the possible extent of risk, in duration and degree it clearly could bear no comparison with the *Mauvais Pas*, discomfiting sensations of which were still too fresh in my recollection to indulge a thought of encountering them a second time in the same day. I therefore decided on the bridge without more ado. *coute qui coute*; and as we decended towards the river, I had soon the pleasure of seeing it far below me, and plenty of time to make up my mind as to the best mode of ferrying myself over. Of the original arch not a vestige remained; but across two buttresses of natural rock I could distinguish something like a tight rope, at the two extremities of which little moving things, no bigger than mites, were bustling about, and now and then I could perceive one or two of these diminutive monoculars venturing upon this apparently frail line of communication. A nearer view afforded no additional encouragement. At a depth of 90 feet below roared the Drance, foaming and dashing with inconceivable violence against its two adamantine abutments, which here confined the channel within a space of about 30 or 40 feet. From rock to rock, athwart the gulf, two pine poles had that morning been thrown, not yet rivetted together, but loosely resting side by side. It certainly was not half.

"As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear;"

but it was, notwithstanding, a very comfortless piece of footing to contemplate. Ye mariners of England, who think nothing of laying out on a topsail-yard to pass an earing* in a gale of wind, might have smiled at such a sight, and crossed merrily over without the vibration of a nerve, but let it be recollected, as a balance for a landsman's fears, that these two spars were neither furnished with accommodating jack-stays, supporting footropes, nor encircling gaskets, to which the outlayer might cling in case of emergency. They are rested, one end on each projecting pro-

* The technical term for an operation necessary in reefing topsails.

mentory of the chasm, in all their bare nakedness. In the morning, I might have paused to look before I leaped; but what were 40 or 50 feet of pine vaulting, in comparison with the protracted misery of a quarter of a mile of the *Mauvais Pas*? So forthwith committing myself to their support, on hands and knees I crawled along, and in a few minutes trode again on *terra firma*, beyond the reach of further risk rejoicing, and, I trust, not ungrateful for the perils I had escaped.

E. S.

THE OLD TOLBOOTH.

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One of the most remarkable criminals ever confined in the Old Tolbooth was the celebrated William Brodie. As may be generally known, this was a man of respectable connexions, and who had moved in good society all his life, unsuspected of any criminal pursuits. It is said that a habit of frequenting cock-pits was the first symptom he exhibited of a defalcation from virtue. His ingenuity as a joiner gave him a fatal facility in the burglarious pursuits to which he afterwards addicted himself. It was then customary for the shopkeepers of Edinburgh to hang their keys upon a nail at the back of their doors, or at least to take no pains in concealing them during the day. Brodie used to take impressions of them in putty or clay, a piece of which he carry in the palm of his hand. He kept a blacksmith in his pay, of the name of Smith, who forged exact copies of the keys he wanted, and with these it was his custom to open the shops of his fellow-tradesmen during the night. He thus found opportunities of securely stealing whatever he wishes to possess. He carried on his malpractices for many years. Upon one shop in particular he made many severe exactions. This was the shop of a company of jewellers, in the North Bridge Street, namely, that at the south-east corner, where it joins the High Street. The unfortunate tradesmen from time to time missed many articles, and paid off one or two faithful shopmen, under the impression of their being guilty of the theft. They were at length ruined. Brodie remained unsuspected, till having committed a daring robbery upon the Excise-office in Chessel's Court, Canongate, some circumstances transpired, which induced him to disappear from Edinburgh. Suspicion then becoming strong, he was pursued to Holland, and taken at Amsterdam, standing upright in a press or cupboard. At his trial, Henry Erskine, his counsel, spoke very eloquently in his behalf, representing in particular, to the jury, how strange and improbable a circumstance it was, that a man whom they had themselves known from infancy as a person of good repute, should have been guilty of such practices as those with which he was charged. He was, however, found guilty, and sentenced to death, along with his accomplice Smith. At the trial he had appeared in a fine full-dress suit of black clothes, the greater part of which was of silk, and his deport-

ment throughout the whole affairs was completely that of a gentleman. He continued during the period which intervened between his sentence and execution, to dress himself well and to keep up his spirits. A gentleman of our acquaintance, calling upon him in the condemned room, was astonished to find him singing the song from the Beggar's Opera, " 'Tis woman seduces all mankind." Having contrived to cut out the figure of a draught board on the stone floor of his dungeon, he amused himself by playing with any one who would join him, and, in default of such, with his right hand against his left. This diagram remained in the room where it was so strangely out of place, till the destruction of the jail. His dress and deportment at the gallows were equally gay with those which he assumed at his trial. As the Earl of Morton was the first man executed by the Maiden, so was Brodie the first who proved the excellence of an improvement he had formerly made on the apparatus of the gibbet. This was the substitution of what is called the *drop*, for the ancient practice of the double ladder. He inspected the thing with a professional air, and seemed to view the result of his ingenuity with a smile of satisfaction. When placed on that terrible and insecure pedestal, and while the rope was adjusted round his neck by the executioner, his courage did not forsake him. On the contrary, even there, he exhibited a sort of joyful levity, which, though not exactly composure, seemed to the spectators as more indicative of indifference; he shuffled about, looked gaily around, and finally went out of the world with his hand stuck carelessly into the open fronts of his vest.

The Tolbooth, in its old days, as its infirmities increased, showed itself now and then incapable of retaining prisoners of very ordinary rank. Within the recollection of many people yet alive, a youth named Reid, the son of an inn-keeper in the Grassmarket, while under sentence of death for some felonious act, had the address to make his escape. Every means was reported to for recovering him, by search throughout the town, vigilance at all the ports, and the offer of a reward for his apprehension. Yet he contrived fairly to cheat the gallows. The whole story of his escape is exceedingly curious. He took refuge in the great cylindrical mousehole of Sir George Mackenzie, in the Grefriars' churchyard of Edinburgh. This place, besides its discomfort, was supposed to be haunted by the ghost of the persecutor—a circumstance of which Reid, an Edinburgh boy, must have been well aware. But he braved all these horrors for the sake of his life. He had been brought up in the Hospital of George Heriot, in the immediate neighbourhood of the churchyard, and had many boyish acquaintances still residing in that munificent establishment. Some of these he contrived to inform of his situation, enjoining them to be secret, and beseeching them to assist him in his distress. The Herioters of those days had a very clannish spirit—insomuch, that to have neglected the interests or safety of any individual of the community, however unworthy he might be of their friendship, would have been looked upon by them as a sin of the deepest dye. Reid's confidants, therefore, considered themselves bound to assist him by all means in their power against that general foe—the public. They kept his secret most faith-

fully, spared from their own meals as much food as supported him, and ran the risk of severe punishment, as well as of seeing ghosts, by visiting him every night in his horrible abode. They were his only confidants—his very parents, who lived not far off, being ignorant of the place of his concealment. About six weeks after his escape from jail, when the hue and cry had in a great measure subsided, he ventured to leave the tomb, and it was afterwards known that he escaped abroad.

SPORTING SCENES IN INDIA.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. CV.]

There are spots among the Naggery Hills that will never be forgotten by those who have perspired through them, but it is amid the endless and inimitable variety of the forests that we meet the scenes that we love to recollect. There Nature is before us in her grandest and most foreign garb. The awful stillness—the masses of foliage and of shade—the naked and fantastic crags that burst abruptly forth—the luxuriant fertility of the mountain, seen through the transparent clouds that float along far below their forest-crested summit—the delicate proportions, and the marvellous immensity of individual objects, are pregnant with amazement and delight to us; even night, which in other lands spreads one blank shadow over all creation, is here spangled into loveliness by the twinkling flight and swarming clusters of the fire-flies. I have really looked and looked amid these wilds, while beauty after beauty bore in upon my eye and mind, till I have turned away with an almost painful fulness at my heart, as if my delight were more than was fit for the frame that felt it. I have really sometimes thought there must have been some deleterious power in the perfumed air* we breathed (for I am not the gentleman who indulged in half-and-half) in these scenes, until I remembered their palpable, their irrefutable beauty. The last I saw—though one of the least lovely, it was the last—is still before me, as when I rested on my fowling-piece, and looked as if I knew I should never look on them again. The red-capped mountains were towering above, the sea of forests spreading around me; far below, the beautiful lake rippled in the sun, and sent up the music of its plash. The small Hindoo temple, overshadowed by the banyan, which still held together a part of the ruin it had made, † created the rocks on the opposite shore; whence streams spread through the bright green land they fertilized, to where a bulwark of hills rose to the clouds beyond the picturesque pagodas and palmyra-trees of Narnaveram.

* Where the lemon-grass grows it is delightful.

† The seed of the banyan insinuates itself amongst buildings, and as the trees grow out it destroys them. Shoots from the trunk, however, often embrace and hold up large masses of masonry, which a touch of the finger will set in motion, and a single cut of a case-knife would led down. *Sept.*—VOL. XXVI. No. CV.

The jungle-fowl was heard on every side, while occasionally the shrill scream of a pea-fowl broke from the more retired heights, and seemed attained by nature to the wild and beauteous world about me. Sounds depend too much on locality and association for me to ask for sympathy with my fondness for the pea-fowl's note; but I love to hear it, and as it broke upon me yesterday I really felt something like pain as I smiled, and muttered Burn's complaint, "Ye break my heart, ye little birds!" There is a spot near Mulkapoor that I always see when I hear or think of them. Every cleft of a wall of rocks, that rose four hundred feet, seemed crushed full of the noblest trees, and from every crevice long pliant grass hung waving lazily in the air. We stood silently gazing on the calm yet savage sublimity of this scene, still some one said, "How beautiful!" and at once the words were thrown back, with a startling harshness, from the masses before us, as if they mocked at the applauses of such atoms of humanity. At this moment a pea-fowl screamed, and launching itself into the air, floated forth in majestic buoyancy, hopelessly high above our heads; while a dozen echoes returned its cry from every side, filling the space through which it passed with their wild commingled peals. If my reader remembers why I quitted India, I can forgive him muttering, "*Voilà un homélie qui sent furieusement la fièvre*;" and therefore to business. Touching pea-fowl-shooting—though I have seen seven on a table at once, I am convinced a man who does not find a repaying pleasure in merely following these birds, as they strut in all their splendour of plumage up their wildly picturesque haunts, ought to fix on some other sport; he will find this too tantalizing. Results may be much more surely calculated on amongst the jungle-fowl, by ascertaining from successive cries the way they walk, and hurrying through the cover by a circuitous route, so as to intercept them. But this requires a certain tact.* The slightest stir, and often the keenness of the bird's sight—for they come slowly, and look well around, as they strut and flap their wings, and challenge—are enough to discover the sportsman, when the crowing ceases, and they are off at a hopeless rate. These birds are the aboriginal cock and hen, but neither they cry nor their plumage is exactly that of domestic fowl. Whoever looks for them, will see black partridges and spur-fowl running about the base of the rocks. The latter has double spurs, and is of a dusty brown plumage, brightening on the breast to amber, and prettily picked out with white and black spots. A sportsman, in thick jungle, should have one beater behind him, to strike a bush if necessary; but his plan is to walk on as quietly as possible, and keep ready to fire at the moment a turn or opening shows an object. This, and the poaching system of ly-

* I know not if this word has any right here; but, as my uncle Toby says, "a soldier is no more exempt from saying a foolish thing than a man of letters." Perhaps the following instance may help to make me intelligible:—A beast is trotting on a path where another step puts him out of sight; before he makes that one, a person (who has but the second to see, think, and execute) utters so peculiar a cry, that the beast, rather surprised than alarmed, dwells on his step to turn and look, and as his head comes round the rifle-ball crashes through it. This person has "a fine tact" in sport. I take it to be "an inexplicably rapid and correct perception of the relation of things."

ing hid, are the only ways to secure game in thick jungle ; and even with these he will often return empty-handed, and learn to consider a pea-fowl, or a brace of jungle-fowl, as a very satisfactory day's work. A man should make up his mind in the deep jungle whether he will fire ball or shot. Nothing is worse than the half-and-half system ; it distracts the attention. Men leave the one object of their pursuit often at the very moment they are nearest success ; and if surprised, hesitate which barrel they are to fire, and very generally whiz a ball at a hare, and distribute a charge of No. 6 among a whole sounder of hogs. A loose ball can be carried to drop on shot, for there is no doubt it is insufferably disgusting to hear a beast snarl and have no ball to fire at him. But to neutralize a barrel, as a security from danger, is quite wrong. If there is any peril, a man will encounter in the jungle from which his own hand can guarantee him, it is the possible event of coming so hastily on a *cobra de capello*, or other deadly snake, that the reptile rises instinctively to face the danger it thinks inevitable ; and in this case shot is safety. Unless it be the elephant or buffalo, (which I have not seen, and which are only in particular places,) or the tiger under peculiar circumstances, there is nothing in the jungle that will not willingly avoid collision with man, if he will let it. It is only when wounded that the other animals are dangerous, if even then. Panthers and Cheetas, I have often met, and have wounded the latter without irritating them into resistance. One of them was killed by a fine young fellow I knew, who went in upon him with shot in his fowling-piece, and a hog-spear. Their courage, like much in this world, depends greatly on that of their antagonist. Wolves and Hyenas invariably retire as soon as the idea of danger strikes them ; and bears (though I confess they growl crossly) have, in the few instances of our meeting, concealed themselves as soon as they could do so. Of Tigers I speak conjecturally. I think this beast has an instinctive dread of the human form, and avoids as much as possible coming in contact with it ; but if he be hemmed round or wounded, or if the necessities of hunger, or a sudden encounter, hurry him into a disregard of this feeling, and he finds how easy a prey man is, his idleness will make him prefer that to any other and he becomes troublesome. In this case, the natives soon muster enterprise to kill or drive him away, or exhort others to do so ; whereas the haunts of such as were not man-killers have been pointed out by them to me, and the tigers spoken of with almost as much consideration and respect as other powerful occupiers of the land. We one day fell in with a party of Mussulmauns beating for a man-killer, and took the liberty of joining the good company ; but in a few minutes the tom-toms ceased, the matchlights were out, and the party walked away one by one, as they discovered that the meeting with Caffers the first thing in the morning, when about a service of danger was too palpable an intimation of Heaven's disapproval of their proceedings to be disregarded.*

* How is prejudice of this sort accounted for in a predestinarian ? " Il y a de quoi parler beaucoup." I wonder no one capable of the investigation has explained to us the cause of the very opposite and palpable effects of the doctrine of absolute predestination on the Christian and Moslem believers in it.

But if a man should come upon a hungry or enraged tiger, or intrude too abruptly even upon a well-disposed one, as Mr. Nym says, "things must be as they may,—there must be conclusions!" I look on their pat as I do on a flash of lightning—both as things that may kill accidentally, and that will kill effectually; but I never saw reason to expect that either would kill me. In the jungles I have frequented for years, tigers' foot-prints were visible at the tanks and along the sandy beds they choose as paths. We have traced them around the circuit of our tent pegs after a night's rain; have had cattle killed in open day within two hundred yards of our tent, and at night had sheep carried off from beside it. We have beaten for them through and through their haunts, have tumbled over the bones in their *sallos à manger*, and slapped off a pistol into the bush through which they have vanished, but never have I had what I call a fair full view of one of them. Most of my friend were more fortunate, but in no one instance did the tiger show any wish to attack them. How many thousand British officers have shot through these jungles, and how small is the chapter of accidents occurring in them!* I should as soon think of arming myself against sharks and alligators when I bathe in the surf, or in a river, as of carrying a ball in my gun when I wished to fire shot in a jungle, under the idea of its diminishing my danger. If a man wants to kill the beasts, he should think of nothing else; if he does not go prepared to do so, he had better let them alone. A circumstance which was current conversation when I was in India will illustrate this, though I dare say it will be read with the same incredulity with which I listened to it. "An officer came suddenly upon a bear, and fired charge of shot at him: this salute proving most unacceptable to Bruin, he turned outrageously upon the gentleman, who fled before him (in his haste throwing down his gun with its undischarged barrel,) till a re-entering angle of the rocks obliged him to face his pursuer. This he did in so energetic a manner, clenching his first, grining, and advancing towards him, threatening, cursing, swearing, and gesticulating so extravagantly, that the bear, after looking at first astonished, then aghast, scuttled away (as Mr. Addison expresses it) with a rapidity only exceeded by that with which his triumphant antagonist scudded in the opposite direction." I once heard of a doctor who met his death from being clawed by one of these animals he had wounded, but it was believed

* I was once traversing a rock with some friends looking for two tigers, which one of them had seen there, when a poor old female devotee, who had fixed her dwelling in this perilous neighbourhood, came up and informed us they had gone into a jungle that was near, about an hour before. It is a devotional practice common in India, to fix a habitation near the lairs of tigers leaving to chance the time at which the victim may be carried off. This woman was a picture of squalid self-satisfied wretchedness—her hair was matted to her feet, and her haggard features seemed to speak of famine. I should have said she had weaned herself from all interest with the world, had not her errand, when we met her, showed the mother even in the superstitious enthusiast. She was looking for her truant-boy, whose shock head, popped up above a ledge of rock, had just been leveled at by one of us. A person who does not like to look along a barrel pointed at him should be careful how he breaks abruptly through a bush when he sport in company. In the jungle we level mechanically at every sound.

he died the victim of his own mal-treatment rather than the bear's. I think the story went that he applied precipitate to his head, and induced mortification. We were more lucky. I do not recollect when we could have thought ourselves in danger, unless we chose to do so once when, as we lay within a bush, a large snake dashed in, (I suppose pursuing or pursued,) and in a moment was erect between our three faces, which were not a yard apart. To spring to our arms, cock both barrels, and level at the spot, was the business of a moment, but in this moment the snake was gone. We laughed heartily at the wild looks of each other.

It flatters our self-love to see what we think a weakness in ourselves common to those we respect and we respect them the more, (and *par parenthese* ourselves) that it does not make them dare the less. An odd coincidence connected with a snake occurred one day when a friend and myself were stretched on a boat-cloak under a mangoe tree. Amongst other abuse of India we remarked, "Why at this moment some brute of a snake may be close to us;" and on looking up we saw a long and beautiful green one gliding from branch to branch above our heads—a charge of shot whistled about him in one moment, and in the next a ball cut him in two, and the two divisions dropped upon the boat-cloak. Our most unquestionable dangers were from the night air. We often bivouacked under bushes, with one as sentry, to try for hogs and tigers, and not unfrequently sat up in trees or among the rocks, to get a shot at them. But one gentleman proposed a flask of brandy; another, where there was cover, insisted on a segar; and in fact our night-shooting degenerated into little less than drinking and smoking in solemn silence in a tree, instead of performing that ceremony noisily under canvass. These affairs ended one night, when a sheep was picketed where a cheeta was said to walk, and the two of us who were nearest were told he was there. The moon was rather clouded, and, as I looked, I whispered to my comrade, "Why I don't even see the sheep."—"Hush!" he replied, hastily and emphatically: "there, d—n it! see the beast stalking along there."—"Where?" I asked, all anxiety.—"There—don't you see him just at the edge of the moonlight?"—"I do, I do," I murmured, as I levelled—and pulling the trigger, fired,— "Why what the devil!" he roared out, "you've shot the sheep!"—It was but too true; the poor old ram, of which I never thought he could have spoken with such mysterious solemnity, was shot through the heart. This put an end to our sociable lucubrations, but I persisted in this night work, and to tell the truth I preferred to be alone. I loved that loneliness of earth which at once overawes and elevates our minds; and a rock that looked upon some moon-lit lake, or that showed me a sunset casting the gorgeous glow of the Western heaven on the woods, the waters, and the craggy mountains, was to me as sure a spot for a preaching as a field of battle to Blackadder. I confess that on the battle-fields I have trod, I should have been glad to persuade myself that Heaven had thought as little of me as I had done of it during their procedures; but in these sublime and beautiful scenes, where the weakness, deceit, and wickedness of the world are from before us, and we stand in singleness and naked-

ness of heart before the boundless and mysterious veil of God's eternal temple, it hardly requires enthusiasm to fancy one's-self nearer a communion with the deity, and to conjure up the fearful yet pleasing persuasion that our maker is looking on and listening to his creature. A man must do his duty among his fellows—but he will do well to go into solitude to think of it. Whether these solitudes have done much for my morals is not for me to say, but I know I have to thank them for much happiness; and amongst the days that live as oases in the desert retrospect my memory shows me, few are clearer than those in which I have gazed from the cliffs, or wandered through the glades of these majestic woods. I know what they have cost me—but at this very moment, when I feel but too palpably the decay of my memory, my sensibility and imagination dulled, and my feelings blunted, and know how much of these and other ills I may attribute to my residence in this climate, I do not regret one hour of it that was passed in them. I think with affectionate regret of the bright beams of the East, and the land they beautify, in a home where long absence has almost given the freshness of novelty to the cherished objects of my recollection. I sleep in England or in France, but I dream of the “strife-breeding clime of the Deekan.”*

THE METROPOLIS IN DANGER.

[FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NO. CV.]

It is astonishing to think of the insensibility of people in general to the most extreme cases of distress, except when accident draws their particular attention to them!

We were ourselves sitting, on a fine evening in June, gazing with our accustomed placidity on the golden clouds which adorned the western sky and reflecting with much complacency on the general state of this great city, of which the sun had just taken his leave for the night. As we watched the mysterious process by which a very well-dressed person was evoking flame from the successive gas-lamps of the long line which we command a view of, our thoughts were full of London, of its elegance, its gaiety, its intelligence, its comfort, its immense population; and we were endeavouring to comprehend the means by which a daily supply of food was quietly and regularly conveyed to a million and a half of people, when our reflections were painfully attracted to another point of view; indeed, to a lamentable state of things in general, and to a sense of intolerable calamity in particular, of most of the residents of the English metropolis. This was effected by a very interesting publication we at that moment received, with a lion and unicorn at the top of it, on the subject of a Royal Filter for Cisterns, of which one George Robins, not apparently a member of the Royal Society, is the avowed author; a man who evidently feels a painful sense of the distress under which his fellow-citizens are labouring, and is anxious to put an end to what threatens, if unchecked, to put an end to them.

In fact, now we think of it, we had observed a general face of affliction

* So called from its beauty and riches by the Mahometan historians.

in the streets, and in the parks; a kind of sentimental sorrow mingling with the smiles of social meetings, and giving a more than usually interesting appearance to the fashionable world. The very people in the pit at the Adelphi, when they laughed convulsively at Mr. Mathews, looked as if they had previously been in tears; and as they had cried till they laughed, so many of them, we perceived, laughed, till they cried. More than all, we had noticed among those "who slay in chariots," the physicians and surgeons of this town, a peculiar gravity, a tender melancholy, which we had at first hastily ascribed to the general heathiness of the season; and it was in the course of our reflections upon these things that we were led to pass in review all the circumstances in the condition of the giddy crowd below our windows, from which train of thought we were aroused by the Royal Filter.

The clever little work before us begins by stating, very truly, that the health and comfort of every family are intimately "bound up" with the supply of pure and wholesome water; and very reasonable surprise is expressed, that a fact so important should have passed without any notice until about fifteen months ago, when people became convinced, by an eloquent treatise, entitled "*The Dolphin*," (we are ashamed to confess we never saw it,) that water was actually supplied to them, in this very town, in a polluted and unwholesome condition! It is curious to see how ignorant people may be of their own sufferings. Here were, as we have said, more than a million of people, all of whom, could read and write, most of whom could cast accounts, many of whom had even read the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, and all of whom, or nearly all, had two eyes wherewith to see, a tongue wherewith to taste, and a nose for the main purpose of smelling, yet literally beholding and drinking a water for years and years, from infancy to youth, from youth to manhood, from manhood to decrepitude, boiled in a morning and evening, unboiled at noon, or later, as might be, fancying all the time that it was a bright, clear, and good water, until "*The Dolphin*" (how we regret that no copy was sent with the author's respectful compliments,)—until "*The Dolphin*," we say, convinced all these people that they were, with eyes and mouth open, but blinded understandings, daily swallowing such a combination of filth and horror as all the words in Johnson's Dictionary would fail to do justice to, and productive of dyspepsia, consumption, ill-temper, small-pox, and a long train of evils, including loss of appetite and hair, and premature old age; a water, in fact, so destructive, that there had been nothing so well calculated to destroy the human race, and put an end to the Emigration Committee, since the waters of the general deluge!

But truth is always unwelcome. The author of "*The Dolphin*" was threatened with prosecution. He appealed to the general voice. A public meeting was held at the West-end; Parliament was petitioned; the whole country awakened; and a Royal commission (hence the lion and unicorn) appointed to find better water. By these Commissioners a Report has been published, which the author before us (Robins) states to be a document of as great importance as was ever laid before the public. It is a report of one hundred and fifty folio pages, and contains, we are assured, a set of statements so staggering, that "all of them will be read

with interest, and some with sensations bordering upon horror." This is really, then, a very shocking business.

Let us see what is said. Nobody can expect us to read a report of a hundred and fifty folio pages at this season of the year; but the work on our table presents us with some very lively extracts. We turn then to Robins. First, we very properly mean to notice what is said by the President of the College of Physicians, who is also physician to the King, and appears as a witness against the vagrant water of the Thames; far different from that lovely stream which erst the poets sung of! then a river of life and beauty, glancing through the richest valley in the world! now a river of darkness and death; "sad Acheron, of sorrow, dark and deep," flowing in sullen majesty through a population on either bank waiting to be devoured! We are not exaggerating: Sir H. H.—"pronounces the water sent to his house to be a filthy fluid, with which he is disgusted." It was even said, but we believe it is incorrect, that Sir H.—had given up practice, and left town, after solemnly performing his last duty to the King, by trying to persuade his Majesty to pull down St. James's and to blow up Buckingham palace, dome and all, and had the royal towers of Windsor removed into Warwickshire. It was evidently impossible to bear up against such a body of water as came to Sir H.—'s house; and, although it is well known that he is one of the kindest and best of physicians, it must have rendered the ordinary duties of life burthensome, and public avocations odious. We look back upon the cheerfulness with which he went through the latter astonishment, "whilst all the while" his domestic cisterns ran liquid filth. Little did we think, that when we heard him so agreeably illustrate the madman of Horace, ("*Fuit haud ignobilis Argis*,") that there was so little cause for speaking of London water as another ancient, Pindar surely, spoke of water in general, in that admirable commencing line, which has so puzzled the translators; that line, which an English translator has rendered, "Water the first of elements we hold," but which a French author has expressed, "*C'est une excellent chose que l'eau*."

Then we have another physician, Dr. H.—, who has actually retired from practice; and who says, from his seclusion, that the decayed vegetable matters in the Thames water produce faulty digestion and impurity of blood, "of which the inhabitants of the metropolis are constantly complaining." Really this is still more wonderful! Here are we dining out not unfrequently, say about six days in seven, and if the people whom we meet have a bad digestion, they are surely unconcerned enough about it. Soup, turbot, patties, chicken and tongue, mutton or venison, pastry and trifle, all are trifles to them. Wines innumerable and unpronounceable, besides dessert, they make nothing of. Nor do they vehemently object to *er*. So much for faculty digestion! Then, as to impurity of blood, blind and ignorant must we have been in rides and walks, in parks and gardens, to have seen no outward signs of it not even at the Horticultural, where the heavens smiled not, but rather wept at the prospect of the calamities which now occupy our reluctant pen. "Ah!" as our good friend M. de Pourceaugnac says, "*que c'est une excellente chose que de savoir les choses!*"

Mr. K——, a surgeon, says every meal is injurious to thousands. Surely the faculty have very little reason to complain of that. But levity is misplaced here, for it is plain that the people of London are dying fast. How can it be otherwise? think of the *sewers*, (we regret the unavoidable necessity of alluding to this subject,) the hundred and forty-five sewers, equal to the hundred and fifty pages of the Water Report: think of the refuse of the streaming gas—of the off-scourings of lead—of the refuse of soap, and colour, and every kind of deadly drug: think only of the numberless unconscious kittens daily consigned to this oblivious water; and all those “unutterable things,” as Dr. J—— says in his evidence, reeking, floating, bubbling, oozing, melting; things rank, things sour, things bitter, things oily, things acrid and poisonous, with now and then a dash of suicide—for it is well known, that when the nights are dark, hardly a week passes without some unfortunate girl springing over the parapet of the bridges amid the unavailing screams of watchmen. The only wonder is, that the Thames—*Father Thames*, as he has been called, and who, like Saturn, seems inclined to devour his children—should have been allowed to conduct itself through London in such an indecorous way for such a length of time; and all the time, too, every man and woman dyspeptic, taking dinner pills, daily becoming more bilious, and deaths frightfully increasing.

Why, Dr. J—— himself, we see, was actually obliged to leave Spring Gardens on this very account; giving up a very advantageous lease, and leaving a comfortable residence in that rural part of the town to be demolished by the rats. It was impossible for him to remain: he states that he had “a pain after taking his breakfast,” every morning, as sure as the morning came. No sooner had he taken his tea or coffee, no matter which, with a little dry toast, and perhaps an egg, or a small portion of broiled salmon, or fried bacon, which the faculty, after some thousands of years’ *tinkering* of the human body, (as Mr. Colton was pleased to call it,) have discovered to be the sovereignest thing on earth against indigestion—than there came on a prevailing pain in all the regions of the bowels; first slight, a kind of pleasing colic, hardly interrupting the perusal of “The Times” newspaper; then more serious, and inconsistent with study; and at last perfectly frightful. This was entirely caused by the turbulent water of the Thames; and we are assured that the good Doctor (for whom we have a great regard, having once consulted him ourselves—a case of morbid sensibility, &c.) has exceedingly improved in health and looks since his removal. He still hints that several young ladies have “bowel complaints” from the same cause. We are very sorry to hear it; for neither beauty, nor delicacy, nor wit, nor the utmost art in devising albums, and finding out charades, or acting them, say, not even music and drawing, can make any young lady interesting in our imagination, who has a real, true substantial pain in the bowels every day of her life in London. We quite agree with Dr. J——, that “a time *must* come, when the people will open their eyes to this scene of corruption, veiled and concealed as it is by iron tubes and stone pavements.” Dr. K—— says, “That he *saw* (fancy that!) the foul and black stream from the Ranelagh sewer, passing between the Company’s steam-engine

and the Dolphin, loaded with no small portion of undivided, floating filth——.” We must refer for the remainder of the sentence to Robins, p. 3; the stomach cannot dwell on these reflections with composure.

Dr. S——, a physician to Chelsea Hospital—near to which Dr. K—— saw what we have just mentioned—Dr. S—— says, “The tide stirs up the mass of impurity (produced by all that is corruptible in the animal and vegetable world, together with the noxious filth of gas and other manufactories.) that constantly flows into the Thames from Battersea down to Gravesend.”—Robins, p. 4. There is something grand in the idea of this stirring up, this mighty turbulence and conceit of the tide, and of all the animal and vegetable world between Battersea Bridge and the Three Tuns and Gravesend; but the mind, absorbed in the immensity of the danger, refuses to be romantic. Dr. S—— it appears fled from Hanover-square as Dr. J——, from Spring-gardens, both being literally washed out.

Another highly respectable physician, Dr. P——, well known as the author of an excellent book upon diet, is equally distressed. He even goes so far as to say that the water positively *stinks*! He does not say merely that is rather unpleasant—that it is disagreeable—that it is offensive—that it is “rather high,” but plain out, that it sinks. “The Company (some most unreasonable company surely) send in mud with the water, and then complain that the cisterns are not kept clean.” We never heard of such impudence, Nay, Dr. P—— goes on to affirm, that he “cannot find terms sufficiently expressive of the awful effects it may be likely to produce upon the health, and even lives, of the inhabitants of the metropolis.” And we learn (Robins, p. 4.) that in the last edition of his work, he goes still farther, and assert, “that if a remedy be not applied to the evil, the ravages of some epidemic may be fairly anticipated.” There is quite enough for us. No more contributions will flow from our pen; no more Magazines will enliven and enlighten the first day of the month. Every Periodical will become an obituary. No wonder town is emptying so fast. There they fly, at this moment, for their lives, with horses four, and postilions in nervous haste—that stout lady and gentleman, all those seven children peeping out of the coach-window, the footman and the lady’s-maid and the blue spencer and green veil—there they go; they have drunk the waters of bitterness; they have had pains in the bowels; they have been to Battersea, and they fly lest they should die! We will not be long after them; our part is taken, and our place too, in the Edinburgh mail; we will leave this city of the watery plague, and refuge take where no water is but most excellent whiskey. From thence, about two years hence, we may return, and write reflections in a solitary valley where was once the famous city of London. We shall sit and muse by the side of a stream, which was once the ditch of Fleet, or perchance the sewer of Chelsea: there amidst ruins, we shall behold but one solitary figure—a female widely clad, her garments flickering in the breeze, and her looks unearthly; some ancient woman, who when the city was in its pride, was accustomed to sell gin to the sailors at Blackwall, and who kept them in spirit until the gin became too largely diluted.

Yet may we not have been too easily frightened? Are the doctors to be believed? Alas! another page of Robins settles that matter for

ever! Here we see, page the 5th, Mr. Mills, "the engineer," deposes that the Thames is the common sewer of London; that it receives the contents of all the other sewers; forty-six on the south side, and ninety-nine on the north side; and ninety-nine and forty-six make one hundred and forty-five, so all the witness agree: there is no hope for us.

Listen to Mr. Goodhugh, "the fishmonger." "Put," says Mr. Goodhugh, "fresh fish into the water of the Thames, and in six hours they die;" and they not only die, which is bad enough for them, but they turn a yellow colour, which is worse for us. They are disgusted into a fit of the jaundice, and so die. Then, Mr. Butcher,—not a butcher, but a very humane "fish-salesman,"—says, "he has known three-parts of a cargo of eels to die by the gas-water passing the vessel." The eels cannot stand it. His evidence is corroborated by the melancholy master of a Dutch skipper, who says that the eels become effected with low spirits as soon as they reach the Thames water; change countenance, that is to say colour, become spotted like snakes, and quit this world of frying and stewing in numbers without number: at least, out of twenty-six thousand pounds of eels, (it is not the etiquette to mention the eels individually, but as collected into pounds—twenty-six thousand pounds,) only nine thousand pounds survived the shock; or in the master's words translated from the Dutch, were "marketed *alive*." The rest, we hope and trust, were not marketed at all.

So it seems that physicians, young ladies, the heads of families, and the heads and tails of the finny inhabitants of the deep, are equally affected. Neither fish or flesh can escape; and there is much reason to fear that the fish do not get out of life before they suffer some of those peculiar twinges in the bowels which have made a desert place of the Spring-gardens. To conclude, another captain says, if the water gets worse, (we do not see how the deuce it can,) "they must give up the business." So that we shall not only be half-poisoned in a few months, but have no fish to eat; and all the people employed in the fish trade will flock in fearful multitudes to the shore, and overstock the different professions, mingling their wonted cries with the din of Westminster Hall, or disturbing the repose of the College of Physicians itself.

"Such is the picture, the faithful and frightful picture, of the condition of the water of the Thames, as supplied by the Companies to their customers."—Robins, page 5.

Is there no remedy? we are asked on all sides. There is a remedy. In heaven's name what is it? Our friends flock about us as if we were of the faculty of physic, and the remedy, the remedy, resounds from many lips. Is it that we can roll back the black and fatal stream of the Thames, and by sacrificing Chelsea, and a few other places of no consequence, save London? Can the sewers be annihilated, or the river dried up? Or shall Alderman Atkins and the Corporation of London be petitioned to set the Thames on fire? By no means. None of these things are required. The people of Chelsea may sleep on dry land, and the sewers flow on for ever, and the Corporation be spared the exertion of talent implied in the supposed combustion of the water, and all may be well. The remedy is simple, and consists of "a general system of filtration; a system not limited to the fifty-three thousand fa-

milies daily drinking the filthy fluid of which we have been speaking, but extending itself to the hundred and seventy-six thousand tenants of the New River and other companies, consuming the twenty-nine millions of gallons daily supplied to the metropolis." It belongs to the subject to observe, that this is "as clear as mud" to all who have any head for figures. Here, then, is a remedy for you; a ray of hope illuminating the valley of the angel of death. "The Royal Filter for Cisterns will be found superior to all filters hitherto invented" (Robins, page 6.) You suppose, perhaps, that it only keeps back the thicker portion of the fluid, leaving much that is unpleasant to the eye, offensive to the nose, and so forth, or even productive of pains after breakfast. No such thing. Be the water ever so foul, turbid, stagnant, black, heterogeneous, pass it through the Royal Filter, and out it comes "of a crystalline brilliancy." (Robins, p. 6.) You doubt this, perhaps; you suspect that Dr. Robins has an interest in recommending it. But you have no apology for doubting. Go to Long Acre, and ask Mr. Hume,—not Mr. Joseph Hume, but a man who has analyzed water as much as Mr. Joseph has accounts, and been no less successful with this filter in making that clear which was confused and turbid before. Ask him to have the goodness to filter a gallon of water, Imperial measure, before your eyes. Take the most emetic-looking gallon you can find; and when passed through the filter, you will behold it purity itself; no mountain-stream by dreamy poet haunted, or by naiad, ever made a more respectable appearance. Before being filtered, it held nearly fifty grains of solid matter,—(do you suppose we know nothing of chemistry?) most part of it deadly poison to the bowels. Now it has only sixteen grains of solid matter. What can you say to that? You remark, perhaps, with your usual acuteness, that if "sixteen grains" of solid matter are left, the water is not pure. This arises from the little attention you have paid to chemistry. If you attended regularly at the Royal Institution, you would know that all water which has not been distilled, or boiled, or broiled, or bedeviled in some way, contains exactly sixteen grains of solid stuff in every gallon, and is thus actually meat and drink, though not clothing. And this solid stuff deleterious, and for that reason the Royal Filter allows it to pass through. Mr. B——, a distinguished surgeon, says, he procured some of the "foulest water his house afforded;" and (that being too agreeable,) mixed it with water pleasantly impregnated with gas from coals; and yet this horrible compound passed rapidly through the major filter, so changed as to make a very reputable presence in a decanter at the dinner-table; and a young gentleman, with rings on his fingers, delicately lifted a beautifully cut tumbler inverted on it, from its top, poured about half a glass of the water in, and drank it in a very ineffable manner in the face of the whole company; little knowing what tricks had been played with it. So you see your argument about the sixteen grains cuts a very poor figure.

It is evident that there is one branch of this interesting question on which we have not touched. We refer to the possibility of devising remedial means for the fish. But this is too important a subject to be spoken of at the end of a paper.

MUSQUITOES IN CANADA.—"The mosquitoes are very numerous during the hot months of summer in the uncleared country, and in that too partly aborn of the woods. They are extremely troublesome, and nothing hitherto discovered will prevent their biting the exposed parts of the body. The Indians and French Canadians, who may be called the natives of the country, suffer almost as much from them as new-comers, but their flesh does not swell so. People from Britain are frequently to be met with nearly blind from the poisonous effects of these insects. It is in vain to rub the skin with grease or camphor; they mind it nothing. Some will fling veils over their faces; and these would keep them off, were not veils troublesome things too in hot weather to wear; they confine the breathing, and add an additional warmth to the cheeks that have no need of it. Nothing will keep them at bay, but the strong *snudging smoke* of fire; nor will this do unless we completely envelope ourselves in the midst of it, which is not very comfortable. In Europe, the cattle run to the hill-tops to get rid of the flies, but in Canada they move towards the smoke. How contented will the old horses and cows hang over the smouldering embers, neighing and lowing for perfect joy! When the weather is damp and moist, they get numerous; the swamps and little inland rivers are perfectly covered with them. In these places they are considered to breed. In dog-days they are not so troublesome; towards the latter end of August they are at the worst, and larger grown than in the spring. They are extremely greedy; if with a pair of sharp scissors we clip away the half of the body of one that is sucking, it will not desist and attempt to fly away, but continue to suck for hours, the blood flowing from where it was severed in two. It is said that they have succeeded in killing animals; nor does this seem at all wonderful, when their virulent nature is known. Night and day they are equally annoying: it is in vain to go to bed at any prescribed hour, for no sleep can possibly be obtained unless we are completely fatigued out; and when we wake, the face is covered with blood; and if the hands or legs be exposed, they are rendered frightful to look at, and the feet will not go into the shoes or boots they have been accustomed to. Settlers in the heart of the woods suffer dreadfully from them: they keep a *smudge* always at the threshold of the door of the dwelling. The *black flies* are almost as bad as the mosquitoes; they are not such a large insect, nor so poisonous. When examined with the microscope, the mouth is not unlike that of a bull-dog; whereas, the other sucks with a proboscis."—*Literary Gazette*.

MICROMETER.—In one of the late numbers of *Beck's Repertorium* an account is given of a Mr. Skiadan's (a Russian) invention of a micrometer capable of measuring the ten thousandth part of an inch with accuracy.—*Literary Gazette*. [We have seen two micrometers invented and used by Mr. Buchanan, of this town, by which he can measure with the greatest accuracy the one millionth part of an inch. He, however, prefers using the simple micrometer, by which he measures the one thousandth part of an inch, and which he thinks is able to answer all useful purposes. His tables of the comparative anatomy of the organ of hearing were formed from measurements taken by the above instruments.]—*Hull Packet*.

NOBLE ORIGIN OF THE RAJPOOT RACE.—If we compare the antiquity and illustrious descent of the dynasties which have ruled, and some which continue to rule, the small sovereignties of Rajast'han, with many of celebrity in Europe, superiority will often attach to the Rajpoot. From the most remote periods, we can trace nothing ignoble, nor any vestige of vassal origin. Reduced in power, circumscribed in territory, compelled to yield much of their splendour and many of the dignities of birth, they have not abandoned an iota of the pride and high bearing arising from a knowledge of their illustrious and regal descent. On this principle, the various revolutions in the Rana's family never encroached; and the mighty Jehangir himself, the emperor of the Moguls, became, like Cæsar, the commentator on the history of the tribe of Sesodia. The potentate of the twenty-two Satrapies of Hind, dwells with proud complacency on this Rajpoot king having made terms with him. He praises heaven, that what his immortal ancestor Baber, the founder of the Mogul dynasty, failed to do, the project in which Hemayoon had also failed, and in which the illustrious Akbar, his father, had but partial success, was reserved for him. It is pleasing to peruse, in the commentaries of these conquerors, Baber, and Jehangir, their sentiments with regard to these princes. We have the evidence of Sir Thomas

Roe, the ambassador of Elizabeth to Jehangir, as to the splendour of this race : it appears throughout their annals and those of their neighbours."—*The Oriental Herald*.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ANTEDILUVIAN CAVE OF KÜHLOCK.—Professor Buckland communicates to Mr. Richard Taylor, the editor of the *Philosophical Magazine*, an account of the recent destruction of "the most interesting and curious deposit of organic remains in Germany, viz. that in the cave of Kühlock in Franconia, and also of another cave of less importance adjacent to it." In his *Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*, the learned Professor had given a description and drawing of the cave of Kühlock ; some of the principal features of which have now been obliterated—a barbarous German proprietor having removed and mutilated that which Time and the Deluge had spared ! Professor Buckland, perceiving that his description of the cave will no longer be found applicable, is naturally anxious to record the fact and time of obliteration ; and these are announced as follows, in a letter to him by Mr. Philip Egerton, dated Schaff hausen, 26th June :—

"Lord Cole and myself are just returned to Schaff hausen from a three weeks' visit to the antediluvian caverns of Franconia ; and knowing the great interest you feel in their welfare, I write to inform you of the melancholy fact of the total destruction of the deposit of bones in the caves of Kühlock and Rabenstein. His Majesty the King of Bavaria having announced his intention to visit Rabenstein, the owner of that castle has thought fit to prepare these two caves for his reception ; in order to do which, he has broken up the whole of the floors, pounding the larger stones and bones to the bottom for a foundation, and spreading the earth and finer particles to form a smooth surface over them. Conceive our horror on arriving at Kühlock, at finding thirty men at work, wheeling out the animal earth, to level the inclination of the entrance, by which you have so satisfactorily explained the phenomenon of the absence of pebbles and diluvial loam in this remarkable cavern. There was not a bone to be found there when we arrived ; however, with a little management we contrived to obtain two beautiful fragments of lower jaws of hyæna, besides some very good bears' bones, and one ulna that had been broken during the animal's life, and the sharp edges of the fracture rounded off by the absorbents into a smooth stump. We likewise procured from one of the workmen, teeth of a fox, of a tiger, and molar tooth of the right lower jaw of rhinoceros,—all of which he said he picked up in Kühlock. In the cave of Rabenstein they found very few bones, but a great many old coins* and iron instruments. I am happy to say we also found in the cave of Zahulock, the large block of stone which you describe as polished by the paws of the antediluvian bears ; it was almost concealed by a pile of earth near the entrance of the side chamber in which it stands. The angles and surface of the block have certainly been rounded by some agent anterior to the formation of its present coat of stalagmite. I broke off this stalagmite in many places, and found the stone in the same state underneath, as in the parts that had not been encased by it. We have brought you a large specimen of it, in order that you may judge for yourself. We worked for six days in Gailenreuth, and were very lucky in finding an entire lower jaw of the *Felis spelæa*, a perfect pelvis of the *Ursus spelæus*, and a very good collection of hyæna, wolf, and fox teeth, besides bear's teeth and bones in abundance. We likewise found an immense quantity of fragments of old sepulchral urns. We found also the same in the caves of Zahnloch and Scharzfeld. At Bonn, we obtained from Professor Goldfuss the tibia of deer from the cave of Sundwick, cracked, and having the marks of hyæna's teeth, exactly corresponding with those on your tibia of an ox from Kirkdale. We procured also a gnawed rhinoceros bone from the same locality."—*The Spectator*.

DE BERANGER.—Born of humble parents, and cast upon the lowest spoke of the wheel of Fortune, in spite of her malicious efforts to throw him off, he has clung to it during its revolutions, until the goddess, mollified, as it were, by his perseverance, has bestowed upon him a boon which would gladly be grasped at by most men, namely, a most extensive and popular reputation. As a party writer, he has made himself obnoxious to one great political sect throughout the kingdom, and has made himself an equal favourite with the numerous faction which is arrayed

* Antediluvian ?

on the other side. We may be enthusiastic; and we confess that we find something to excite enthusiasm in the character of one, who, despising alike the favours of fortune and of power, has devoted himself and his talents to his country. Blind and selfish though his effection may be, still it is a noble selfishness, and one that excuses much that we should not otherwise so lightly pass over. The levity, the voluptuousness, the vanity, nay, the coxcombry of talent, which abound in many of his songs,—all these blemishes we excuse, when we remember how often he throws off this veil which shrouds his more estimable qualities, and displays to us, in its true light, the feeling, or rather passions, which burns beneath them—an ardent and unquenchable love of freedom.—*North American Review*.

MINIATURE STEAM ENGINE.—A high pressure engine, forming a complete working model, has been constructed by an iron and brass founder, at Bradford, the cylinder of which is only one-sixteenth part of an inch in diameter, and the whole weight of the engine is only one ounce! This very diminutive piece of mechanism is perfect in all its parts, and works with as much precision as any engine of ten-horse power.—*Atlas*.

THE MOSQUE AT MECCA.—There is an opinion prevalent at Mecca, founded on holy tradition, that the mosque will contain any number of the faithful; and that even if the whole Mohammedan community were to enter at once, they would all find room in it to pray. The guardian angels, it is said, would invisibly extend the dimensions of the building, and diminish the size of each individual. The fact is, that during the most numerous pilgrimage, the mosque, which can contain, I believe, about thirty-five thousand persons in the act of prayer, is never half filled. Even on Fridays, the greater part of the Meccarys, contrary to the injunctions of the law, pray at home, if at all, and many hadjis follow their example. I could never count more than then thousand individuals in the mosque at one time, even after the return from Arafat, when the whole body of the hadjis were collected, for a few days, in and about the city.—*Buchhardt's Travels in Arabia*.

LAKES.—It is remarkable that lakes which have no issue are salt. It is probable that all rivers collect a certain portion of salt from the soils through which they pass; and where there is no exit, it accumulates. In this sense, the sea may be considered as a great lake, and must consequently increase in saltness. It would be curious to know whether the cause is adequate to the production of its saltness altogether.—*Westminster Review*.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—The city stands at the eastern extremity of Romania, on a neck of land that advances towards Natolia; on the south it is washed by the sea of Marmora, and on the north-east by the gulph of the Golden horn. It is built, like ancient Rome, on seven hills, rising one above the other in beautiful succession, and sloping gently towards the water; the whole forming an irregular triangle about twelve miles in circumference, the entire of which space is closely covered with palaces, mosques, baths, fountains and houses; at a short distance the proudly swelling domes of three hundred mosques, the tall and elegant minarets crowned by glittering crescents, the ancient towers on the walls, and the gaudily coloured kiosks and houses rising above the stupendous trees in the seraglio, situated on the extreme point, form a rich picturesque, and extraordinary scene. The gulph of the Golden horn, to the north-east of the city, forms a noble and capacious harbour, four miles in length by half a mile in breadth, capable of securely containing twelve hundred ships of the largest size, and is generally filled with the curiously built vessels and gaudily decorated boats of the Turks; on the opposite shore is the maritime town of Galats, containing the docks, arsenal, cannon-foundries, barracks, &c.; above which stands the populous suburb of Pera, the residence of the foreign ministers of the porte, and all foreigners of distinction, none whatever being allowed to reside in the city. Beyond, as far as the eye can reach, is an immense forest of cypress and mulberry trees, being the extensive cemeteries of all persuasions. From Galata, the European shore of the Bosphorus forms one continued line of towns; palaces in every style of architecture, pleasure gardens and romantic villages. On the opposite or Asiatic shore stands the extensive town of Scutari, also a suburb of Constantinople, although in another

quarter of the globe, and separated by a sea a mile in breadth; and at a short distance the ancient and ruinous city of Calcedone. The group of the Princes island, in the sea of Marmora, and the snow-clad summit of Mount Olympus, close the prospect.—*Atlas*.

NEW KIND OF GLASS.—It has been truly observed that the smallest means may be productive of the most important ends. The proposition may be enlarged to the extent that the abstraction of *means* altogether is sometimes productive of the greatest results. If report speaks the truth, this has been whimsically illustrated by the discovery of a new species of glass for astronomical purposes. As long as the government furnished a large annual sum to the Board of Longitude, for the prosecution of this inquiry, nothing was effected: glass-houses were built up and pulled down, furnaces and crucibles were constructed without end; but not a single new fact was added to the previous store. No sooner, however, was this grant by government discontinued—no sooner had the glitter ceased to dazzle the eyes—than the eyes of the philosopher were opened; the same chemists then set to work with their own means, on a small scale, and behold the problem was solved!—a new composition is discovered, which puts the astronomer in possession of a glass, free from those optical objections which had so long retarded the progress of successful observation. Common glass is a compound of silica, alkali, and oxide of lead; the new glass is composed of silica, boracic acid, and oxide of lead.—*Spectator*.

INSTANCE OF SELF-POSSESSION.—Lord Nelson, after his victory at Copenhagen, found that some of his ships were in rather shallow water: it was expedient to send a letter to the crown prince of Denmark to demand a cessation of hostilities in order to spare further effusion of human blood. The letter being written and neatly folded, Lord Nelson sent for a stick of sealing-wax. It so happened that he who was sent on this commission, in going to fetch the wax, had his head taken off by a cannon-ball. This was reported to Nelson; "Send another messenger for the wax." It was observed to him that there were wafers on the table: "Send for the sealing-wax," he repeated. It was done: the letter was sealed. Some one said, "May I take the liberty of asking why, under so hot a fire, and after such an accident, you have attached so much importance to a circumstance apparently so trifling?" He replied, "If I had made use of a wafer, the wafer would have been still wet when the letter was presented to the crown prince: he would have inferred that the letter was sent off in a hurry, and that we had some very pressing reasons for being in a hurry. The wax told no tales."—*Personal and Literary Memorials*.

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES.—A. M. Michaud, of Sainte-Colombeles-Vienne, in France, has recently, while digging foundations in some part of his land, discovered several interesting Roman relics. Among them were two bathing-rooms, beautifully fitted up with white marble, and pipes of baked earth to convey the heat. It is presumed that these remains belonged to a magnificent residence, which was pillaged and destroyed during an irruption of the barbarians of the north. Near the same spot were found several fragments of statues, of exquisite workmanship, and an entire statue of Hygeia, in the finest style of Greek sculpture, larger than life.—*Literary Gazette*.

A TASTE FOR POETRY.—I do not assert, that every good writer must have a genius for poetry; I know Tully is an undeniable exception; but I will venture to affirm that a soul that is not moved with poetry, and has no taste that way must be too dull and lumpy even to write with any prospect of being read. It is a fatal mistake, and simple superstition, to discourage youth from poetry, and endeavour to prejudice them against it; if they are of a poetical genius, there is no restraining them; Ovid was deaf to his father's admonitions. But if they are not quite smitten and bewitched with the love of verse, they should be trained to it, to make them masters of every kind of poetry, that by learning to imitate the originals, they may arrive at a right conception and a true taste of their authors; and being able to write in verse upon occasion, I can venture to maintain, is no disadvantage to prose; for without relishing the one, a man must never pretend to any taste for the other,—*Felton*.

EXTRAORDINARY ANIMAL REMAINS.—Some two or three years ago, the newspapers from the South-west announced the discovery, in the valley of the Mississippi, of the remains of some huge animal, such as eye had never seen or ear heard of, and in comparison of which, even the Mammoth must have been but a pretty small concern. The story was altogether too great for belief. But still it was true, as we had ocular demonstration yesterday—a gentleman having requested us to examine some of the bones, now exhibiting at 330, Broadway, a few doors above the Masonic Hall. The largest is one side of an under jaw-bone, which is 20 feet long, by three feet wide, and weighs 1200 lbs. There are a variety of other bones, including 10 or 15 feet of the vertebra, or backbone, which is 16 inches in diameter, and the passage of the spinal marrow, nine by six inches. The ribs are nine feet long, and the other bones in proportion. As to the size of the animal which has left such extraordinary remains of its physical structure, we are not sufficiently skilled in Osteology to determine. It must, however, have been of a magnitude of which we can scarcely form a conception; and in a zoological point of view, it is much to be regretted that the whole skeleton was not extracted from the earth in which it must have been so many thousand years embedded. But the labour of disembowelling the bones now here was herculean, as they were buried 17 feet below the surface of the earth; and the water made upon the excavators so fast, that a steam-engine must have been procured to discharge it. The discovery was owing to one of the bones protruding above the earth. Until the discovery of these bones, those of the Mammoth were the largest of any land animal of which the relics now remain. The tradition of the Indians, respecting the Mammoth, as related by Mr. Jefferson, is well known. “In ancient times,” said the Delaware Chief to the Governor of Virginia, “a herd of these tremendous animals, came to the Big-bone licks, and began a universal destruction of bears, deers, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. The Great Man above, looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain, on a rock of which his seat and the print of his feet are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell; but missing one, at length it wounded him in the side, whereon springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.” It is probably the Indians’ “big bull” who left the huge bones which we have been attempting to describe, and which the curious will find it worth while to go and examine for themselves.—*New York Paper.*

SALE OF RARE PORTRAITS.—The Basilogia, the celebrated book of Portraits by Pass, which about twenty years ago was sold at an auction, near Canterbury, for half-a-crown, has just been re-sold in London for 300*l.* One copy has been purchased at Birmingham for 50*l.*, which was broken up, and sold in lots for 500*l.* A few days since another copy was sold at Bromley for 55*s.*; it was called “A Book of Kings,” and a royal prize it has proved to the book-sellers into whose hands it has fallen. It is remarkable that these three copies differ in the number of the prints; the last mentioned contains the rare portrait of “Mull’d Sak,” which, since Grainger, has been considered unique. This is not the only extraordinary event in the arts. Six pictures of the Apostles, in the most splendid style of the Spanish school, but obscured by dirt and varnish, were purchased the other day, at an auction of imported pictures, for a pound each; the price now demanded is 15,000 guineas!—*Court Journal.*

PRESERVATION OF EGGS.—A person who dealt largely in eggs, at Paris, made some public experiments, in order to shew his manner of preserving them. A large number was placed in a vessel in which was some water saturated with lime and a little salt. They were locked up, and kept in that state for several years. The vessel in which they had been placed was opened in the month of January last, and the eggs, without one exception, were found to be in excellent preservation. An omelette was made for the company, and it was declared to be as good as if the eggs had only been kept two or three days.—*Journal des Connaissances Usuelles.*

NATIONAL DEBTS AND PUBLIC REVENUES.—The following are the proportions which the public debt and the public revenue bear to each inhabitant of the following countries respectively :—We give it in the money of the country where the calculation has been made.

	DEBT.	fr. c.
England (to each inhabitant)	869	90
The Netherland and Holland	635	00
France	145	00
Austrian Empire	45	06
United States of America	34	08
Prussian Monarchy	29	03
Russian Empire (exclusive of Poland)	20	08

	REVENUE.	
England	65	02
France	30	09
Netherlands, &c.	26	03
Prussia	17	02
United States	12	01
Austria	10	09
Russia	6	02

A CURIOUS WATCH.—A watchmaker of Memmingen lately announced in the *Courrier Commercial de Dantsick*, that he had just finished a watch of his invention, at which he had worked for thirteen consecutive years. It is made of wood, and not the smallest quantity of metal was used in its composition. The watch, it appears, only requires to be wound up once in three months; and when it is necessary to do so, it makes a report as loud as that of a twelve pounder. The inventor, M. Pippen, will give a twenty years' warranty, and the price he asks for it is 6000 ducats. He states that the Grand Duke of Hesse offered him 5000 ducats for it, which he refused.—*Literary Gazette*.

ANTIQUITIES IN SPAIN.—At the commencement of February last, some interesting discoveries were made in a field near the ruins of the amphitheatre of Merida in Spain. In digging the foundation of a house, the workmen met with a great quantity of bones, several belonging to the hyæna, some to the elephant, also a few human bones. Not far from this there were found several medals, but so worn, that the inscriptions could not be deciphered; numerous fragments of Roman pottery likewise were disinterred; lastly, two vases of the beautiful marble which is seen in the mountains of Sienna. These vases were in state of perfect preservation, and the sculptures which embellish them are exquisitely finished.—*Court Journal*.

NATURAL HISTORY: THE LION.—Two lions, which have been for some time in the menagerie at the Jardin du Roi, have afforded an opportunity of verifying a curious fact mentioned in several old works, but which modern authors have in general overlooked; namely, that there is at the extremity of the lion's tail a small claw concealed in the midst of the tuft of hair. It is a horny substance, about two lines in length, and is in the form of a small cone bent a little upon itself: it adheres by its base to the skin alone, and not to the last vertebra, which is separated from it by a distance of about two lines. This small claw is found in both sexes. The commentators on Homer endeavoured to explain by the presence of this claw the singular circumstance mentioned in the *Iliad*, viz. that the lion alone, of all animals, moves his tail violently when he is irritated, and strikes his sides with it: they believed that the lion endeavoured to excite himself by pricking his flanks with the claw in his tail. Blumenbach ascertained the existence of this claw several years ago: but the work in which he published his observations is unknown to naturalists; and they would probably for a long time have remained unacquainted with the fact we have just mentioned, had not M. Deshayes pointed it out, and induced those who particularly devote themselves to such subjects to make some inquiries into it. This claw is very easily detached from the skin, so that in general there is no trace of it in stuffed specimens.—*The Literary Gazette*.

INFLUENCE OF ACCIDENT IN DIRECTING PURSUITS.—It was the accident of the roof of his father's cottage coming down, while he was a child, that first turned Ferguson's attention to mechanical contrivance. The late eminent engineer, John Rennie, used to trace his first notions in regard to the powers of machinery, to his having been obliged, when a boy, in consequence of the breaking down of a bridge, to go one winter every morning to school by a circuitous road, which carried him past a place where a thrashing machine was generally at work. It was the appearance of the celebrated comet of 1744 which first attracted the imagination of Lalande, then a boy of twelve years of age, to astronomy. The great Linnæus was probably made a botanist, by the circumstance of his father having a few rather uncommon plants in his garden. Harrison is said to have been originally inspired with the idea of devoting himself to the constructing of marine time-pieces, by his residence in view of the sea. It was a voyage in view of the mediterranean, which first gave to Vernet his enthusiasm for marine painting.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge.*

PRUNING.—A Belgian horticulturist announces that he has discovered a perfect cure for the injury inflicted upon fruit-trees in pruning, to prevent the flow of sap, or, as it is called in Belgium, gum. He cuts with a sharp instrument, in shape like a spatula, immediately round the wound, and having removed all the injured part, washes it with the juice of sorrel, and fills up the cavity with a kind of paste made from the pounded leaves of the same plant: this is then covered over with any substance, to exclude the external air and the application is considered complete.—*Literary Gazette.*

A CURIOUS EXHIBITION.—Is now attracting the public at Agen, in France. Two Italians have a number of pigeons which are placed in cages, and from ten to twelve of the same colour are put together. By dint of great patience and perseverance they have been taught several feats of the most varied nature, and quite opposed to their usual habits. As soon as the cages are opened, the pigeons ascend, mix together, and fly away; but, on a signal, those of the same colour separate from the rest and come back together, each flight entering the appropriate cage. Carpets of different colours are placed upon the ground, and nets being spread, each flight, on a given signal, go to the carpet or to the net pointed out for it. A flight of pigeons is next let loose, and a sportsman having fired over them, they instantly fly to him and enter his game-bag. This bird, which never before has been seen to mix in martial exercises, upon this occasion places itself before the gun which is about to be fired at it, and does not move when it is discharged; it even takes a lighted match in its beak, and perches itself upon a cannon, which it discharges by applying the match to the touch-hole.

RISE OF INDIVIDUALS OF OBSCURE ORIGIN.—The celebrated Italian poet Metastasio was the son of a common mechanic, and used, when a little boy, to sing his extemporaneous verses about the streets. The father of Haydn, the great musical composer, was a wheelwright. The father of our own painter, Opie, was a working carpenter in Cornwall. The parents of Sebastian Castarello, the elegant Latin translator of the Bible, were poor peasants, who lived among the mountains in Dauphiny. The Abbe Hantefeuille, who distinguished himself in the seventeenth century, by his inventions in clock and watchmaking, was the son of a baker; and Parini, the modern satiric poet of Italy, was the son of a peasant. The parents of Dr. John Prideaux, who afterwards rose to be Bishop of Worcester, were in such poor circumstances, that they were with difficulty able to keep him at school till he had learned to read and write; and he obtained the rest of his education by walking on foot to Oxford, and getting employed in the first instance as assistant in the kitchen of Exeter college, in which society he remained till he gradually made his way to a fellowship. The father of Inigo Jones, the architect, was a cloth-worker. Sir Edmund Saunders, chief justice of the court of King's Bench in the reign of Charles II., was originally an errand-boy at the inns of court. Linnæus, the founder of the science of botany, although the son of the clergyman of a small village in Sweden, was for some time apprenticed to a shoemaker. The famous Ben Jonson worked for some time as a bricklayer or mason. Dr. Isaac Maddox, who, in the reign of George II., became bishop, first of St. Asaph, and then of Worcester, and who is well known by his work in defence of the Doctrine and Discipline of the Church

of England, was, in the first instance, placed by his friends with a pastry-cook. The late Dr. Isaac Milner, dean of Carlisle and Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, was originally a weaver—as was also his brother Joseph, the well-known author of a History of the Church. Of the same profession was also, in his younger days, the late Dr. Joseph White, professor of Arabic at Oxford. The celebrated John Hunter, one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived, scarcely received any education whatever until he was twenty years old.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, No. III.

DIAMOND LENSES.—The application of precious stones to the formation of a perfect lense, is, as far as we know, the exclusive discovery of Mr. Pritchard, of the Strand; and it is gratifying to find how complete has been the success of this ingenious individual in the formation of a spherical figure from the diamond. We have also been informed that Dr. Wollaston a short time prior to his death, succeeded in forming some very excellent lenses of sapphire. We call public attention to this fact, as they are less costly than the diamond.—*Atlas*.

WESTMINSTER-HALL.—Westminster-hall is the largest roof of the ancient construction any where to be met with; and it is difficult to imagine a work of human art which possesses, in so equal a degree, the three requisites of beauty, strength, and durability. This hall was built by William II. (Rufus), in the year 1097; it was originally intended as a banqueting hall; and the monarch is said to have held a magnificent feast in it on the whitsuntide after its erection. Stowe adds, that ample as are the dimensions of the hall, it did not satisfy the ambition of the king, who observed, "This halle is not bigge enough by one half, and is but a bedchamber in comparison of that I minde to make." And Stowe adds, "a diligent searcher might yet find out the foundation of the hall, which he hadde proposed to build, stretching from the river Thames even to the common highway." All traces of this are of course now obliterated, and the existing hall is left without even an intended rival. The roof of Westminster-hall is formed of chestnut, and does not appear to be in the least decayed. This great hall was, however, enlarged, and had its present roof constructed, in the time of Richard II., who, in the profusion of that expenditure which led to What Tyler's insurrection, is reported to have feasted ten thousand guests under this roof. Westminster-hall is now set apart for the most solemn state purposes, such as the trial of persons impeached by the Commons; and banquets at the coronations of kings.—*Library of Entertaining Knowledge*.

ELECTRIC CLOTH.—We find a curious paper on this subject in the second volume of the *Annales de l'Industrie*.—M. Muret, a manufacturer of woolen cloth at Chateauroux, has observed, that when the pieces are dried in the open air, they frequently become powerfully electric, especially when exposed to sun-light. That which is most electric is the black cloth: slight friction upon it is sufficient to produce long electric sparks: white and sky-blue cloth do not become at all electric: deep blue and deep green weakly so; the red produced by cochineal and madder, more so.—*Atlas*.

SPECIMEN OF A ROYAL TURKISH IMBECILE.—His acts were clearly those of declared imbecility and incompetency of intellect. He nominated, at one and the same time, to be pashas of Cairo and of Damascus—two posts of the highest rank—two ichogians, or pages of his seraglio, scarcely out of their infancy; he deprived a spahi of his timar, to bestow it on a peasant who chanced to present him, when hunting, with a cup of water; insensible to the law of nations, he incarcerated the French ambassador in the prison of the Seven Towers, upon the most improbable pretexts. Every act was that of an unsound mind; and the divan, the Mufti, and the Ulema, the Sultans Valide, the Kialar-aga, and the interior court of the seraglio, all united to compel this phantom of power to resign his throne. He was easily persuaded to take the diversion of five days of hunting in the vicinity of the capital. He found, on his return, that his nephew, Prince Othman, only twelve years of age, was seated on his throne. The weakness of his parts saved his life; and he was conducted to a tower in the seraglio, where he vegetated more innocently than on the throne. His reign had been only a dream of five months, and on the morrow he was forgotten.—*Upham's History of the Ottoman Empire*.

Law Intelligence.

SUPREME COURT,

THE KING against RAJKISSORE DUTT FOR FORGERY, BEFORE MR. JUSTICE RYAN.

28th December, 1829.

The Indictment contained twenty-four counts, in which the prisoner Rajkissore Dutt was charged, with having on the 23d of June 1829, forged and counterfeited a Promissory Note of the United Company, No. 588, dated 1st of October 1825, for 10,000 rupees, in favour of *Messrs. Mackintosh and Co.* signed by authority of the Governor General in Council by *E. Molony, Acting Secretary to Government*, with intent to defraud *Elliot Mucknaughten* and the United Company; and with issuing it knowing it to be forged, with intent to defraud the same parties.

The circumstances which led to this indictment as stated by counsel were principally these. In the latter end of 1825 or beginning of 1826, a new Bank was established in Calcutta called the India Bank, the partners of which were said to be, the prisoner at the Bar, Rajkissore Dutt, and a person named Raja Buddinath Roy.

In 1828, Mr. E. Macnaughten had deposited with him, by the prisoner, Government Securities, upon a loan, to the amount of 40,000 rupees. The term of the loan having expired it was renewed in June last, when a further advance of 10,000 rupees was added and then the Company's Paper, the subject of the present Indictment was deposited as security.

A number of notes of the Honorable E. I. Company's Paper, alledged to be forged, were produced by the Counsel for the crown, the whole of which had been found in the prisoner's possession.

Three Papers for sicca rupees 10,000 each, marked 588 of 2495 of 1825-1826, marked C, A and D were put in evidence before the court. C was said to be genuine and A and D forgeries. A had been deposited with Mr. McNaghten, for the loan of sicca rupees 10,000. D with Major Campbell of the Artillery, and C was paid into the hands of an officer of the Supreme Court, in a case, in which Rajkissore Dutt was defendant, which papers were all *fac similes*.

GOOROOERSAUD BOSE who has held a very responsible situation in the Bank of Bengal since 1814, swore, that he knew the prisoner at the bar, and when he first knew him he the prisoner was in the habit of buying Horses and Carriages at auctions, and selling them; this was about six-years since; cannot say whether or not his dealings were extensive. He subsequently carried on the business of a merchant, and witness heard that the prisoner purchased a vessel; within the last two years he carried on the India Bank. Raja Buddinath was ostensibly the prisoners's partner. The Bank was carried on by Dwarkenath Mitter, who conducted Rajkissore's business.

This witness proved Messrs. Dorin and Glass's signatures to nine papers said to be forgeries. Both gentleman he said had filled the office of Secretary to the Bank of Bengal. He believed all to have passed through the Bank. He also proved Mr. Holt Mackenzie's signature to some of them.

The witness believed the signatures of Mr. Holt Mackenzie, Mr. Morley, Mr. Secretary Prinsep and the W. O. (for William Oxborough, the gentleman who examines the Company's Paper in the Accountant General's Office) to be correct.

Witness stated himself to be well acquainted with Company's Paper, as he has a great deal to do with it in his situation in the Bank of Bengal, and that he reads and writes English.

MARCH, 1830.

Mr. Oxborough the Head Assistant in the Accountant General's Office swore, that when the Company's loan was opened in 1825, there were during a pressure for about two years, *twenty men* employed in "filling up" Company's Paper, not more than *eight* of whom could sit in the room with him, and that he could not say whether one Gourmohun Chuprassee, who is in the Accountant General's Office, was ever employed in filling up the notes. The Government Paper used to be sent to the Government Secretary in a box to which there used to be *no key*, (and when there was a key to the box it was *left in it*) by a Peon, who delivered it to the Jemadar of the Peons. There was no list kept of the number of Papers, which were sent to the Secretary to sign. Sometimes only *one or two* were sent and sometimes 10, 20 or 30 together. The box remained for several days at the Secretary's Office, and then the Peon was sent to see if the papers had been signed. Mr. Oxborough added, that Mr. Molony's signature on the paper marked A, said to be a forgery for Rs. 10,000, appeared to him genuine, and he would pay money on it, if he had cash of Mr. Molony's in his hands.

Mr. Huttman, the printer of the Company's Paper looked at A D and C; and said he should pronounce C (the Paper said to be genuine) as not having been printed by him, and A and D decidedly not. He stated that the *form* for the Company's Paper has been altered about three times since he became the printer of it, viz. in 1825. Some might have been printed in 1824 in anticipation of the five per cent. loan, "I judge that they were not printed by us from the appearance of the type and discrepancies in the head line. A discrepancy may be occasioned by the drawing out of a letter in the printing and by its being improperly placed again."

"I received no instruction from Mr. Wood as to any words or letters. Since July 1829, we have accounted for the paper but not previous. The Godown Sircar gives out as much paper as I mark copies on the proof; all that he gives out does not go to the Treasury as there may be a few bad sheets."

Mr. Huttman added, that, *The persons who attend at the press might, it was possible, introduce a few sheets into the heap and take them out when printed.*

Mr. Morley the Accountant General, thought it impossible, that interest could have been paid on the Government Papers A, C and D, and said that interest had only been paid on *one*.

He also stated that at the opening of a loan the Sub-Accountant General had a great deal to do with these papers. I may have had forty at once; there may be sometimes two or three hundred at once by accumulation. I have no recollection of ever having as I supposed signed all papers in the registry, or of the Nagree Moonshe bringing one or two back saying that I had omitted to sign them. I do not remember its ever having occurred, but I do not say it may not have occurred; my mind is free from any remembrance of it. I should hope I have been always very careful in business. I should think the word *ro* has been generally printed but I attach no weight to that. Mr. Oxborough keeps the blank printed forms. A, C and D bear the Company's water mark. This paper is sent out for the general purposes of the offices in Calcutta. This is the endorsement of interest on the back of both these papers as paid. I cannot say on which of them interest has really been paid. Looks at A, C and D. On these I see three receipts for the payment of interest, with my initials. I cannot say on which of them interest was paid.

Government allowed Mr. Oxborough to receive payment of one rupee for searching the registry.

The registry was in sheets sewed together, and if the person who keeps them was to abstract a sheet and place another instead, the most vigilant attention would not detect him.

Mr. H. T. Prinsep one of the Secretaries to Government stated, that he was Acting Secretary during the whole of the time of the new loan. In consequence of complaints, I had a piece of paper on which the hour was written in pencil at which the papers left the treasury to procure my signature. The duffree brought them to me in his hand. I cast my eye over them, looked at the number and amount. I cannot recollect having ever signed a note which had not been signed by the Treasury officers. *I may have done so.* They were generally sent to me in the evening. I signed them whenever they came. I did not give or require any receipt for the number of papers. The duffree kept the key of the box; I was one morning angry because it was open.

I remember sending a paper back to the Accountant General's Office because the name of a person was spelt wrong. I do not remember sending back any other.

To many of the papers, Mr. Prinsep could not swear positively to his signature, in fact he was not quite certain as to any.

Mr. Oakes the Deputy Accountant General, looked at the Company's Papers marked A. C. and D. and said that the signatures to them appeared like his, but recollecting the checks of office, he thought, that he could not have signed the three notes; he did not know however which was his signature nor which was the Secretary's. Mr. Oakes stated also that the Company's Paper went from the Treasury in an open box to the Secretary and remained till he signed them; that he did not know what check the Secretary had to prevent him from signing *two notes of the same number*. He would pass in the course of business the signatures affixed to the several notes; those of Mr. Morley, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Prinsep, and Mr. Molony. The registry which is the principal check, and where all the papers are entered is first composed of *eleven or twelve* large sheets of paper, which are *afterwards* bound together in a volume.

Mr. R. Udney, Assistant to the Accountant General stated, I have been six years and a half in the Treasury. I was assistant till August. In one or two instances when I have as I supposed signed all the papers brought to me with the Registry, the native has returned to me saying, I had signed the Registry but omitted to sign all the papers. I applied to the Accountant General to know if I should sign them and he said I might do so. (*Looks at his signature to eight papers.*) I should have passed these as my signature but looking at one, I think there is some difference in that of Mr. Dorin but I should have passed it. I think he should be better able to judge of his own signature than I am. I also see Mr. Glass's signature on them and should pass it as his.

I have said, that after I had signed as I supposed all the papers, one has been brought back to me; this did not occur frequently. I never signed three copies of the same paper in one day.

Mr. J. Dorin said, I was for a long time in the Treasury: I know the proceedings there well. I have seen very great alterations in the Company's printed notes. I have had notes in my possession of a very indifferent kind of printing. I cannot take upon myself to say whether the covenanted officer may not have, through the improper conduct of a clerk, signed two notes of the same number and amount. I cannot say but that I may have signed duplicate notes. If I found the note and the section (or Register) unsigned, I signed both, I have frequently seen the section nearly filled up when brought to me by Mr. Oxborough. He is generally much in advance of the officer who signs; this is when a loan is first granted. There is nothing to prevent the abstraction of a leaf and the substitution of another.

Mr. Molony, Deputy Secretary to Government, stated, I am the last of the Government officers who sign, I never sign without seeing that all the other officers have signed. I have signed 50, 60 or 100 papers a day. The papers were generally brought to me by my Duffree. I suppose he received them at the head of the stair-case from the Accountant General's Peon. In the first instance there was no fixed time for their coming. In consequence of complaints of delay, I ordered, that when the papers were brought they should be laid in my view on the table under a weight; before that I believe they were not brought into the room as soon as they came. They were never brought to me in a box, always in the Duffree's hand. I have signed 200 in a day; they seldom come more than once a day, except under special circumstances; there was no list or inventory came with them, I gave no receipt for the box or the papers, I did not return them with any list to the Treasury.

I considered the signatures of the other officers as my voucher, I took no note of their numbers or dates.

I wrote my signature rapidly; the signature would vary according to the number of the papers. I began to sign at the top of the heap and they were withdrawn by a man as soon as signed, another paper would be placed on the top of the former one before the ink was dry.

Mr. Beeby said, I know the prisoner, he was never employed by us, we have had some transactions with him. I have been examined at the police. Rajkissoore Dutt and Dwarkanath Mitter called at my office 5 or 6 years ago and proposed printing Bills of lading or any other little jobs. I desired him to bring me a muster which

Dwarkanath Mitter did afterwards; I considered the printings so inferior that I did not employ him.

I look at these papers. These four have the signature of Mr. Prinsep, I always look at the signatures of the Government officers before I take Company's Paper. I should as a merchant have taken all these papers; I know that Rajkissor is not a good penman. I never saw him write any thing but his name. The specimen of printing was so bad, that I would not employ him even for printing Bills of lading.

Mr. Holt Mackenzie Secretary to Government deposed. The papers are brought to me in a box by my duffree; sometimes in his hand. I have signed several hundred in a day. I sometimes begin at the top, sometimes at the bottom, I always looked at the signatures of the other officers; that was my warrant. I have signed 100 at once. If I could not sign them all in one day they have remained with me for some days; 2, 3 or more.

The printing was not always in the present form, it has been altered since the last 5 per cent. loan, I have seen papers about which I had no suspicion printed carelessly, that is lightly. Twenty thousand may have been struck off since this new form was adopted. Had these papers been presented in the current business, more especially if there had been a press of business, I should have signed them; there is nothing in the printing which would have made me stop.

Mr. C. K. Robison, a magistrate, said, that he detained the prisoner when brought to him on his warrant, from the 30th July to the 5th August, in a room inside his own in the police office, that he forbade any person having access to him; that he does not believe the prisoner was *two days without food, while shut up in his room*, and that the *Attorney of Rajkissore Dutt, never applied for leave to see him*. That there is no standing order at the police office to prevent persons seeing their friends whilst under confinement there, and that Rajkissore told him he came forward to tell the whole truth and exculpate every one else.

Serjeant Major MacCaa swore that *the Prisoner's Attorney did apply to Mr. Robison, to see Rajkissore, that he was in the room and heard it. That the prisoner was confined in the Town Guard and not in the room as stated by M. Robison.*

The principal part of the deposition of Rajkissore Dutt at the police was as follows:—

“Prisoner's Examination, I look at ten papers marked from A. to K. Promissory Notes of Government, They all bear my signature and were deposited by me with various individuals. These ten papers are not genuine, they are all forgeries. They were furnished by Isser Chunder Budder. The name of Holt Mackenzie was written by Isser Chunder Budder; he also forged the signature of Mr. Morley and others. I was in the habit of getting a genuine paper, and he brought me as many copies as I wished. The writing in the body was executed by him. He did this at his house. These papers are all copies of genuine papers which belonged to Buddinath Roy; the originals belonged to me, and I renewed them in the name of Buddinath Roy, because he became a partner. I mean a partner to the Bank of India. The receipts for interest are all fictitious, and are copies of what were written on the genuine paper. The signature of Buddinath Roy was written by Isser Chunder Budder I did not see him. After getting these papers I used them as deposits. All these ten papers have been signed by me. Isser Chunder Budder shared with me in the profits. No one else did; my son-in-law did not, he was manager of my business in the Bank, and Shipping clerk, he got 100 Rs. per month. It was chiefly through him that I carried on business. Besides these papers now before me, there are five or ten lacks elsewhere. These are all in different person's hands. The genuine papers are also deposited, I particularly look at three papers with the signatures of Mackintosh and Co. The genuine papers are pledged. Buddinath Roy signed the genuine paper, and Isser Chunder copied the others. I redeemed the others and also the genuine note before interest was due, so as to draw it myself. The certificates are not forgeries. I found that the first two or three papers that went to the Treasury escaped detection. I look at thirty other papers from L. to T. and B. to Q; they are not genuine notes; they are copies of different notes which I have had. I do not know where the genuine papers are now, I uttered the whole of these as loans; they amount to four lacks and ninety-four thousand six hundred rupees. The same Isser Chunder Budder executed all these forgeries. The first endorsements are all forgeries, the subsequent are all genuine. Isser Chunder Budder executed the signature of Mackintosh and Co.”

Besides these ten and the thirty papers mentioned, there are from five to ten papers more, all forgeries, in the hands of different individuals. I do not think there are more than fifty altogether.

On his third examination of the same day 31st July, at the police, the prisoner stated "I decline answering any further questions, what I stated before was *not true*."

Bissenchunder Mittre, an accomplice, swore that the prisoner's son-in-law, Dwarkenauth Mittre and a Mr. Graham who was transported, used generally to write the signatures to the forged papers, that there was a press at which these papers were printed at the Rada Bazar, at Rajkissore Dutt's office. I have seen papers printed there similar to this. I don't know where this paper was printed.

I have seen the paper come fresh from the press, I have seen 10, 20, 30 damped for the purpose of being printed, and as many were printed off in a day; the person who printed them delivered them to Rajkissore Dutt, who on receiving them, folded them up, put them in his box, and took them home. Graham and Dwarkenauth Mittre filled them up and wrote the indorsements on them. I have seen this done both at the office and Rajkissore Dutt's house; Mr. Graham only was at the office. When I say filling up, I mean the body of the note; when this was done the durwans used to be present sometimes; there was no particular time for it. Hurry Sing and two others, Durwans were present. Graham and Dwarkenauth used, to make the indorsements for the interest; Rajkissore was present some times, at others he was not. I do not confine myself to the indorsements for interest but to every thing which was on the back of the original, be it what it may. The signatures used to be obtained from the treasury, previous to the filling up.

The body was filled up before the signatures were obtained; Dwarkenauth afterwards wrote the signatures of the officers. Rajkissore Dutt may have been present on some occasions; *when we went suddenly in, we were present*. Those signatures of the Government Officers were made by Dwarkenauth: sometimes he used a glass with a light placed under it, but after he got the command of his hand, he wrote without the aid of a glass. The part of the paper to which he used the light was both for the indorsements, and the signatures of the Government officers but when he got the command of his hand he did so no longer. I have deposited this paper myself and seen entries in the books to that effect, I cannot say that I have taken the paper which I saw so filled up to the Treasury to be examined by Mr. Oxborough. I think it was bad, because they gave me a letter with it: there would have been no occasion to give a letter had it been good. Bissenauth and Mookem were the two printers. India Bank Notes and checks were also printed there. There were three presses, two iron and one wooden. The three presses were in two rooms. The press for the India Bank Notes, was kept in the same room as the press at which the Company's Paper was printed.

On his cross examination the following evidence was elicited with regard to Gourmohun Chuprassee, who is stated to be employed under Mr. Oxborough in the treasury.

I absconded from Calcutta. I came and gave myself up, and a person has been rewarded, Rammohun Dutt; he is a kinsman and a friend of mine. Rammohun had spoken to Mr. Calder and then came to me and said, I was a poor man and it would be very right to give myself up; he has taken pains to make me give myself up and therefore he got the reward. My younger brother had presented a petition to Mr. Calder, and he said, if I would state all that was true, it would be for my benefit; on seeing Mr. Calder's order, which was shewn to me at my house, I gave myself up, expecting I would not be prosecuted if I told what was true. I told all the truth before the magistrate, and I answered such questions as he put to me. I have said to-day, that I have seen Mr. Graham fill up, and Dwarkenauth write the Secretaries' names. I have said so to the magistrates. They used first to take a parcel to Gourmohun Chuprassee, who after keeping them 10 or 15 days used to bring them back, signed. I have seen him take them away and bring them back. I have seen him take 20 or 40 at a time. I have seen him do it more than once or twice; so often that I cannot tell. He used to do so previous to the last two years, but since, has not done it so frequently. During the last two years, he may have taken papers in this manner 5 or 6 times and 4 or 5 at a time. I cannot state with precision the latest period at which he took them away. I have been so, employed for 4 years from a period of 4 or 5 months after I entered his service.

Rajkissore Dutt, did not at first admit me into his confidence; he told me these were papers which he had printed for Boyd and Beeby and for Bagshaw and Co. and the Raja. I did not then know Company's Paper. I afterwards did know it. I used to be

sometimes at the office till 2 o'clock in the morning. I saw them print these papers three months after I joined Rajkissore. Three months after I joined his service he caused me to give a Bond to *Thomas DeSouza*. I brought money from ten or twenty places, where money was to be borrowed, but when I told Rajkissore Dutt, I was a poor man and should get into trouble, when it was found what was going on, he told me, not to put my name to any Paper which had not been examined by Mr. Oxborough.

I had not charge of the papers which were brought by Gourmohun; they took them and delivered them to me as they thought proper. I have said Gourmohun was in the habit of taking away papers and bringing them, but I don't know that papers were prepared at Rajkissore's in the manner in which I have stated, but there was a person of the name of Isser Budder whom I was told used to do so.

Sir F. Ryan in summing up thus observed, as to the checks at the Treasury. Gentlemen, I now come to comment on that part of the evidence which is called the checks, as to these papers which the officers of the Treasury say are forgeries. The first examination of the paper is by a native; we have no account of the manner in which it is conducted except by Mr. Oxborough, for that native is not called. The whole check depends on this, that the genuine paper, the genuine certificate, and the registry are sent up to the officers at the time they grant a new paper, which the native dutree places before them; a false one may be made, these papers may both be forged, and I think the conclusion, that it is impossible to obtain duplicate papers, cannot be safely drawn. You have not these natives before you, it is singular they were not called but you are not on that account to suppose that any thing wrong occurred. It is for you to consider whether there is evidence that there are such checks as would prevent the possibility of three copies of the same paper issuing at once from the Treasury; from the evidence of Mr. Balstain, and Mr. Morley, it is impossible that interest could be paid more than once.

His Lordship commented at great length on the evidence of Mr. Prinsep, and the jury retired at nine o'clock and returned a verdict of "GUILTY of uttering a forged paper knowing it to be forged."

THE KING against RAJA BUDDINAUTH ROY, FOR FORGERY, BEFORE MR. JUSTICE
RYAN AND A SPECIAL JURY.

18th January, 1830.

The defendant was indicted for a misdemeanor, in having on the 26th of February, 1829, forged, and put away knowing it not to be genuine, a certain alleged Government security No. 3699 of 1825-26 for 20,000 sicca rupees at 5 per cent. interest, with intent to defraud Archibald Galloway and the United Company.

He was also charged with having forged a receipt for interest on the back of the paper, purporting to have been paid by a set of Bills upon the Court of Directors. The indictment contained 48 counts.

The Raja, the Advocate General said in his opening speech, was a man of rank and of great fortune, and much looked up to in society. He sometime since joined Rajkissore Dutt in the establishment of the India Bank. Up to that period Rajkissore Dutt was a man of low rank and poor circumstances and until his connexion with the Raja he was not admitted into the society of respectable natives. From this period he rose to opulence, but what was more extraordinary this Bank was established, not for commercial speculations, but for the purpose of facilitating the putting away of *false Company's Paper* as security for loans raised.

The Jury would be told by witnesses, that immediately after the establishment of this Bank, the system of forgery began. Presses and types were purchased, and a person of the name of Issurchunder Budder was found capable of imitating and forging the necessary signatures, but he was not found sufficiently expert and was soon succeeded by the defendant, and here he (the learned advocate) would draw their attention, most particularly, to one circumstance which he considered of vast importance. Rajkissore Dutt was unable either to speak or write English, in this respect he was illiterate, but on the contrary the Raja was a man of education, and could both read and write English, if not in a manner which could do credit to an Englishman, at least in a manner which no native of this country need be ashamed of; he wrote and read in a manner not un-

becoming an English gentleman. They soon picked up a man named Dwarkenauth Mitter, and here he would tell the Jury, that this man had become an Informer, and that a great part of the circumstances of the case would be narrated to them by him; that his evidence must be received and credited with caution. That he was an accomplice not to be believed without confirmation, but if he was confirmed in part by other witnesses, he was entitled to belief in all his evidence: if credible. For if it were otherwise Informers would be of no use; if it were necessary to confirm the entire of their statement by other testimony, then, the accomplice would be useless; this was the law, and if he was misstating it, he was in the judgment of the court.

The Advocate General said, that Dwarkenauth Mitter would tell the gentlemen of the Jury, that for a long time, this system of forging was carried on by him and others, with the assistance of the Raja. That the press was used and these false papers printed off, on Sundays and others days, when offices were generally shut, and no persons went to the Bank. That when Rajkissore Dutt and others were present, he was called upon to affix the necessary signatures to these papers. That the defendant was in the habit of selecting those sufficiently well executed to avoid detection, and carrying them away with him and destroying the rest.

Mr. H. T. Prinsep was called and examined; his evidence was of the same nature as that given on the former trial.

Dwarkenauth Mitter Examined.—I know the defendant. I first became acquainted with him five or five and a half years since through Rajkissore Dutt, whose son-in-law I am. I remember the establishment of the India Bank; the defendant and Rajkissore Dutt were the partners; two other names were used but were fictitious. I was employed at the Bank; that, and the house of Rajkissore Dutt and Co. were one concern. I knew Issur Budder, first about 5 years ago; he was a servant of the house of Rajkissore Dutt and Co.; he was never employed in the Bank nor for the Bank. I was employed in the Bank during its entire continuance. My duty was to call upon different gentlemen, collect, pay and receive money; write letters, and execute other commissions. There was a press in the house for the printing of notes and other purposes. There were two or three presses; the others were used to print Company's Paper and Bills of Lading. I first knew of Company's Paper being printed, about 4 years since. Two persons were employed to print the Company's Paper (Bissonauth and Mookeel) on Sundays, or such days as offices were usually shut. I and Rajkissore Dutt and others were present at times. This practice continued up to the time we absconded. When the Company's Paper was printed (I speak of at first) the names, and other things used to be copied from an original paper. Issur Budder used to do it. He was discharged and then I, Mr. Graham and Bistochunder used to do so. Mr. Graham, I have heard, has been transported; he wrote such names as I was unable to write. Bistochunder wrote the Persian, Bengalee, and Naugree names. I wrote the names on the face of the paper, and to the receipts for interest. This was carried on to a great extent. Rajkissore and others have been present when I wrote the names. The defendant used to compare the copy with the original, to see that both were alike. When I wrote the signatures, I did so to many papers and they were then filled up. Those that he, the defendant, found well done he put aside and destroyed the rest. They used to be left with Rajkissore Dutt. I used to fill up the blanks, and when required they used to be carried out and pledged. I, Bissonauth Chaukerbutty, Muddosooden Seit, and Bissonauth Mitter, used to pledge them by orders of Rajkissore Dutt.

The Bank and the House were one. The defendant had a 12 anna share and Rajkissore Dutt the other 4 anna share. The funds were procured from the defendant and the original papers purchased with his funds.

I have had the use of pen, ink and paper in the Jail to write the name of the Deity. I could write all these names on the Papers in a room by myself but not here, my hand would tremble.

Cross-examined. I came from the Jail this morning where I have been for two or three months, I went there from the police, and was brought to that place from Boitepore. I could not copy Mr. Pearson's signature unless I learned it. Issurbudder taught me to write these names, I practised under him for five or six months. I learned five signatures. I did not write the letters CM DAG and ENTD CP well; not to my satisfaction. I was apprehended at Boitepore by Mr. Harvey's people, I had been guilty of all these evil acts, and I fled for my life. I am willing and my conscience

would allow me to give evidence against others to save myself, as long as it was the truth I told. I never had a wish to tell an untruth *on oath*. I had a wish to tell the truth always; the whole truth without reserve. I did not wish to give evidence against my father-in-law as it was not proper, and I spoke to Mr. Pearson and to the court, and I was let go down from the witness box at his trial. From the time I thought of giving evidence I intended telling the whole truth. I was told I would be allowed to give evidence after I had been 6 or 7 days in Jail. I was told so by my elder brother. Mr. Calder's people were sent up the country for me. On my way down I met a servant of mine at Sulkey. I met no Bramins on the way who came to me from Calcutta. Issur Chatterjee cooked for me in the Jail. I got a message from my servant who met me on the Sulkey road. I know that I will not be here excused for perjury, whatever I may be excused for that I have confessed.

The first conversation I had about confessing, was with my elder brother; Rajkissore Dutt was present. I sent for my brother and said, I have got into this disaster. He said, What is to be done? I said "*will you see if I cannot become a King's evidence?*" I knew what a King's evidence was, for in a former case Parbutty Churn Bose was admitted King's evidence and got off. He came back and said he had spoken to Mr. Collier who had promised to speak to Mr. Pearson. At first I intended to give evidence against Rajkissore Dutt. Mr. Collier told him that Mr. Pearson said, if I could write all these names and give evidence to that effect, he would speak to Government and get me off. I said if I was excused from giving evidence against Rajkissore Dutt I would tell the whole truth. I know it was expected that I should prove that these signatures of the officers in the Treasury were forgeries, or rather, that I should tell all I knew. The understanding with Mr. Pearson was, that Rajkissore Dutt's trial should come on first, and I should not be examined except on this trial. I heard there was evidence enough against him without me. My elder brother first spoke to me about the signatures of the officers; he told me that Mr. Collier said the Advocate General could not believe me unless he saw the signatures, and then he would endeavour to get me admitted as King's evidence and if he could not, he would not show them at all. I was to get off by writing these signatures. The Sheriff came to me with a magistrate at the police. I did not then write the names from apprehension; the promise was subsequent. One day while I was at the police, Mr. Calder and the magistrate asked me to sign the names of these officers. Neither Mr. Calder nor Mr. Robinson asked me to write these names; after I got the communication from Mr. Pearson I wrote the names and sent them to the magistrate. I wrote them looking at a paper of 200 sicca rupees which my elder brother had brought me. I could have done so by guess. I wrote the names of Holt Mackenzie, H. T. Prinsep, R. Udney and C. Morley; all were not on the paper before me. I had a notion of Mr. Mackenzie's signature but no copy. When I sent these signatures in, they were satisfactory. I stipulated that Rajkissore Dutt's trial was to come on first and I should not be examined upon it. I so stipulated with Mr. Collier. I afterwards received a paper from Mr. Pearson to that effect. I cannot say how many days after, I do not wish to speak by guess or to be entrapped; perhaps four days. A long time after I had received that letter I went before the Grand Jury. After I had sent the specimen of the names, Mr. Collier and Mr. Molloy called at the Jail and returned the paper, saying, it would be more satisfactory to write before them. I did so. The next day, Mr. Molloy brought a whole parcel of papers and said, you have not written Mr. Malony's signature, do so? I could not write this from my notion. Rajkissore was not present, but I told him I had done so. We were upon intimate terms notwithstanding; there was no dispute between us because I told him I stipulated not to give evidence against him. I was sworn before the Grand Jury in the case of Rajkissore Dutt to tell the whole truth and I did so. I was examined principally as to facts, not to persons. I have answered all such questions as they put to me.

I know Juggurchunder Chowdry, he was a sircar in Rajkissore Dutt's employment. I never took him to such places as you allude to; it would not have been becoming in me, for he is only a sircar. I never met him in such places. I have sworn that I did not know a man of that name; he was confronted with me and I said, this is not the man; I meant another man of that name. I said I did not know him. I had seen him but once. Bisnoochunder was examined at the time and said we were well acquainted; if you ask me my opinion I say, that is false. I was married to Rajkissore Dutt's daughter about 6 years ago. I began to do business at 14 but not forgeries, I know Rajkissore Dutt's family to have been respectable and very opulent. I know that Rajkissore had three vessels and a deal of mercantile connexion with Rangoon, and I have been told he made a great deal of money. I do

not know when the five per cent loan was opened, I do not know that he paid 1,50,000 rupees in 4 per cent. papers, and 1,50,000 rupees in cash, but I know cash and paper were paid in. In May 1828, the India Bank was opened. In the books of the merchandize of the House there were no false entries. I cannot say that all the entries were genuine on the books, as to the papers I think they were false. I do not know that it is usual for the terms of partnerships to be set out in the beginning of the books.

I began the study of forging in 1826-27. Four or five days after I had the knowledge of his having been engaged in forgeries, Isser Budder began to instruct me. I had been accustomed to write English previous to this; I used to write checks and invoices. I never forged any of them nor the proceedings of the courts in the Mofussil, it would not have been productive of any good. I practised at all the names, till I could write them perfectly. I cannot recollect how many papers were forged in any one year, I do not know whether or not I was engaged in 1826.

The first paper I forged was for 7000 rupees. I do not know whether it was sent out or destroyed. I believe I must have begun in 1826. I have perhaps forged 100 or 150 papers. The only sum so large as 10,000 rupees that was ever obtained on forged paper was from Dr. Halliday. A large loan was negotiated for Rajkissore at the Bengal Bank about two months previous to our flight; good and bad paper used to be deposited there. I was a servant to the India Bank, I signed Bank Notes and gave myself out as Secretary and Treasurer; they so advertized me. I began to sign notes two months previous to our flight, after an advertisement to that effect had been published. I did not know that in January 1829, the Raja wanted to get out of the Bank. I do not know that the partners had a quarrel, but I am aware that it was referred to counsel to know if the Rajah could sign the notes and not be responsible, Rajkissore Dutt giving a paper stating that he had no interest. A few of the notes signed by the Rajah were out when we flew; he had signed about 50,000 Rupees worth. I never knew or heard that the Raja, whenever he signed notes, got a deposit of Company's Paper to the same amount from Rajkissore Dutt. I have said the Raja was present when I signed the names of the officers to the papers; it used to be at night; no person accompanied him; he used to come in his buggy. I do not now remember the last time he came. In February the last paper was signed, I signed no more since March, when I heard of the new felony act. I do not know of any respectable person who saw the Raja in the house on such occasions; such acts as these are acts of secrecy and not done openly. When he came on such business he allowed no person to accompany him, but when he went to the house on invitation, he went with his usual attendants. The Rajah is an English scholar; he can read and write English well, I have seen him write a letter to Mr. Saunders.

I received wages; a hundred Rupees a month, and whenever I wanted an hundred or two hundred rupees from Rajkissore Dutt, I got it. That was all I got for my services. The Rajah put confidence in me because I was Rajkissore Dutt's son-in-law. I did not know it would have turned out in this way. I thought they would have only raised money upon the paper. I got laterly 100 sicca rupees per month. I remember 25,000 rupees having been coined at the mint into quarter rupees for the shraide of the Rajah's mother. I took the money to Mr. Saunders, I took the money from Rajkissore Dutt. I do not know that there was any settlement of accounts in June last, there were bonds given.

My belief is that if I tell the truth, no matter whether the Rajah is convicted or acquitted, I shall be saved, and I have no desire that any one should be sacrificed for my safety. With reference to the blot: I asked to see the original paper, as if one paper had a blot and another copy was to be pledged, it used to be blotted in the same way that people might not detect it; as for instance, if one was to be pledged at the Bank and the money paid, and it returned, if the counterfeit had not a blot it might lead to detection if afterwards pledged them.

At the time the Bank was established, the firm of Rajkissore Dutt and Co. consisted of Rajkissore Dutt and Rajah Buddenauth Roy. I speak of before the Bank was established. The money I have spoken of as deposited in the 5 per cent. loan, was the property of that firm. Bissonauth Chukerbutty, who I have spoken of as negotiating paper, was the manager for the Rajah who did not attend office himself. The defendant was at the house about ten days previous to our flight; he came at night. There was a noise in the Bazar about the end of 1827 or beginning of 1828, I know that both partners knew of it. Rajkissore said to the Rajah, evil reports have been raised against me.

MARCH, 1830.

He said I knew of it, but what are you resolved upon? Rajkissore replied, it is difficult to carry on business as people are suspicious and will not take paper in my name as deposits, but if they are made out in your name, we can take duplicates and we can deposit them without suspicion. The Rajah said it would do well if he was kept out of harm and Rajkissore replied; there is no doubt I'll keep you clear, for if not, how can we expect to be safe. I will get this renewed in your name, and after the noise is over we will open a Bank and make plenty of money. This conversation was before the Bank was opened. Rajkissore took the Bonds to the Rajah.

The Rajah gave money to the House as occasion required it, sometimes 25,000 and sometimes even 50,000 Rupees. The largest sum he ever gave was 50,000 Rupees; sometimes there was that sum in his favour with the firm. I saw no Company's Paper of the Rajah's in the House. There were papers in Rajkissore Dutt's hands and also in the Rajah's; I do not know to what amount. Rajkissore Dutt and Co. never drew any interest on paper belonging to the Rajah himself. I heard from Rajkissore that profits would accrue from these transactions. I can form no estimate of the profits annually, nor was there any final adjustment of accounts. The Rajah had the greatest credit with the Company. I do not know the extent of his credit with the Bazar Merchants. I know that Rajkissore Dutt executed and granted a paper to the Rajah, but he gave none in return.

The jury here requested that the witness might be allowed to write the forged signatures, which he did, apparently to their satisfaction.

Looks at three papers (the Bonds given by Rajkissore to the Rajah.) Two are dated the 10th June. They are written by me and by directions of Rajkissore Dutt. I do not know when they were delivered. All along, such papers were given to the defendant. These Bonds were given for the sums advanced to the House, that he might not appear a partner. One is for 87,000 rupees which was given to the House; these are papers, mentioned as deposited. They were deposited as no person would make a loan to him without a deposit and so it was mentioned. Some good and some bad papers were deposited with the defendant. The defendant knew that some were bad. This bond was given for fear of any disaster, that the defendant might come down as a creditor. I look at No. 2, this was given for the same reason. No. 3, is dated the 23d July 1832, two days previous to the breaking out of this business. It is signed by two witnesses, friends of the Rajah's. These bonds used to be drawn up for the balance in the books.

The witness swore that he had turned King's evidence for the purpose of saving himself, and that the Government had promised he should not be called to bear witness against his father-in-law, Rajkissore Dutt, but that he was to endeavour by a true statement to convict Rajah Buddinath Roy, who he said was in partnership with his father-in-law both in the commercial establishment and in the Bank of India, the former holding a 12 annas and the latter a 4 annas's share.

The witness swore to the Rajah's having been present for the purpose of examining and setting aside such papers as were well forged, and that he destroyed those that were not, the Rajah used to go at night alone to Rajkissore's house in his buggy. Dwarkanath Mitter stated that the first paper he himself forged was for Rs. 7,000, and that he forged about 150 papers, Mr. Graham, and others used also to forge different signatures. The paper was printed at the India Bank, generally of a Sunday.

Cross-examined.—The sums lent by the defendant will appear in the books. I do not know where the books are; they were shown me at the Grand Jury room. I do not know in which book these transactions are mentioned. I saw a book relative to Company's Paper, I cannot say the amount of papers out at the time of our fight. There was mention made of the papers deposited with the defendant. The papers deposited with him were entered in the same way as those with other people. The Rajah's books were shown to me and I said, I cannot speak as to books.

To the Jury.—These are two bonds dated the 10th June. When this was written, the date was not affixed to it,—I speak from the difference of the ink. About this time there was a danger of these forgeries being discovered, in consequence of Frankine Holder's conspiracy. Sometimes bonds were drawn up to a larger extent. When I say these were given for fear of any thing happening to the House, I mean any discovery of the forgeries. The papers used to remain promiscuously with both partners and then Delolls came to negotiate loans, they used to be told, that papers would be brought from the Rajah's and that gave the transactions greater weight. The Rajah had many papers in his hands, at the time of the fight; he has got more than the

amount of those bonds in his possession now. The greatest circulation of the notes of the India Bank was 20,000 or 30,000 rupees.

Mr. G. H. Huttmann.---Sometimes two, sometimes three men are engaged at a press; a head native superintends them. No person superintends the press except the head native and myself. Possibly a few extra copies might be struck off by some of the pressmen. The forms are kept standing.

Mr. Dorin.---I now examine all papers sent into the Treasury; before they were sent to Mr. Oxborough; he used to certify them by putting his name in the corner; these were certified by him. I examine now myself, as I found that he was not correct and so deceived me. Four lakhs and twenty thousand rupees worth of paper were rejected by the Treasury after the flight of Rajkissore Dutt, all of which had been examined and passed by Mr. Oxborough.

Mr. C. Hogg.---I know the defendant, I remember seeing him on the 28th of July, at about 10 A. M., (I had not seen him on the 27th) on his coming to my office with a large bundle of what purported to be Company's Paper, which he said had been deposited with him, by Rajkissore, for money lent, and which had turned out forgeries, and that he was a loser to the extent of two lakhs of rupees and upwards. He opened the papers and put them into my hands, together with three Promissory Notes for which the papers were pledged as a security. He said Dwarkanauth Tagore had called upon him the previous evening, to speak to him about papers deposited with my brother and which had his endorsement. He then asked me what steps he ought to take. He produced this slip of paper, W. and I wrote on that paper "Buddensauth's endorsement" opposite those papers which he said bore his endorsement, as I thought it might be beneficial to my brother's interest. He then put this slip, X into my hand containing a list of papers. He said that a duplicate of one of those which he said bore his endorsement, was in Major Campbell's hands. I advised him to go to the Treasury, take the papers and state to the Treasury Officers all he had stated to me and to facilitate in every way he could, the apprehension of Rajkissore Dutt. I had never seen my brother's paper for 30,000 rupees. He at once agreed to go to the Treasury and I accompanied him in his carriage. Mr. Morley asked him to leave the papers there and he agreed. Mr. Morley asked me to make a list of them, and he, or some one in the Treasury would give a receipt. The defendant then desired me to take a receipt and went down to his carriage for the purpose of accompanying my brother as a magistrate to his house. I then returned with the papers to my office and a clerk of mine made a list in my presence which I compared and then returned to the Treasury and saw Mr. Morley who desired me to take them to Mr. Oxborough, which I did, and he compared them with the list and gave the receipt I required; they were sealed up and I left them at the Treasury. I afterwards saw them opened by Mr. Robison and I gave him the receipt. This is the envelop. It was in the same state then, as when I saw it sealed up, except a cut half round the seal which appeared: as if Mr. Robison had intended to open it but had thought better to do so in my presence.

Major Campbell.---I am acquainted with the defendant, I have known him for 10 or 11 years. I am not acquainted with Rajkissore Dutt, I know him by sight, I have had no dealings with the Indian Bank. I have had dealings with Rajkissore Dutt, and the defendant. No deposit of paper with the latter.

The Rajah has constantly told me he supported Rajkissore Dutt because his family and his (the Rajah's) ancestors, were acquainted. I have impressed upon him the danger of it from the character I had heard of Rajkissore Dutt. I have stated that character to the Rajah. I told him I had particular cause to enquire into his character, as a gentleman, a friend of mine, was anxious to go into partnership with him. The Rajah seemed to say, that their families had been acquainted and he seemed to consider him as a dependant. This was long previous to these discoveries; about the period of the establishment of the India Bank. About the time of the absconding of Rajkissore. I had perhaps twenty papers which purported to be good securities; they were delivered to the Treasury. I saw some subsequently at the police.

Looks at M 3. I received this on account of Rajkissore Dutt on the 12th November 1828. On the evening of the 27th July and on the morning of the 28th, the defendant saw this, as well as all the papers deposited with me by Rajkissore Dutt. N 3, was given to me by Lord Carnwarth, and subsequently by Rajkissore Dutt. On the morning of the 28th, the defendant looked particularly at all notes in his name in my possession and took a memorandum of them.

Looks at six papers. For these I received new notes in the name of the Earl of Carnwarth and one in my own name. For those that went to police, I got no new notes.

The defendant looked at all and examined those in his own name. On the evening of the 27th; at about half past 8 o'clock he came to my house with a downcast air. On seeing him, I informed him that he was suspected of being concerned and urged him to tell me the truth as I had been a great sufferer. In reply he told me he had been a looser and shewed me a bundle which he had brought, purporting to be Government Securities to the amount of 2,14,900 Rupees deposited with him on account of transactions with Rajkissore Dutt. He said they arose out of a series of transactions in signing notes for the India Bank. He said he was in the habit of receiving Company's Paper to the amount of the notes he signed. On the morning of the 28th, he took a memorandum of the notes in my possession with reference to other papers in the possession of Mr. Hogg and others. Dwarkenaath Mitter was the person with whom I was in the habits of dealing. The Rajah said Dwarkenaath was a most clever boy.

Cross-examined.—The notes I pointed out to day were the cancelled notes.
By the Advocate General.—Looks at L 1. I never saw this before.

Cross examined.—Lord Carnwarth delivered the papers to me about the time he was going to Madras. The loans were renewed on 1st of July last, with Rajkissore, by me and Mr. Glass: I took the papers to Mr. Glass, and they were examined. I did not think that the defendant was in the slightest interested in the notes but on the contrary, the defendant told me that Rajkissore Dutt's family were highly respectable and he therefore supported him. I remember the defendant's expressing his annoyance at the use made of his name in an advertisement in the papers by Rajkissore. I never understood that he was in the least interested in the Bank. I understood him to be his partner and lending money on low interest and taking security; that I fancy is usual amongst rich natives. On the morning of 28th, he came about 9 o'clock and told me, he was going to Mr. Hogg, he may have come on the 27th, as I before had urged him to give me early notice if any thing was likely to happen Rajkissore Dutt; this was perhaps two or three months previous.

In the course of communication it was a matter of conversation, whether or not the defendant should compound his debt with Rajkissore. The defendant stated that he did not know where he was, but just as he was starting to come to me, he had received a note from him which he had left behind and in which Rajkissore stated, that though he had fallen into difficulties, he the Rajah, need not fear loss as none of his notes were due so no one could seize his property and proposed to assign it all to the defendant. On this the conversation was, whether he ought not to compound and Kismohun Burroll said if he got 50,000 rupees he ought to burn the paper; to this the defendant observed with great emphasis "*while I have life I will never burn*" Mr. Anley was present. Rajah Buddenauth left my house about 11 o'clock with my advice to go to the Treasury with his paper. That paper consisted of 14 notes; he showed them to me I said I did not think they were worth a rupee. I had been that day at the Treasury both morning and evening; in the morning my papers were declared to be good and in the evening to be bad, I understood Rajah Buddenauth Roy to have supported Rajkissore with money for many years, I do not remember when the India Bank was established, I think it was about two or two and a half years ago. I was applied to take a share in it.

Re-examined.—I do not remember the defendant telling me, that he had lost by any other papers. He complained of Rajkissore's having discredited him by an advertisement; since then he continued to support him. He appeared to think it was an offence, not that he would have objected to his name being used, but that it was unauthorized. I understood that he lent money at low interest to Rajkissore and he has told me he took security for the notes he signed. He has never said where Rajkissore could get security.

Court.—The letter from Rajkissore, the defendant brought over to my house and read the Bengalee and explained it to me, I might know that letter again; he took it away. The address was written badly in English; he seemed to think it was written by Dwarkenaath Mitter.

Jury.—I have seen the advertisement relative to the establishment of the India Bank and notes signed by the defendant, but still I think he was not a partner, but rather lent money and gave the use of his name. I had transactions with Rajkissore, not that I thought the defendant was responsible, but I knew he was supported by the defendant, and I felt confident, that if any thing was going wrong, I should have had a hint from the defendant. The defendant stated, that whenever he signed notes, he took paper as security and I understood that the notes were cash for that security.

The forged paper bearing the signature of the Rajah, amounted to five lacks of rupees. The proceedings in this case, were very similar to those on Rajkissore Dutt's trial.

Sir E. Ryan in his charge to the jury stated that their verdict must entirely depend upon the evidence of the informer Dwarkenauth Mittre, and after citing an extract from the charge of Lord Ellenborough in the trial of Colonel Despard for high treason, as to the evidence of accomplices, the learned judge thus summed up.

His Lordship read over the evidence of Dwarkenauth Mittre and remarked, that though Bissenchunder had not been called, still the counsel for the defence could have examined him; particularly, if as it had been stated, his name was upon the back of the indictment, a fact which his Lordship was ignorant of, or he should have undoubtedly put him in the box himself.

Much stress his Lordship said had been laid upon that part of the evidence which went to show, that the funds of Rajkissore Dutt could have been made available to the establishment of such a system of forgery. Dwarkenauth had said, that he had none, save that furnished by the defendant, and this was confirmed by the statement of Rajah Buddenauth Roy to Major Campbell.

His Lordship remarked, that the evidence of the accomplice, if credited, had made out the charge fully, for he stated, that the defendant was present when he forged the name of Mr. Holt Mackenzie upon the paper. With reference to some papers he said, that the defendant assisted in the forging and selected those best executed and least likely to lead to detection, and to others, he said they were forgeries to which he attached his name and part of those turned out copies of some taken by him to the treasury. To all he said, they were printed at the office of Rajkissore Dutt, and one was deposited with Colonel Galloway, and he was accompanied by the son of Gooripersaud Bose. In both facts he was confirmed; in the one by the printer of the Government Gazette, in the second by Shrenaut Bose.

His Lordship felt bound to say that nothing contradictory appeared to him in the evidence of the informer, though he had listened to him with great attention, while he had been tried in a variety of ways and been cross-examined at great length, but whether or not he was the witness of truth, was for the jury to say.

His Lordship made a few comments on the evidence of Dwarkenauth Mittre and said there was nothing extraordinary in the defendant telling Mr. Hogg that the papers he took to the treasury were forged, for he had been so informed by Major Campbell, but his remark when recommended to destroy them, "while I live I will never burn," was of great importance. Taking it by itself, it was the conduct of an innocent man, but the jury should consider it, coupled with that part of evidence of Dwarkenauth, where he said, these papers and the bonds were given, that in case any thing happened, the defendant might be held clear; they would see whether it was not reconcilable with that or whether it was the conduct of an innocent man; they would also take into consideration his conduct at the time the forgeries were first discovered.

Sir E. Ryan, next remarked upon the testimony of the officers in the Treasury, and as to the impossibility of getting three papers of the same number and date through that office, or procuring payment of interest twice on a paper of the same amount, and said, that if the jury believed, that the signatures to all were the genuine signatures of defendant, it would be difficult to suppose he had not a guilty knowledge. The witnesses who had been called to prove them genuine had said, it was now difficult to speak to signatures, but they believed them to be his and the defendant had called no evidence to show they were not.

His Lordship in conclusion said, he had now commented upon those circumstances which had presented themselves to him, if there were any which he had omitted he was sure the ingenuity of the jury would suggest them to him. If they believed the evidence of Dwarkenauth Mittre the charge was proved, but if they thought he was so contaminated with the guilty knowledge as not to be worthy of belief, it was there duty to acquit him. On the contrary, if they were of opinion that he had spoken consistent with truth, he had shown him to be a guilty participator, and without reference to what might be the consequences or whatever their feelings might be, they ought to find him guilty.

The jury retired at half past nine p. m. and at thirty minutes past ten returned the following verdict, which was read by Mr. Alexander, the foreman :—

"We do not think Dwarkensaul Mittra's evidence by itself sufficient to convict the defendant, and giving him the benefit of this opinion, we find him NOT GUILTY."

Counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Advocate General and Mr. Cochrane.
Attorney, Mr. Molloy.

Counsel for the defence, Messrs. Compton, Clarke and Dickens.
Attorney, Mr. George Higgins.

Calcutta.

TO THE RIGHT HON'BLE LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK,

Governor General in Council.
&c. &c. &c.

MY LORD,—We have the honor to submit for the favourable consideration of your Lordship in Council, the circumstances under which loans were advanced by the Bank of Bengal on Deposit of Company's Papers, lately declared at the Treasury to be forgeries.

About September 1828, some forgeries of Company's Paper had been discovered, and to protect the Bank from imposture or loss from such a cause, Mr. Wood then the President, made the following minute which was approved of by the Directors present, and entered on the proceedings of the Bank of the 9th of October, 1828 :

"With reference to the Forgeries lately discovered. Ordered that all Company's Paper tendered for the Bank to take, be sent to the Head Assistant (uncovenanted) at the Accountant General's Office, for him to examine and certify, or that he be allowed one hundred rupees (Sa. Rs. 100) per mensem in lieu of the fees which would be at the rate of one rupee each paper, for his trouble with the same.

(Signed) H. Wood."

Your Lordship in Council will please to observe that when this minute was made Mr. Wood, was both Accountant General, and President of the Bank, and may be considered as then representing Government both at the Treasury and the Bank.

From the date of the above minute, no money has ever advanced on deposit of any Government Securities, until such securities have been sent to the Treasury and there examined and certified in the manner prescribed in the minute.

About ten weeks ago, some Company's Papers were tendered for deposit by Rajkissore Dutt, and sent in usual course to the Treasury where they were examined and certified: the Secretary to the Bank (Mr. Dorin) on receiving these Papers thus verified, thought he perceived some peculiarity in the printing which excited his suspicion, and he sent the Papers back to the Treasury, requesting that they might be more carefully examined: they were returned a second time with an assurance that all was right, and Mr. Dorin thinking that further objection would be unjustifiable, received the Papers. It is the practice of the Bank, when there is any pressure in the Money Market, to allow parties to renew their loans, granting fresh bonds: in such cases, as the paper has been once verified at the Treasury, it is not sent again on the day when the order for renewal is passed, but on the following day, and before the new Bond is executed. In conformity with this usage, the loan of Bissonauth Chuckerbutty a Sircar of Rajkissore Dutt, was ordered for renewal on the 9th July, and on the afternoon of that day Mr. Dorin, retaining his suspicion, carried the Papers to the Accountant General's Office, where he submitted them to the examination of the Treasury officers who said, they entertained no suspicions respecting the

the papers and believed them to be true and genuine. Mr. Dorin brought back the papers to the Bank and on the morning of the 10th, they were sent to the Treasury in usual course, and verified before the Bond was executed by the party seeking the renewal. Mr. Dorin could not have ventured to pronounce bad, any Government Securities that were considered genuine and true at the Treasury, but on the 10th he retained his suspicions so strongly, that he sent for renewal one Paper for 25,000, and this Paper was received for that purpose, on the 13th he carried to the Accountant General's Office all the Papers respecting which he entertained any doubt and required a renewal of the whole : but some fears were then entertained at the Treasury and only two of the Papers were received. On the 14th, the whole of the remaining papers which he considered suspicious, were again sent, but the Accountant General would neither renew the notes, nor declare them bad, nor would the Treasury Officers give any answer until the 27th when the duplicate notes turned up. Thus Government Securities to the amount of nearly five lakhs lay for 13 days before the Treasury officers who were unable to state whether they were genuine or forged. On the 10th Mr. Dorin waited on Mr. Hogg who is a Bank Director and also a Magistrate, and communicated to him his suspicions adding that the Government Officers believed their signatures to be genuine.

Mr. Hogg stated that he would immediately secure Rajkissore Dutt and his Papers, if any public officer would declare that he believed his signature to have been forged, but that he would not expose himself and defeat the ends of justice by apprehending a man for forging a signature which would be declared genuine, by the individual whose signature it purported to be. Mr. Hogg saw Mr. MacKenzie on the following day and learning from him that he (Mr. MacKenzie) and the other public officers believed the signatures to be genuine, it was determined that nothing could then be done.

At the next meeting of the Bank Directors on the 16th, Mr. Dorin produced the papers and stated all that had passed. The Directors said that it would be vain to attempt any proceedings unless the security could be declared bad, and at the same time determined not to embarrass the Public Officers, by insisting on a renewal of the papers, particularly as they considered the interest of the Bank protected by the verification of the Paper at the Treasury.

Having mentioned in detail the circumstances which preceded the detection of the false paper, we now beg leave to state the grounds, upon which we rest our application to your Lordship in Council, to be saved harmless from any loss the Bank might sustain from having advanced loans on the Securities, said to be forged. We submit, that the examination of the Paper at the Public Treasury by an Officer appointed to discharge that duty and authorized to require a fee for his trouble, is a verification of the Paper binding upon the Government, and that if it were otherwise, the examination would be an idle form, tending only to deceive the public and to require from them fees for which no service was rendered.

It will, we premuse, be conceded that every individual circulating a negotiable security, is bound to state on application whether or not any such security is genuine and a public body is equally under an obligation to afford such information when required.

A Merchant about to purchase or receive a Bill of Exchange can apply to the Drawer or Acceptor who would be bound by regard to his character and credit to admit or deny his signature and would be bound by his admission.

It is not so when securities are issued by the Government of the country : no individual can apply to any Member of the Government to ascertain the genuineness of any public security. He must apply at the proper office, and there he cannot dictate the mode of examination nor the person by whom that examination shall be made. He pays the fixed fee, complies with the prescribed forms, and having had his paper examined in the manner fixed by the proper authorities, rests in perfect security.

The Registry like any other book of account is kept for the information of Government not of the public. It matters not to an individual how a paper may stand in the Registry, or how any other Government book may designate it. All he wants to know is, whether or not the paper is genuine : and if he applies at the only place where that information can be afforded and pays the fixed fee, we submit that the Government are morally bound to save harmless that individual who has advanced his money on the public faith. We say morally, because we wish to avoid allusion to mere points of law, feeling, satisfied that your Lordship in Council will determine

this most important question upon the broad principles of good faith, and regard to public credit.

Your Lordship in Council will observe that the Secretary to the Bank considered the examination at the Treasury so conclusive, that he received the papers so examined, although his own suspicions continued in full force: not deeming it right to act on his own vague surmises in opposition to a declaration of the Government Treasury. If Government should repudiate the acts of their Officer on this occasion, we declare we know not how the public can ever feel safe in any transaction; where the Government do not personally intervene, unless the prescribed duty should be performed under the provisions of an Act of Parliament, or under a Government Regulation. We believe that all the Treasury Officers will admit, that the papers now declared to be forged, would all have been renewed in ordinary course if they had been sent to the Treasury without an intimation from Mr. Dorin of his doubts, and we beg respectfully to submit for the consideration of Government that it would be most injurious to public credit if it should appear that nearly five lakhs of Company's Paper had been at the Treasury for 13 days and that no public Officer or Clerk could say whether it was good or bad.

We have already mentioned that Mr. Dorin's suspicions were not excited by any doubts respecting the signatures of the Secretaries and other Public Officers but by the general appearance of the printing, which he thought more faint than usual, and particularly by a peculiarity in the letter "N" in the word "until" and in the letter "L" in the words "Accountant General." The duplicate papers were discovered on the 27th, when the greatest alarm and consternation were spread. Almost every person who had paper in deposit hurried to the Treasury to have it examined and on that and the following day nearly thirteen lakhs of false paper, were produced. Some of us were present when the papers were brought in for examination, and we can state that the Treasury Officers did not attempt to form any opinion from the signatures but were guided solely by the peculiarity in the printing which we have mentioned. We beg of Government to consider the situation in which the public are placed when the signatures of the officers whose names authenticate the whole Indian debt are abandoned, and a trifling peculiarity in printing is resorted to, as the test of authenticity. Forgeries to a considerable extent have frequently been practised and individuals defrauded and ruined, but they have always been detected when they reached the public bodies, or individuals whose securities they purported to be, and we believe that this is the first time that negotiable paper has been issued either by a public body or private individuals where the parties circulating the securities have been unable to ascertain the verity of their own paper.

We do not take the liberty of imputing blame or negligence in any quarter, but if there has been negligence and incaution, whereby multitudes have been plundered and ruined, we earnestly submit that any loss arising from such improvidence ought to be borne by those who were thus devoid of ordinary caution, and ought not to fall on individuals who had no control over the form or mode of issuing the paper, and had protected themselves from imposture by every means that human prudence could suggest. In the case of individuals this argument would be powerful, but, when addressed to the Government who issued such securities we trust it will be deemed conclusive.

We have reason to believe, that interest has been paid on several of the papers stated to be forged, and we submit, that the payment of interest is a recognition of the paper as genuine, and binding on the Government. It is a declaration by the public officers, acting on behalf of Government that the paper is what it purports to be, and all who issue negotiable securities are bound to know their own signatures. If a person whose name had been forged on a Bill of Exchange as the acceptor, should admit his hand-writing in error, he would still be bound to make good the amount to the person who advanced money on the faith of that admission, and further if a man should accept a Bill purporting to have been drawn by another whose name had been forged, that acceptor would be bound, and could not avoid payment, by shewing that the signature of the drawer had been forged, because a merchant is bound to know not only his own hand-writing but that of his correspondent. These principles have not been fixed by any arbitrary enactment, they have been deduced from experience, as necessary for the maintenance of public faith and fair dealing, and as such only we urge them in illustration. The paper circulates on the credit of Government, and it would ill accord with that credit, if securities were proclaimed good one day, by the payment of interest and afterwards repudiated as forgeries by the very authorities who had pronounced them good and genuine. Thus far my Lord,

we have addressed ourselves to Government as if the signatures had been forged ; but it is very generally believed, and in that belief we concur, that the signatures of the Public Officers are genuine, but have been surreptitiously obtained, and we understand that this is the opinion of the Magistrate who has investigated the case. If your Lordship in Council should be of the same opinion, we presume no objection would be made to pay any security signed by the Public Officers authorized to perform that duty on behalf of the Governor General in Council. From what we have already stated, it will be seen, that the Public Officers all believed their signatures to be genuine, even after suspicions had been excited, and we will venture to add that almost every individual in Calcutta, acquainted with their signatures will state, that they believe them to be real. We have heard that some of these officers now begin to entertain doubts, but such doubts were never expressed or entertained until after the duplicate papers had turned up ; and although we confide implicitly on what these gentlemen state, we cannot exempt them from the infirmities and prejudices incident to human nature. The atmosphere through which they now see is impregnated with doubts and suspicions and must tend to deceive them ; their very anxiety will serve to perplex them, and they must have a predisposition to hope and believe, that the signatures are forged, and that the frauds have not occurred in the offices in which they themselves preside. We think it will be conceded that any opinions they may now give are at least neutralized by those they have already expressed when they judged from the character of their hand-writing only, and not from extraneous circumstances. In the absence of positive proof, it will be for your Lordship in Council to decide upon the probabilities ; whether it is more probable, that one Bengalee should imitate the signatures of many Public Officers, so perfectly, as to defy detection, and deceive the parties themselves, or, that some subordinates in the Public Officers may have been corrupted to lend their aid in a fraud sufficiently productive to admit of paying many accomplices. Supposing that constant practice could enable a person to counterfeit the signature of another, beyond the possibility of detection, how can we account for the unnecessary variety of signatures ? Why should the names of Mr. MacKenzie, Mr. Prinsep and Mr. Molony be indiscriminately forged ? whereby difficulties were needlessly accumulated and detection greatly facilitated. It would have equally served the purposes of the forger to have selected papers bearing the signature of some one secretary, and the variety can only be account for by believing the signatures to be genuine. On most of the papers signed by Mr. MacKenzie there is an impression on the bank arising from his habit of signing the lowest paper in a bundle first and dropping the next paper on the signature while wet. This same peculiarity is on the paper stated to be forged ; it might perhaps be replied that such a mark would not escape the eye of an accomplished forger, and we admit that this might be fairly urged if *all* the false papers bore the impression. But it is not so. Some have the impression and others have it not and we understand in about the same proportion as in the true papers. There is another remarkable circumstance to which we beg the attention of your Lordship in Council. There are three copies of one paper for 20,000 Rs. ; the original paper has not the impression alluded to, while the three false papers have it ; and we contend that this is wholly irreconcilable with the belief we might almost say with the possibility of the signatures being forged. It cannot be supposed that this consummate imitator would put upon the copy what did not appear upon the original, and the circumstance can be accounted for on no other ground, than that the signatures are real. Frauds have often been committed in Public Offices both here, and at home, and such an occurrence however to be lamented, is not very unfrequent, and therefore not very improbable, on the other hand the history of the world affords no example of an individual who could imitate a variety of signatures on a great number of papers without a single failure and so perfectly as to deceive the parties themselves, and such an occurrence having never yet happened it is extravagantly improbable if not impossible.

We have stated the circumstances that led to the detection of this extensive and extraordinary fraud, which would still be in full operation if it had not been arrested by the vigilance and perseverance of Mr. Dorin ; we have mentioned the grounds on which we trust, that Government would be pleased to order payment of the securities even if they should consider them forged. We have also stated the reasons which induced us to believe that the signatures are genuine, but have been fraudulently obtained, in which case we felt assured that Government would not be disposed to contest their liability the individual suffers from these frauds are unwilling to trouble Government with separate Petitions and await with intense anxiety the result of this application to which we respectfully solicit the early attention of your Lordship in Council, we have not adverted to legal liability and know not how far we should be

justified in doing so, but we feel satisfied that the decision of your Lordship in Council will rest on broader principles and will be such as shall be deemed best calculated for the preservation of good faith and the maintenance of public credit.

We have the honour to be, My Lord,

Your most Obedient humble Servants,

(Signed)

J. W. HOGG,
JOHN STORM,
J. YOUNG,
WM. PRINSEP,
WM. MELVILLE,
J. BEATSON,

Bank of Bengal, 26th August, 1829.

Not concurring in all that is stated in this letter and desiring in consideration of the position in which we stand towards the Bank and Government to avoid taking further part in the discussion we beg to decline signing it.

(Signed)

HOLT MACKENZIE.
C. MORLEY.
J. S. BARWELL.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE BANK OF BENGAL.

Financial. GENTLEMAN,—The Right Honorable the Governor General in Council having duly considered your letter of the 26th ultimo, praying that Government will take upon itself to make good the loss, the Bank is likely to sustain in its transaction with Rajkissore Dutt; together with a memorial from several individuals, to the same purport; I am directed to inform you, that while his Lordship in Council deeply regrets the loss, to which the Bank and individuals had been subjected, he feels himself compelled to reject the claim made upon Government.

I have the honor to be,

Gentlemen, your most obedient Servant,

(Signed)

R. M. TILGHMAN,
Offg. Depy. Secy. to the Govt.

Council Chamber, the 1st Sept. }

1829, Ead. Sd. (C. F.) }

TO THE RIGHT HON'BLE LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK,

Governor General in Council, &c. &c. &c.

MY LORD.—We have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. Deputy Secretary Tilghman's communication in reply to our letter of the 26th ultimo, stating that your Lordship in Council "felt compelled to reject the claim made upon Government," but not further noticing the undisputed facts stated in our letter, nor the grounds on which we rested our application; we have only to regret that our Memorial was not deemed worthy of more favorable consideration and of a less abrupt rejection.

The Deputy Secretary in reciting the purport of our letter alleges that we had prayed "that Government would take upon itself to make good the loss the Bank was likely to sustain in its transactions with Rajkissore Dutt." In a matter of such moment, it is fit, that nothing should be misunderstood or misinterpreted and we must disclaim having ever preferred so unreasonable a Petition. We beg to state respectfully, but confidently, that our letter is not liable to such an interpretation. The purport of our application was that Government under the very peculiar circumstances set forth would order payment of securities issued in their name and at one time acknowledged at the Treasury to be genuine, but now alleged to be forged or fraudulent.

As the interests of others are entrusted to our care, it is incumbent upon us to seek redress through every channel and by all lawful means. We have therefore to request that your Lordship in Council will be pleased to forward our letter of the 26th ultimo, for the consideration of the Honorable the Court of Directors.

We take the liberty of sending for the perusal of your Lordship in Council, the opinions of Counsel which were not obtained till the 1st instant.

If the Law Officers of Government coincide in opinion with the Council for the Bank, we feel assured that Government would promptly grant all that legal proceedings could obtain and in this confidence we abstain for the present from adopting measures to bring the matter before the Supreme Court.

We understand that the individual sufferers are proceeding by Petition to Parliament.

We have the honor to be, My Lord,

Your most obedient humble Servants,

(Signed)

J. W. HOGG,
JAMES BEATSON,
W. MELVILLE,
WM. PRINSEP,
JOHN STORM,
J. YOUNG.

Bank of Bengal, }
10th Sept. 1829. }

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE BANK OF BENGAL.

Teril. Dept. GENTLEMEN,—I am directed by the Right Honorable the Governor *Financial*. General in Council, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th instant requesting that your former letter dated the 26th ultimo, may be forwarded for the consideration of the Honorable Court of Directors, and reply to inform you that your request will be immediately complied with.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

Council Chamber, the 22d }
Sept. 1829, (Exd. }
Sind.) James Robertson.

(Signed) R. M. TILGHMAN,
Offg. Depy. to the Gov.

SUPREME COURT,—FEBRUARY 9, 1830.

Before Mr. Justice Ryan.

THE BANK OF BENGAL *versus* THE UNITED COMPANY.

Mr. Dickens opened the pleadings. It was an action of Assumpsit brought upon thirty-three Counts, to recover the interest due upon five Promissory Notes. The plaint was filed on the 4th December 1829. Damages were laid 600,000 rupees.

Mr. Compton in stating the case, said, it was an action of Assumpsit brought by the Bengal Bank a body corporate against the United Company another body corporate to recover the interest due upon five promissory notes of the East India Company, all of which the Bank of Bengal claimed, as having been specially endorsed to them, and as counsel for the plaintiffs, it would be his duty, as briefly as possible to lay before the court, an outline of the case he wished to offer, together with the evidence he intended to produce, and such suggestions in law as appeared to him necessary. It was an action of Assumpsit, to recover the interest upon five promissory notes, but the real question was to ascertain, whether or not they were genuine, and how far the defendants were bound to discharge the amount of them.

Before he attempted to sketch an outline of the case, he could not help acknowledging, that he felt the great importance of the question which in some degree embarrassed, and perhaps in a great measure prevented him from doing it that justice, which if less embarrassed is an ordinary case he might do, but he felt it was of importance to the government of the country. It was a case of importance to the government, that public faith operating upon public confidence should be preserved, for in this case, if it was not entirely obstructed, it would be much shaken, and therefore be likely to destroy the stability of the government. It was of importance to the governed in *juxta position* to the governors, as these securities were a part of the public debt, and for which the revenue of this vast empire was appropriated, and it was of importance, that the recovery of those securities should not be clogged by any unnecessary difficulties.

The Character of Government was involved; their reputation was at stake, as public faith should be observed; and it was of importance that the question between the Government and the public should be decided. The sums claimed were part of the debt due by Government and the welfare of this part of the Empire rested on the good faith of Government with its creditors, and what would the public say when they heard, that the payment of the public debt was thus obstructed. The question now was, whether they had a right to refuse payment of these notes, than which none were more clumsily executed; printed on common paper, with type which could be purchased in the bazar; without any watermark and even without the simplest precaution used at home, to ensure the public against deception.

It was also of importance to the officers of Government; they had much at stake, much to consider and much to apprehend. If the Government were not held liable, the public would have much to complain of; if they were, the Defendants might consider, that their servants had not used due and sufficient precaution, for if they

had papers of a doubtful description, such as those on which the claims were now made, would not have been passed or verified in the Treasury. But he thought they were genuine, for if otherwise, what must be the situation of those who had invested their all in securities of the kind, on the faith of those appointed to examine them and who had taken every precaution to ascertain their validity. What would be the situation of those individuals, who after years of honest industry were to find themselves thus ruined by being informed to-day that they were genuine, to-morrow fictitious?

He, Mr. Compton, was so strongly impressed with the importance of the case, arising out of these considerations, that he felt much more embarrassment in lay in it before his Lordship, than he would in an ordinary action; but whatever the result might be, he felt confident his Lordship would give it every consideration, discussing its merits as if it were between private individuals and applying to it those principles of law which he should offer, if he considered them deserving of any weight. With these observations he would proceed to lay the case before his Lordship, dividing his remarks into four heads; first, pointing out the difficulties thrown in his way; secondly sketching out the line of evidence he intended to offer; thirdly, making such observations on the law as he considered applicable and fourthly anticipating the line of defence likely to be offered.

Mr. Compton said there were several difficulties in his case which he hoped to be able to surmount; one difficulty which he had to contend with was the enormity of the sum involved in this question, whereas if nothing was to result from the present action but the recovery of the amount claimed, he thought in all probability there would have been little resistance on the part of Government; that they would not have appeared in Court at all as defendants. The next difficulty to which he alluded, was the connexion of this with recent cases tried before his Lordship and two juries; on which occasions a number of papers had been produced said to be forged. The principal witness on those occasions, was an infamous wretch whom he hoped would not be again brought forward and it would perhaps have been better that this action had never been brought, than that such a villain should escape with impunity. This was another of the difficulties, for had the present trial come on first, it would by no possibility have been supposed, that the papers on which the present action was brought, were part of those spoken to by that villain. The impression would not then have gone forth, that they were not genuine, that they had not been signed by those authorized to sign them. Such an impression he had no doubts was a great disadvantage but it would have been obviated had the present case been decided before those statements had been developed. If it had been so, he should have had none of those difficulties to contend with and he should have no hesitation as to the result, but whatever might be the issue of the present case, he had one consolation; that there were others still behind of the same nature, which neither the wealth of the Treasury, nor the ingenuity of his learned friend would be able to overcome.

The Bank of Bengal Mr. Compton said, was a body corporate established by act of Parliament and it would be idle in him to contend, that they could not sue and be sued. They were in the habit of negotiating notes and granting loans and in the course of business as a Banking concern, took or discounted the notes upon which the present action was brought from Rajkiasore Dutt of whom the Court had heard so much. In the course of business at the Bank, when a paper was brought in, it was handed to the Gazantie (a native treasurer) who examined the endorsements, marked it with his initials and then made an entry of it in a book and delivered it to the Podar who took it to the office of Mr. Oxborough, an uncovenanted assistant in the Treasury, who purported to say whether papers of the kind were genuine or not, and who he should contend was an agent of the Company, whose duty it was, to examine the notes and place his initials on them as a voucher for their authenticity. To those in question he affixed his initials, and they were returned by the Podar to the Gazantie who took them to Mr. Dorin the Secretary, who made a more particular entry, and then the loan was made upon the supposition that they were genuine after such examination.

He apprehended, he should be able to prove that these were the papers thus passed by the Government Officers and the question then was what weight that would give to the case?

This being the outline of the case he would next state his view of the law and to avoid all mistake, he would read it from a paper which he held in his hand.

Mr. Compton here stated his view of the law on the case.

He would have to cite a few authorities but he would not make any parade of cases or do more than show his view of the law, as in all probability the case would not rest here; whatever might be his Lordship's decision the matter would come before him again in a more solemn form.

Mr. Compton here cited a number of authorities in support, of the law of the case as read by him.

Mr. Compton said it was for his friend to show, that this was not the law; he *Mr. Compton* said it was the law, the law of England, and if a person acknowledged a Bill, whether it was his hand-writing or not, he adopted it and made himself to all intents and purposes liable, as much as if he took his pen and made a fresh endorsement. But who he asked was the party who became liable in this case? the United Company established as a body corporate, who had authority to draw promissory notes; they did so, and they sent them out subject to the law of promissory notes. As they were, he said, a body corporate they must unavoidably act by agents; so every thing which could be done must be effected by agents. Who he would ask was it that passed these papers and gave them the credit with which they went forth to the world? could it be doubted that it was done by agency? The Governor General in Council were the agents of the Company and they in turn had, under agents and it was those agents who put the papers in circulation and what would be the consequence if every person was bound to look to the authority of each? In case of war there must be a loan, said *Mr. Compton*, there was agency in respect to that loan whether it was received in the Treasury, in the country, or in the other Presidencies and what he would ask would be the consequence, if the persons lending were to look to the authority of each person? of the Governor General under seal, or the written authority of those who granted the receipts for the money in the Treasury. What did the public know of the authority of each they dealt upon the faith of a great public body. The public made no such enquiries for they could not have a suspicion that such a great body as the Hon'ble Company would turn round, and by a quibble or any other similar artifice ruin the public creditor. They would not believe it and as for himself, an old servant of the Company, he could not credit it; yet such was now the opinion of the public and he believed the defendant's would yet have to regret, that they had thrown such difficulties in the way of the present case. All he said was Agency; every thing done to fabricate and mature these papers, was done by Agency. The certificate was taken to the Treasury where the paper was granted, examined and registered by *Mr. Oxborough* who passed it, that paper was examined and signed by two assistants, all Agents and it was then taken for the signature of the Secretary, another Agent. It was nothing to the public who signed the papers; the Secretary did no more than the Automaton in England that played at chess; an Automaton which could be taught to write would answer the purpose just as well as the Secretary, and if he should hear that the Secretary had any list or check, other than the names of the officers of Government on the papers, he should believe that business was carried on in the Treasury different from what he had been led to suppose. The fact alone of adopting the paper through the official officers of Government, made the notes their own.

If a person who had his all in a paper of this kind and did not know the signature of the officers, was there no person to whom he could apply? To whom he would ask, should he go for information? If there was any person, he should like to be informed who. Could he go to the Hon'ble Company? if he did he thought he would have a long journey. Could he go to the Governor General, but he thought not; if he did go with his paper to the Council Chamber, he would naturally be referred to the Secretary. Could he go to the Secretary? he believed Messrs. Mackenzie and Prinsep

had some thing else to do than answer such questions. How much of the public business, he should like to know, could they transact if every person who held paper of this kind, was to refer to them. Then he said there must be some person to give the required information. His learned friend would no doubt say, it was impossible to obtain the genuine signatures to these papers; that the beautiful machinery of Secretary's office was so complete, that it was impossible to effect an imposition, but he should bear in mind the possibility, of the confidence reposed in inferior officers being abused. He knew of its having been abused and what has happened may happen again.

He Mr. Compton was old enough to recollect numerous abuses in public offices, particularly at Madras, and he would ask why similar frauds might not have been practiced on Mr. Holt Mackenzie and Mr. Thoby Prinsep; his friend would no doubt say that they could not have been signed by these gentlemen, but his belief was, that they were surreptitiously obtained.

Here the learned gentleman stated a case of fraud practised at Madras upon a Mr. Cassamajor when his signature was obtained to paper in quadruplicate.

Mr. Compton said, a similar cheat might easily have been practiced in Calcutta, as there was no precaution taken. Number of papers were sent at once to the Secretary for signature, and what was to prevent Rajkissore Dutt, from bribing the subordinates and surreptitiously slipping into the box false paper to obtain real signatures, and he had no doubt the officers of Government had been so imposed upon. How were the public creditors he would ask, to know, whether the notes were good or not; who were they to apply to? If his learned friend put either Mr. Mackenzie or Mr. Prinsep into the witness box, they could not speak with confidence, as to whether they were their signatures or not. Then if the Secretaries were not the persons to be applied to; who were? He should like to know if Government had appointed any particular person to convey information to the public as to the authenticity of those papers; if not, he should suppose the head of the Accountant General's Office, was the proper person and from him it was to be hoped the required information could be obtained, for he, Mr. Compton, could not but suppose, that there existed some means of ascertaining it. Would his friend say there was on person or that it was left to every person; but he would contend if there was any person, he must have been an agent from the nature of his employment. If there was no person would not an individual requiring information naturally go to the head of that office where the money was paid; but would the head of that office, who was in Court, come forward and say, he had even given such information? Would his learned friend say that, that gentleman, or the Sub or Deputy Accountant General was even held out to the public as the person who would do so? Then if not, was there any agent, covenanted or uncovenanted, so held out? was there any person who did give the required information? did he do so with the knowledge of his superiors, for he would contend, that if he did so act with the privity and assent of his superiors, he was to all intents the agent of the Company, and whoever had that duty to perform, if he adopted the notes by deputation, he adopted them for the Hon'ble Company; his act was that of the defendants.

It was his intention, Mr. Compton said, to prove that Mr. Oxborough did undertake to say, whether notes of this kind were genuine or not; that he was the person deputed to perform that duty and he must have been officially authorised, because he was recognised by the superior officers of his department. Could Mr. Oxborough, he would ask, have thus acted without authority? would he dare to perform this important duty without the sanction of his superiors? certainly not. If it then was true that Mr. Oxborough was held out as an agent of the Company, his acknowledgment of these papers was the acknowledgment of the defendants and if therefore he was accredited as an agent, his acts were binding on his principals.

Mr. Compton said, that applying this to the present case, he would contend he was the Company's agent. He admitted being employed to examine the validity of Company's Paper and he would have an opportunity of acknowledging his initials before the Court, and he, Mr. Compton, did not suspect he would shrink from the truth. It would be proved that the papers were sent to him for examination and this evidence he thought would be conclusive. There could, he said, be no doubt that the pub-

He were lead to place confidence in the judgment of Mr. Oxborough, held out as he was, the ostensible agent of Government, and if any person was to suffer by his neglect, it was his employers and not the innocent holders of the notes. If a person, he said, were to go to Mr. Dorin as treasurer of the Bank of Bengal for the purpose of ascertaining the validity of his endorsement on the back of a paper, would not the Bank be held liable, though it might ultimately appear false? So he thought would the United Company; both were corporate bodies and could it be said that there was one law for the Bank and another for the East India Company? The Bank of England was held liable for their paper; why not the East India Company? If then the signature of Mr. Prinsep, and Mr. Mackenzie were affixed to those papers and if they were recognised by Mr. Oxborough, the employers were liable and any excuse of his, as to ignorance or misapprehension, would be fertile. He Mr. Compton did not think the paper bad, but if they were false, who he would ask was to suffer by the blunder of Mr. Oxborough? Why was the innocent holder of the notes to suffer for his want of conception. He would ask! the Court to apply to this the rule of equity, that were two innocent persons are to suffer, it must be him who either has done or neglected to do the act. Did it signify he would ask whether or not these papers were forged; if forged he did not care, for Mr. Oxborough, the accredited agent of the Company by passing them, gave a fresh value and his principals were liable; for if it were not so, the principle of law as to employers and agents had been carried too far in cases he had cited.

Mr. Compton here in reply to an observation from the Judge, admitted that he should be obliged to prove the signatures of the makers and endorsers of the papers, and he admitted that he would be unable to do so on more than three of them. He here also cited several cases where the responsibility of a principal for the acts of his agent were determined, which he contended were applicable to the present case. He further cited a case where Lord Holt laid it down, that if a servant was in the habit of purchasing things for his master, the master became liable to whatever extent he might go, so that if Mr. Oxborough merely acted on one occasion in the examination of paper by the authority of his superiors, his employers were clearly responsible to whatever extent he may have gone within the scope of his authority.

Mr. Compton said, he next came to the last branch of his argument and he did not think till yesterday, that the defendants would have availed themselves of any technical objections, but that the Company would have wished to have the present question considered and decided upon its broadest grounds. The first objection he had understood was, that the Bank of Bengal could not sue the East India Company, as the defendants were themselves shareholders. But he apprehended his learned friend would not be able to sustain this objection, even though he read all the books before him. First he must rend the seal from off the Bond, for if his friend insisted upon this or could prove it, there would not only be an end of the Bank of Bengal, but a speedy termination of the Company also. For if they could not be sued, neither could they sue; what then would be the consequences? But in his opinion both had an individual as well as a corporate character and if it were otherwise his friend should go the length of contending, that they could not sue or be sued by any individual who has an interest in the Bank; both were corporate bodies and equally liable to fulfil their engagements.

There was another objection he understood which was, that the Company denied that these were promissory notes. It was true there was no limited time at which they were to be paid, but they had themselves so called them and promised to pay, though it was probable they never would be paid, but he would be rather surprised if they denied their own promises. It was his opinion however that they never would pay, at least they were taking a long step to convince the public they never intended to pay.

But another objection which he anticipated his learned friend would avail himself of, was, that Mr. Oxborough had a written authority which did not authorize him to go as far as he did, but that it allowed him a fee for searching only the registry of the Government loan. His doing so might be of great use to the officers of the Treasury, but what use was it to the person who went to the Treasury to ascertain

the validity of his paper? If he were told only that a note of the same number and amount was out, he was as far from the mark as ever. But this objection he said did not bear upon the question, for it was of no consequence to the public whether the papers were registered or not; they were taken to a certain office and it was asked whether they are genuine documents and Mr. Oxborough said they were. After such an acknowledgment he would contend that the opposite counsel could not attempt to prove that they were not genuine but if they did, he hoped it would not be by such a miscreant as Dwarkanath Mittre. He begged his learned friend to reflect before he called him as a witness, for if he appeared in that box under all the circumstances of his infamy, to support the cause of the Hon'ble Company and if he again outraged that Court by acknowledging forgeries which he had not before spoken of, he would be liable to a prosecution and should meet that punishment he deserved.

Mr. Compton thanked his lordship for his patient hearing and stated that there were many individuals similarly situated with his clients who would be driven to this court for that redress which they were hopeless of receiving elsewhere. He was apprehensive it would not be in his power to prove the indorsement upon two of the notes, those however upon the other three securities he would establish.

Merchander Ally.—I am in the employment of the Bank of Bengal, as deputy Treasurer, and have been so for the last five or six years. I know the practice of the Bank as to receiving the Government paper. When a person wants to borrow money he brings a Government paper as a deposit; it is first brought to me if I am in the way, if not it is brought to the Treasurer. On delivering the paper the person makes a written application to the Secretary. It is my duty carefully to look over the indorsements that may be on each paper and affix my name to them. I then deliver them to the Accountant's department in the Bank. A bond is filled up and the amount and number of the paper mentioned in it; the practice was different previous to October 1828. (Several promissory notes were here handed to the witness). I know these papers (marked B. C. D. E.) They bear the signature of the Bank Secretary and my own initials. On referring to my memorandum book I find, that I received the paper marked B; it was brought to me on the 28th March, 1829; it is one of nine papers amounting to seventy eight thousand seven hundred rupees, these papers were sent to be examined, I gave them to Seeboo Podar, who took them to Mr. Oxborough for the purpose of being inspected, I believe this to be one of those papers, the date is the same as in my memorandum, Seeboo Podar brought them back to me on the same day, when returned they each bore the initials of Mr. Oxborough. I then compared them with my memorandum book, and directed the Bond to be drawn up.

All Company's Papers presented to the Bank of Bengal, are in the habit of being sent for examination to Mr. Oxborough in consequence of an order received to that purport from the Secretary; this is not now the case. Previous to October 1829, the Bank was in the habit of lending money on Company's Paper without examination, but since then they have all been sent to Mr. Oxborough for inspection, —I meant to have said that this custom took effect from October 1828, and not 1829, it was occasioned by Rajkissore Dutt's forgeries becoming public.

I received the paper marked C. upon the 23d January 1829; it has been twice at the Bank, the second time on the 26th of April 1829. It was on both occasions sent to Mr. Oxborough for examination. I know it, from having a memorandum of the fact.

I received the paper marked D; it was brought to the Bank on the 20th January 1829, and a second time the 23rd of April. It was on both those days taken to Mr. Oxborough for examination by Seeboo Podar, saw it after it came from Mr. Oxborough upon both occasions. (Here Mr. Smout produced several papers from the office of the clerk of the crown.) I received the paper marked F on the 24th April 1829, it was sent to Mr. Oxborough by Motormohun Dol, for examination and was brought back to me the same day. When the paper went from me it had not the letters W. Q. upon it, but when I received it back it had; these letters are the initials of Mr. Oxborough.

. On the 28th April, I received eight papers amounting in all to eighty-eight thousand eight hundred rupees. Twelve papers on the 12th of the same month, amounting to one hundred and seven thousand, two hundred rupees. On the 28th March, nine papers, amounting to seventy eight thousand nine hundred rupees. On the 23d January, 1829, four papers, amounting to fifty thousand four hundred rupees, and on the 29th January five papers, amounting to fifty-two thousand eight hundred rupees.

Seehoo Dutt examined by Mr. Cleland.—I am Podar of the Bengal Bank, and on receiving directions from the cashier, I used to carry Company's paper to Mr. Oxborough for inspection. The person who gave me the papers, used to make memorandums of them in a book. When I took away papers I signed the book which was kept by *Meerchunder Ally, (memorandum book handed to the witness)* this is the book which I signed, I see the 28th March inserted in it. I took on that day to Mr. Oxborough, several papers, but I do not recollect the number. I delivered them to Mr. Oxborough. On some occasions I handed the papers personally to him, and requested him to examine them, at other times I gave them to a Peon who delivered them to him. On receiving them back from Mr. Oxborough they were considered tantamount to good paper. On the 28th of April I took papers also to Mr. Oxborough, I gave them to him at the Treasury. After I brought the papers back, I sometimes gave them to the Treasurer, and at other times to *Muddenmohun Dur or Turrachurn.*

Muddenmohun Dur examined by Mr. Dickens.—I am a Sircar of the Bengal Bank, and have carried Company's Paper to the Treasury. On the 24th of April 1829, I took twenty-one papers, and three papers, and one paper to the Treasury to Mr. Oxborough for examination. When I received them at the Bank, I signed a memorandum book. On my going to the Treasury I gave them to Mr. Oxborough who examined them in my presence and returned them to me. He was at the time in the Treasury and be compared the papers with a book.

Mr. Dorin examined by Mr. Prinsep.—I am Secretary and Treasurer of the Bank of Bengal. I have been in the situation for the last year, and acting for a year and half prior. In the beginning, of 1829, when Company's Paper was brought to the Bank, it was taken to the Native Treasurer in the first instance, and the indorsements examined; if correct he put his initials. He then entered the number of pieces, the amount and the name of the party applying; he afterwards delivered them to the Podar for the purpose of being taken to Mr. Oxborough for examination, the podar signing a memorandum of the number of pieces. The practice of sending them to Mr. Oxborough took place in October 1828, in consequence of an order received from Mr. Wood the Accountant General; this system continued until the end of September 1829. During that period it was the rule to have all paper of this description examined by Mr. Oxborough. From my own knowledge, I can only speak from March 1829. I was previous to that period Deputy Civil Auditor. I was acquainted with Mr. Oxborough; he is the Head Assistant in the Accountant General's Department. The person in the Treasury to whom reference was made relative to the correctness of Company's paper by order of the Accountant General was Mr. Oxborough. From the time I came to the Bank, Mr. Oxborough, was the examiner. His brother is an assistant in the same Department. I recollect the circumstance of doubting some of the papers, and requesting Mr. Oxborough to examine them a second time, *(seven papers were handed to the witness.)* There is some of my writing upon each of these; my signature is upon the paper marked B. I applied personally for a new note in lieu of it but was refused. I made this application about the 13th or 14th of July. I now examine the papers C and D the same indorsements appear on each; they were sent about the 14th July. I never received new notes for them. When I look them to the Treasury they were precisely in the same state they are in at present. I am sure I shewed them all to Mr. Prinsep, and I am nearly sure that I shewed them all to Mr. Holt McKenzie this was about the end of July. Mr. Mackenzie is Secretary in the Territorial Department. I went to him to ascertain whether his signature was genuine. I took them to him because I suspected they were not precisely what they should be. I also called on Mr. Prinsep to ascertain whether the notes were genuine, and I think I

MARCH, 1830,

shewed them to him. The papers I allude to are these marked F and B they were in the Bank. I think I showed them to Mr. Prinsep, who did not give any opinion about them. This paper with Mr. Molony's name on it. I shewed to Mr. McKenzie and Mr. Prinsep. Relative to the paper marked C indorsed in the name of Messrs. Boyd, Beeby and Co. I called upon one of the firm. I think it was after I was refused new paper that I saw Mr. Beeby. The signature on the back of the paper seems very like the handwriting of Mr. Beeby. I asked him whether it was his signature and he replied, as far as I recollect that it was his. I examined an indorsement on the paper marked B. the signature of Mr. Glass is on it: he was formerly Treasurer of the Bank. On the 14th of July I took the papers to the Treasury for new notes, and gave them to Mr. Morley. The whole of the papers were returned to me, but I could not obtain new notes. I pointed out myself some objections to the paper, I think upon the 9th of July, which raised suspicions, and the new notes were refused. I took one of the notes to the Accountant General's Office and shewed it to Mr. Morley, to ascertain whether it was genuine or not. Mr. Morley said he thought it genuine. The doubts of their being genuine originated with myself, I see my indorsement also on the paper marked B.

Cross-examined by the Advocate General.—I speak of the custom of the Bank from having inspected the books. Mr. Wood was President of the Bank from the time Mr. Mackenzie went up with Lord Amherst until 1829. The president of the Bank is elected from the Directors. The Bank had previously taken these papers, which I shewed to Messrs. Prinsep and Mackenzie, some of them a considerable time before I look at these five papers, they are *fac similes* the same number and amount. They all appear alike and from my knowledge of the Accountant General's Office, I do not believe all those to be genuine. I think it not possible, that they all can be genuine. Looking at the signatures, I would not take them to be forgeries but the number of *fac similes* makes them suspicious. I was for many years in the Accountant General's Office, (Looks at two other papers C and N 1, of the same amount and number and says,) in the course of business they could not regularly pass through the Treasury, but I think it is possible the signature of the Secretary might be obtained in as much as they were sent in an open box.

The forms adopted in procuring paper, is to receive a certificate from the Sub-Treasurer for money paid in, which certificate is taken to Mr. Oxborough where it is entered, and a blank form of Company's Paper filled up. The certificate must be given before the paper is drawn out. The Register, cancelled certificate and new promissory note are then examined to find if they correspond, they are afterwards taken to the Deputy Accountant General, who signs the certificate as cancelled and also signs the new promissory note. The cancelled certificate is then handed to Mr. Oxborough, and the register and new promissory note are taken to the covenanted assistant or in his absence to another covenanted officer. The note must be examined by a covenanted assistant who signs the Register and the note and the paper afterwards goes to the Secretary. I think it impossible considering all these checks that four notes *fac similes* could find their way to the Secretary. The paper No. 7, I pronounce genuine the others are false (5-6 and letter D.) The papers marked with the letter B and No. 8 and 9, are *fac similes* also. No. 9 is genuine, the other two are not. The papers marked No. 10 and letter E. are *fac similes*, they are not genuine. The paper marked No. 11 is genuine but the other marked F is false.

Mr. William Oxborough. I am head Uncovenanted Assistant in the Accountant General's Office. Mr. Morley Accountant General, is head of that Office. He has been so for about twelve months; he succeeded Mr. Wood, who had been Accountant General for about 5 years. There are employed in that office, Deputy and Sub-Accountant Generals who are Assistants all covenanted officers. At the commencement of 1829, Mr. Morley was appointed Accountant General; he had been before that Deputy and Mr. Oakes was Sub and Mr. Udny, and Mr. Fitzgerald were at different times Assistant. On Mr. Wood's retiring, Mr. Oakes became Deputy and Mr. Glass Sub-Accountant General, and Mr. Udny was appointed head Assistant. Mr. Dorin belongs to the Accountant General's Office. I receive

seven hundred rupees per month as head Uncovenanted Assistant. I register all certificates issued for promissory notes; all promissory notes that come in for division or consolidation; all Bills drawn on the Court of Directors and I superintend the General Books, accounts required for the home authorities and superintend all finance accounts and the answering of all letters relating to all accounts that come for adjustment before our office. Those accounts relate to the Public Debt. The Bengal debt amounts now to about 30 crore of rupees. There is no five per cent. remitable loan. There was a five per cent. loan opened the other day, which will be called the loan of 1829-30. That opened in 1825, is called the loan of 1825-26. That amounts to about 10 crore of rupees, I registered nearly the whole of that loan. The first part of that loan was received, half in cash and half by transfers of a former four per cent. loan; the rest was received by subscriptions all throughout India and Princes of Wales' Island, and also at the Treasury here. When money was received, the party receiving granted a certificate in the terms of the loan which entitled the holder to receive a note on presenting it at the office of the Accountant General.

The Collectors, Residents, Paymasters and all officers in charge of Public Treasuries were authorized to grant certificates as well as the Treasury at Madras and Bombay. I mean all those who had accounts with the Company; these Officers were all Servants of the Company. The certificates were received in the Office of the Accountant General and have been registered, but some are still out, for which no notes have been granted. When the certificate comes from the Sub-Treasurer's Office to the Accountant General's Office, it is registered by me and marked off in the Sub-Treasurer's Book which accompanies it, by affixing the number of the note as registered in our registry against entry in that Book. I receive it through the head of the natives who make out the Promissory notes, I then register it in the General Registry. It then goes back to the same person who has a promissory note made out, agreeable to the registry and the certificate. I make the mark in the Book of the Sub-Accountant before the note has been examined by the second Assistant, my brother. When the certificate first arrives it is taken into the inner room to Ramchunder Roy who signs a receipt for it which goes back to the Sub-Treasurer's Office. The certificate is brought to me with the General Registry of our Office, kept in my hand writing. I enter the certificate in that Book. It then returns into the same room and is then handed to Ramchunder Roy to prepare a note, who has a note prepared according to the Registry. The Sub-Treasurer's Registry, the certificate with the General Registry and the note, then come to me again and I mark the number of our Registry in red ink, in the Sub-Treasurer's Registry. The whole then goes back to the same room and up to this stage of the proceeding there is no signature of any officer of Government on the note. The certificate is then cancelled by the word "cancelled" being written on the certificate by Ramchunder or one of his establishment, with the number of the note granted. The certificate, with the note and General Registry then goes to be examined by the second assistant, my brother, to see that they all agree. After his examination he puts his initials to the cancelled certificate, and all are returned to the same room; he does not put any mark upon the note. When a certain number of notes are ready for signature, they are sent up with the Sub-Treasurer's register, and the certificates to the Deputy or Sub-Accountant General. His duty is to examine and see that they all agree, and then to sign the promissory note as having examined it, and affix his name to the cancelled certificate. All are then returned down again by Nundoololl into the same room; he has been in the habit of carrying them for these 15 or 16 years to my knowledge. The General Registry and the notes are sent up to the Head Covenanted Assistant, who sees that they agree, and if so, puts his initials on the Registry, and then signs the promissory notes. They then come down to the same office; then the notes are put into a box, and sent for signature to the Secretary; the Registry does not accompany them. It is the duty of the native assistant to take the notes out of the books, put them in the box and let me know when they are going to the Secretary. I generally desire the Dufferry to call a peon, who takes them to the Secretary to Government in the Territorial Department. It has been usual for the Secretary to sign securities of this kind since about 1793. I send

them for signature to that gentleman as such is the custom of the office. Mr. Molloy was Deputy Secretary, and when acting for Mr. Mackenzie signed notes, as did Mr. H. T. Prinsep. The regular Secretary now is Mr. H. Mackenzie. The box with the papers was sent to the Office of the Territorial Secretary; either Nundoolol or Ramchunder Roy placed the papers in the box. I did not examine the notes when sent; they were sent in quantities, seldom singly; perhaps one or two hundred were sent at a time, sometimes even as few as six papers. There was no precaution taken as to the contents of these boxes; they were not secured in any way. No communication was made to the Secretary as to the number of papers sent for signature. The Secretaries had no way of ascertaining the genuineness of the paper except from the signatures of the officers at the Accountant General's Office nor did any memorandum accompany the papers except when papers were urgently required, when a note to that effect has accompanied them which did not specify the numbers or the sum. I used generally to send a peon over to the Secretary's Office, and if the papers were signed he brought them back either to me or my brother. They were generally taken out before me and placed upon my table where they were kept, or in a chest, till the persons who claimed them call, when my brother generally delivered them to the different individuals. A component Note is a subdivision of another note, our Registry is called a component Registry though in truth it is a consolidation. When a note comes in for subdivision it comes to me and goes through the same process as a new note, except that the promissory note is cancelled instead of the certificate and our registry used instead of the Sub-Accountant's. When notes are to be consolidated, they are brought to me, and entered in a component Registry and then go through the same process, except that more notes than one are cancelled. If a note is renewed, it does not come to me, but the Registry is altered to the name of the person, in whose name it is renewed. The Deputy or Sub-Accountant General know that the alteration is made, and signs it. If a person wants interest by Bills on the Court of Directors, the note is brought to me then handed to the person, Bhooben Mitter, who draws out the Bills, when the Bills are made out they are brought to me and if I see the notes correct, I register the number and name of the person claiming, and the interest he is entitled to receive. Previous to this they go to the check registry office, to see that the periods for which interest is due, are actually due. They are then marked off in the check registry against their respective number, and the period of which interest is due, and they are then brought back. If the interest has not been paid, the notes are returned to Bhooben Mitter and the Bills having been made out in triplicate, are examined by three examiners, Blechington, Galloway and Christiansa, to see that they agree with my registry when they are sent up to the Deputy Accountant General with the registry of Bills, and he signs as having examined them. He signs the Bills as having examined them and puts his initials under the receipt for interest on the back of the paper. They are then brought down and the Bills are sent to the Secretary. When a paper is first brought in for this purpose, no other examination takes place other than what appears from the check registry, which only shows that interest is due upon that note. The native endorsements are examined by the native, Bhooben Mitter, the others by me, and I calculate the interest. It is the duty of the Deputy Accountant General to see, that the notes are genuine. I always satisfy myself of the genuineness of a note before I calculate the interest.

The Bills were sent to the office of the Secretary precisely in the same way as the notes were. I generally received the Bills when returned from the Secretary. They are generally sent in the same box as the new note. Looks at B C D E and F. I have seen these papers before, when I certified these I believed them genuine, they bear my initials of examination. Looked at B. I examined this on the 28th March, and again on the 29th July 1829. Looks at C this has been before me twice on the 23d Jan. and again on the 28th of April 1829. D. This has been thrice examined by me on 4th November 1828, 20th Jan. and 28th April 1829. E appears to have been five times before me; on 22d May 1828, 9th January, 9th April, and 13th July 1829. F has got my mark 24th April 1829; it has been once before me. I have been in the Accountant General's office 16 years. Since 1824, if a person wanted to be satisfied of the genuineness of a note he might apply to me. My orders to that effect were verbal from the Accountant General.

To Mr. Pearson. By the virtue of my oath my orders were not in writing. Mr. Wood has given me verbal orders and written to me at times to examine such and such paper. I know there was an authority to Mr. Wood on the subject in writing under which I conceive the Accountant General issued his orders to me. There was a copy of a letter from Government to the Accountant General hung up in my office. I received my orders from the Accountant General long before that was affixed in my office.

To Mr. Compton.—I examined papers for the purpose of ascertaining whether they were genuine or not, under the verbal orders I received from the Accountant General Mr. Wood in 1824. I have received notes from him with papers for my examination. With the exception of my brother I know of no person employed to certify papers. The heads of office have invariably sent papers, when forwarded to them for examination to me. After I had received orders from Mr. Wood, I think in September 1824, for the first 15 months, I examined 14 or 15 papers per month. I received a fee of one rupee for each paper examined, from the person who brought it for examination. Before I received the order I speak of, I have examined paper but never affixed my signature. I never examined any unless when sent to me with a direction to examine them from Mr. Wood; those were papers sent in to him for examination. The fees subsequent to the 15 months and down to July last amounted to 46 rupees a month, exclusive of what I received from the Bank. I received hundred a month from the Bank from Oct. 1828 to Sept. 1829. That arrangement was made with the Accountant General. Before that I believe paper had not been sent to me from the Bank. I believe in Oct. 1828 there was a forgery of paper discovered; since when enquiries as to the validity of paper became more frequent. The arrangement as to the Bank was first communicated to my brother as I was sick at the time. I should suppose that arrangement was known to all my superiors in Office; it was known to them that I received a fee of one rupee for examining notes. In pursuance of the regulation I have spoken of, I received a fee of a hundred rupees a month from the Bank up to the 30th of Sept. last. I have examined notes sent to me from the Bank frequently, sometimes one, sometimes two, sometimes ten at a time. They were brought to me by the Podars of the Bank. I kept no memorandum of the numbers of the notes.

On the 20th January 1829, I examined 14 notes which were sent to me from the Bank; on the 23d Jan. 29 notes; on the 28th March 17; on the 9th April 29; on the 24th April 26; on the 28th April 16; on the 9th July 18.

Looks at B C D E and F. These are some of the notes sent to me on those occasions from the Bank for the purpose of examination, and when I fixed my signature to them, I believed them to be genuine. I returned them to the Bank as good notes. I always looked more particularly as to signatures than to any thing else as I was perfectly acquainted with them. I had abundant experience in them. If I had seen those notes with the signatures of the officers of the Treasury only on them put in the box for the signature of the Secretary, I should have considered them good. I considered the signatures of the officers quite sufficient to have passed them. If it had been my duty to affix my signature to them, I should have had no hesitation to have done so, looking at the signatures of the officers. The Secretary to Government and the Accountant General prepare the form of the notes when a loan is opened and the Accountant General directs me to have it printed off. The notes are generally printed off 500 at a time; we sometimes send for a 1000, when the demand is heavy. It is the duty of the Deputy Accountant General to sign the indent for the notes upon the superintendent of the Press. They are brought from the Press by a Peon and reckoned by a Duffory and Ramchunder Roy by whom they are kept. He keeps an account of the expenditure of them which is checked by an account kept by one of my accountants, a native.

Cross-examined.—I have the general superintendence of the Books and it is upon my balancing that they are signed by the Accountant General. I have the keeping of the Registry. When I examined a paper to see whether genuine, I examined the Registry to see if the signatures there agreed with those on the note; I also looked to see whether the signatures were correct. I ascertained the accuracy

of a signature from its general appearance. This is the paper which was affixed in my office for some years in the room in which I sit myself: It was affixed in my office in the same way as other papers relating to loans; not in a very conspicuous situation. It might be seen by any person who come into my room. I have read it myself. I considered that when the notes were sent down from the Accountant General, as the word used were "for examination," that it was for the purpose of ascertaining whether or not they were good. I put that construction upon the word from communications. I had with Mr. Wood and his frequently writing to me "have these papers examined," and his calling me up to do so. Since these forgeries have been discovered I have looked much to the printing of these papers. I look at this F and with the knowledge I have of the matter, I should with the names of the officers of Government attached to it, have thought it fit to be sent to the Secretary. I look at the word "until" that might have escaped me. If I saw it I should have compared it with other papers. From other circumstances I should now say it is not good, but looking at the signatures alone I should say it was genuine. I say the same as to E in every respect. I say the same of B C D.

Mr. Pearson was here proceeding to put into the hands of the witness genuine and forged papers in discriminately to which Mr. Compton objected. Objection overruled.

Mr. Compton wished the Clerk of the papers to take down his objection in case of an appeal.

Sir E. Ryan said that it would appear from the notes of the Judges.

Mr. Cleland said it had been the practice of the Court for the Clerk to take down the objection.

Sir E. Ryan said he knew it had but it was irregular and as long as he sat in Court he would not permit it.

Mr. Osborough looked a number of papers and distinguished those that were genuine from those not genuine. I never knew a note delivered without the money having been paid for it. I never knew of Duplicates or Triplicates of forgeries in the box; if such had been there I should have discovered them. The signatures are in the usual style of the writers; that of the Secretary is as likely to be a forgery as any of the rest.

Goonopersaud Goss examined by Mr. Prinsep.---I am head native accountant in the Bank, I have been so since 1814. I know Rajkissore Dutt and his handwriting. The note which has now been handed to me marked with the letter B is indorsed by him. I have no doubt it is his handwriting. This second paper marked D is also indorsed by him. The paper F is indorsed in the handwriting of Rajah Buddinauth Roy, I believe it is his handwriting; the second indorsement is that of Rajkissore Dutt. This note is for 28,000 rupees. The paper marked B has also three indorsements in the handwriting of Rajkissore Dutt No. 1498, 25 and 26, nine thousand and four hundred rupees.

Mr. Compton here applied to the Bench for leave to strike out all the indorsements, except the first upon one particular note as he was unable to prove some of the signatures.

The Advocate General opposed this, and in support of his argument quoted from a recent publication published by Danson and Lloyd, page 132, headed "Bill of Exchange Indorsement," by which it appeared that if the first indorsement was in blank, the subsequent indorsements were special and limited. The learned Advocate quoted many other cases to prove, that the plaintiff must prove a title before the indorsements could be struck out.

Sir E. Ryan observed that there could be no doubt upon the subject, and indorsement in blank entitled the bearer to payment. His Lordship quoted several cases in support of his observation.

Examination continued.---I do not know any person of the name of Juggerchunder Roy.

Dwarkanauth Tagore examined.---I know Juggerchunder Roy; his name is on this paper. The writing on paper marked B is that of Rajkissore Dutt, (another paper shewn to witness.) This is the handwriting of Raja Buddinauth Roy. This other paper was indorsed by Rajkissore Dutt; his name appears three times on the paper. I know Mr. Glass; this is his hand writing on the paper marked B.

Court Adjourned.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1830.

CASE FOR THE DEFENCE.

The *Advocate General* in commencing his address said, that the case had been opened by his learned friend in a manner which left his clients nothing to complain of, for assuredly, a speech more clear in the detail of facts, and more learned in all points of law, it had never been his lot to hear; but he hoped he should be able to show that those points of law were inapplicable to the present case, and the sincerity of his observations were not to be questioned, because he thus differed with his learned friend, who had done all he could for his clients, but more than even he could do, was necessary to make out a case for the Bengal Bank. His learned friend had found fault with him for taking objections of a captious nature, but whether he appeared on behalf of the Company or any other client, he felt it was his duty to avail himself of every proper objection both in point of law, and as to merits; trifling details of practice in the present instance he should throw aside, if he met but with equal candor, and to convince his friend of the truth of this, he would at once tell him that he held in his hand a *NON-SUIT*. When his Lordship saw no less an array than four learned gentlemen on the opposite side, he was sure he would not now permit them to call fresh witnesses in support of a tottering cause. His learned friend had said that it was an action of assumpsit for interest due on promissory notes, which interest the defendants promised to pay to certain persons or their order at the General Treasury in Fort William. Had such a demand, he asked, been made? had it been proved? no. Then if he were the advocate of a private individual he would at once claim a *Non-suit* at his Lordship's hands; but he would be willing to act for the Government in a manner that he would not act for an individual; he would willingly waive the *Non-suit*, if his friend would undertake to waive any objection he had to the evidence he intended to call and thus give the case a full and clear investigation. He would wait his friend's reply.

Mr. Pearson here sat down for a few moments and then rose and said, my Lord, my friend does not reply, I can therefore proceed no further.

Sir E. Ryan said, there certainly was no proof of demand, he was inclined to think it necessary and he felt surprised the case should have closed without any.

His Lordship here suggested the propriety of *Mr. Pearson's* proceeding in his case reserving the point of law.

Mr. Pearson, said he did not complain of his friend's making use of what he had said relative to the objections he, *Mr. Pearson*, had stated it was his intention to take, but he thought he had some right to complain, that his friend had not stated fully what accompanied it—his willingness to waive all technical objection, if his friend abandoned his objections to the evidence he might call to prove these papers forgeries. He was surprised his friend, who appeared for a public body, should find fault with any evidence he should wish to call, and yet he objected to the fullest investigation. He had said much of public faith; that the character of Government was implicated and that a breach of faith on its part, struck at its stability. Now he, *Mr. Pearson*, did not agree that it was so materially involved in the present question, but sure he was that the Government would be obliged to his learned friend for his care and solicitude for their welfare. They had used him well, and he assuredly had deserved it, and he, *Mr. Pearson*, was confident, the head of that Government would be grateful and would not fail to thank him in a manner which

he, Mr. Pearson, would not undervalue by anticipating it. He would however tell his learned friend, that in his opinion there was no danger. The British power in India had been frequently assailed both from without and within but it had withstood every attack, and frustrated every attempt, by arms without, by wisdom within, and he believed it would not be now ruined nor swept out of India, though so heavy a calamity should happen as a nonsuit. But what did his learned friend mean when he talked about the public being satisfied? yet such was the language he used in a public Court. Was he afraid that his speech would not be sufficiently long, or was he seeking popularity or anxious to excite? why did he introduce extraneous matter? A jury which could be prejudiced for the sake of popularity was, thank God, now a days seldom heard of, and a judge of the kind, was an anomaly for which there was no name. He would not follow his learned friend in such a strain for when he entered the Court, he felt it was his duty to speak for his clients alone, and only to the Court and he was trusted the public would be fully satisfied, as they always should be, with the verdict of the Court or of an honest jury whatsoever it might be.

His friend had divided his arguments into fact and law and the facts into two points, first, contending on the one hand that the papers were genuine; secondly, if not, on the other hand that the East India Company were bound to pay them in consequence of Mr. Oxborough's acknowledgment, if his signatures were valid. In order to show that the signatures on the papers were genuine, his learned friend had called two or three witnesses. First Seboodut who said he had taken the papers from the native treasurer to Mr. Oxborough, who examined them in his presence, and also Mr. Dorin who had given very clear testimony. From the evidence of that gentleman it appeared that there were various checks in the several departments of the Treasury through which paper passed; those checks were on his lordship's notes and he would not trouble him with a repetition, but the result of his evidence was, that more than one of these papers could not have regularly passed through that office and if that gentleman were not present, he Mr. Pearson, should express himself warmly as to the truth of his statements and the judgment he had exhibited in coming to that conclusion.

Sir E. Ryan here remarked, that he considered the subject of forgery of little consequence; what the Advocate General had to get rid of was, the question of agency, for if the plaintiffs took the papers upon the acknowledgment of the defendant's agent that they were good, the defendants were bound, and in common sense, in common honesty and in common law the plaintiffs were entitled to recover; but if Mr. Oxborough was not an authorised agent, then there was at once an end of the case.

Mr. Pearson said that before he sat down, he thought he should be able to show his Lordship the importance, and even though he knew the power of his learned friend in reply and should give him that advantage, he felt he should be deviating from the proper course, and not doing his duty to his clients, if he did not produce evidence to show that the papers were forgeries; his learned friend wishing to show them to be genuine had called no witnesses as to hand writing. From the evidence of Mr. Dorin it appeared, that these papers were not genuine and though Mr. Oxborough had admitted his signature to them, he did not hesitate to say that they were forgeries. He, Mr. Pearson, meant to insist upon his right to have these documents read and put upon record, if only in case of an appeal, that they might be laid before the Lords of the Council, and he trusted he would hear of no further objections from his learned friend, for to prevent his putting them in, came with very bad grace from one who had taunted him with unwillingness.

Sir E. Ryan here suggested, that the only question was the fact of agency. If Mr. Pearson got rid of that, there was no case as the Plaintiffs had not proved the validity of the paper or the hand writing of the framer.

Mr. Pearson said if such was his Lordship's opinion, it would in some degree shorten the case and he should not trouble the Court by calling all the evidence he had intended and this would enable his Lordship to dispose of it sooner than he expected, however, otherwise it would have been his duty to produce that individual,

Dwarkanath Mitre who would acknowledge having himself forged the papers. With reference to that person, his friend had observed upon the extraordinary exhibition such an individual would make and said it was the first, and he hoped it would be the last time, he should hear of such an odious character being put into the witness box and he absolutely threatened, that if such a step were taken, he should be prosecuted. But it was not the first time he, Mr. Pearson, had seen a felon brought up as a witness in a civil case in a Court of Justice, but it was the very first time that he had heard a hint thrown out by counsel, that if evidence was given, prosecution would follow; it was reserved for the Bank of Bengal and his learned friend to hold out such threats.

His learned friend had used harsh words when speaking of Dwarkanath Mitre, for whose character he, Mr. Pearson, had no great estimation, but notwithstanding such language he should have called him. Mr. Compton had branded him a villain, a wretch, a miscreant and he would not quarrel with him for those expressions, but he should remember the old adage, "hard words produce no injury," or in homelier terms "break no bones"; he was welcome to use such language, but notwithstanding he Mr. Pearson would sit down in the most imperturbable composure. But he could not help remarking upon observations of his friend, when he said, there could be no doubt the endorsements were in the hand-writing of Raja Buddenauth Roy; that he, Mr. Pearson, admitted, but he could not help recollecting the argument of his friend on a former trial when he took such pains and laboured for hours to prove that they were not genuine. Did he forged, that he the said they were forged by this same Dwarkanath Mitre? He Mr. Pearson ought not perhaps to quarrel with his friend about inconsistency in an advocate, he was aware that they had always to make the best of a cause and perhaps those who dwell in glass houses should not throw stones. He did not forget the remark of as ingenious a counsel as it had ever been his lot to hear about the harlotry of his profession, but he could not forget the want of modesty in his friend; had he no regard for the jury he lectured for hours?

Mr. Pearson said, as to the matter now in question, the agency of Mr. Oxborough, it rested upon extraordinary evidence. That gentleman had said, that he had no authority in writing for the examination of the paper and all rested upon that expression. There was an authority hung up in his office, authorising a search of the Registry, but he said Mr. Wood had given him authority verbally and by notes, but no authority in writing specifically addressed to himself. He Mr. Pearson did not stand in court to repudiate that testimony but it was his duty to comment upon the evidence and did not that answer he would ask? preclude the possibility of his showing the reverse? did it not show the unwillingness of Mr. Oxborough to give a plain answer. He, Mr. Pearson, imputed nothing; his words bore a plain meaning. It was the object of Mr. Oxborough to bear himself clear from blame; to show that he did not take upon himself more authority than he was authorised to take; such was no doubt the nature of man. But from whom did he receive the authority? From Mr. Morley? No, no, but from Mr. Wood; he charged a man who was absent in England and could not defend himself; he charged Mr. Wood who was 16,000 miles from Calcutta, and who would not hear of the present proceedings till they were forgotten in India.

Mr. Oxborough said he kept the Registers and examined papers previous to the authority being hung up in his office, so it was clear that such authority was only a modification of a pre-existing usage; but Mr. Oxborough understood, that the instructions of Mr. Wood authorised him to examine papers and certify their authenticity. That person had never said the words used by Mr. Wood went further than "for examination" and then for the sake of vindication, he had put upon those words an interpretation which they did not bear. Construction his learned friend well knew was not evidence; the words used were for the Court and the jury to decide upon, for if otherwise the witness would be putting himself in the situation of both. Why he would ask were not the notes which accompanied the papers from Mr. Wood produced? Who communicated those messengers? why were they not produced? They might have given evidence quite different to that of Mr. Oxborough. Could

his Lordship, he asked, believe? that it was the intention of the Government to authorize Mr. Oxborough to give an opinion as to the truth or not of their papers; that they intended he should declare upon their responsibility; as to looking at his former evidence the innumerable checks of office and the signatures of the gentlemen at the Treasury and afterwards the signature of the Secretary were they to be considered as useless. Could it be supposed, that they would allow all their papers to lay at his mercy? that all the machinery connected with this system should be overset at once by an uncovenanted servant? That the Government would invest forsooth in an individual like Mr. Oxborough, who his Lordship had seen in the witness box, not remarkable for acuteness, all the responsibility of the Treasury department? Could such an absurdity be for a moment credited?

Mr. Pearson said that a fee of one rupee was paid indiscriminately for all papers and he would here state that he was not going into the law of insurance but endeavouring to ascertain the intention of the parties, and could any one he asked, believe? that for one rupee the defendants would undertake to certify paper of one hundred or one thousand; from a hundred to a hundred thousand rupees, indiscriminately.

His learned friend was shortly to return to England where he wished to God it was in his power to go and when he deposited his well earned hoards with his Banker, let him said Mr. Pearson tell him of the existence of a company, who for two shillings undertake indiscriminate to certify the validity of a paper of one hundred or one hundred thousand pounds and he will not be credited. If such a company did exist they would be fitter for another place.

Your Lordship, said Mr. Pearson, has said, that these papers are not proved to be genuine, so they must be considered as false. What then, he asked, was the form of action brought? for though he would refrain in a case like the present from taking advantage of technical objections, yet he felt he would be betraying the interests of his clients, if he did not avail himself of that which arose out of a fair construction of law. It was he said an action of Assumpsit, and Assumpsit required consideration to be shown, so taking it for granted that the notes were forgeries, that the signatures of the Secretary were forged by some person not connected with the Company, there was a variance in each count which became fatal, for the plaintiffs undertook to show, that they were genuine but if false no consideration could have been given for them and his Lordship, he said, would see the bearing of this remark, for he, Mr. Pearson, would contend that these papers were different from Bills of Exchange.

Mr. Pearson said that he would prove, that it was the custom of persons to send in their papers to the Treasury for examination. Mr. Oxborough had said, to ascertain their validity but he, Mr. Pearson, said, to see whether or not they were correctly registered. Such examination gave the holder the advantage of seeing, that the notes he held had been correctly issued; that there were papers of the same numbers, and amounts in existence, and was not that he would ask, security worth one rupee? But it did not pledge the Government to more than that such papers had been issued from the Accountant General's Office. Mr. Oxborough had said, that previous to the order for examination, applications to him were not so numerous, but he, Mr. Pearson, had evidence to show, that they were found too numerous and the fee of a rupee, which was not paid to the defendants, but to Mr. Oxborough, was only fixed, that the time of the latter should not be engaged when he could be otherwise employed. In consequence of that fee his wages were not reduced, and was it, he would ask, likely? the Government would take upon themselves such a responsibility without any consideration and they could not have taken such a step as to entrust one of their inferior officers and such an officer, with the charge of all the papers in the Treasury.

Mr. Pearson said, he now came to the authority given to Mr. Oxborough.

Mr. Wood's letter to the Governor General in Council was here read, advising the establishment of a fee of one rupee for comparing each paper with the Registry as an equivalent for Mr. Oxborough's trouble. The answer of the Governor General in Council was also read complying with Mr. Wood's request.

Such Mr. Pearson said was the authority given and no more, and Mr. Oxborough, knew of its existence when he undertook to say, he acted under no written authority, and he found on the back of it another letter composed by Mr. Oxborough and declining to search the register because the fee of one rupee had been annulled; but it was immaterial, for he contended that even the Accountant General had no right to verify paper in such a way. He would show that no change was made in the wages of Mr. Oxborough; that no part of that fee went into the public Treasury; that Government paper was invariably signed by the Secretaries to Government, whether Bills of Exchange or Promissory Notes.

Mr. Pearson said, he now came to the law as cited by his friend and the cases he had quoted, but they all referred to Bills of Exchange, and the acknowledgment of the acceptance by a person or one authorized as agent.

Sir E. Ryan. The principle is the same.

Mr. Pearson did not think that in all cases it was the same, for a Bill of Exchange could be accepted by parole but a note could not be so made. So the writing on a note could not be considered in the same light as a new indorsement on a Bill of Exchange.

Mr. Pearson here cited authorities in support of his view of the law and concluded by observing that no act which Mr. Oxborough could do would go to the extent of making a fresh acceptance.

He next came to the part of his learned friend's argument as to general and special agency which he had gone in to very minutely. He must say a great part of it was gratuitous. If, said Mr. Compton, "my servant takes my horse to the fair or my cook goes into the market to purchase provision, I am bound by their acts." This he said might be the case if they acted in their proper capacities, but he, Mr. Pearson, would put a case more analogous. If his cook took his horse to the fair or his groom went into the market, or the sweeper of his banking house should presume to accept Bills, would he, Mr. Pearson, be held responsible? The order to examine the Registry was in English and the parties had nothing to do but open their eyes and see the authority of this person. The Bank of Bengal he presumed could read English, he meant the individuals who composed it, not the corporation, for in law it had neither eyes nor conscience and it would seem so from the measures adopted by his learned friend. Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Wood had been Presidents of the Directors and if they could have read their own charter they could also have read the direction of the Governor General in Council, and then they would at once have seen the authority under which Mr. Oxborough acted. What then he asked became of all the hardships of which his learned friend had complained of? Let him not, said he, speak of the hardships that may accrue to natives, for there are no natives in the present case and sufficient for the day is the evil. His friend had cited Mr. Pailie but he Mr. Pailie, said, they ought to have enquired, so said he, Mr. Pearson, and so said the law.

His friend he said had argued the present case as a question between two private Banks or individuals, but he thought there was a vast difference, for he forgot that the Company stands in two characters; that by Parliament it has not only been invested with the character of a Trading Company but also of Sovereigns of a vast empire. If private stock companies, assembled by their own voluntary will, or a private establishment should come to ruin, it would be no very heavy loss in the great mass of the public, but it was different with the East India Company. The Government it was true was delegated, but the sovereignty rested with the King, and the Parliament of England occasionally interfered to regulate their proceedings.

The learned Advocate here cited passages from the Company's charter relating to the debt of the East India Company; the appropriation of the Revenue and the manner in which Company's paper was to be issued and executed.

Mr. Pearson said that in conformity with these regulations the papers under consideration, which did not relate to any private company or commercial speculation, but to the debt of the East India Company, were signed by the Secretaries and by order of the Governor General in Council, in conformity with the law as he

had just now stated it. Where he asked was the authority of the deputy or uncovenanted servant? how he would ask could his learned friend substitute Mr. Oxborough for one of the Secretaries? Would he not be equally justified in giving the authority to his groom or cook as to suppose Mr. Oxborough could be substituted for one of the Secretaries of Government. Had Mr. Oxborough the power to draw a note of this kind or issue any of the Company's paper? he would contend he had not. If he could not draw a fresh paper, he could not recognize its validity; but if such an authority did exist, how could it be exercised to make a forgery a valid instrument.

He asked his Lordship not to confound these papers with Bills of Exchange, and in the cases cited he would find, that the ground on which they were decided was, that where persons recognized the validity of a paper, to decide in any other way would be to cripple the interests of commerce. Admitting what he, Mr. Pearson, disputed, the whole extent of all his learned friend was ready to wish for, he asked had the Government power to transfer its authority to Mr. Oxborough? The public revenue was appropriated to pay the public debt and Company's paper could not be compared to any private transaction, for it was public security. He could not dispute that East India Company were a commercial body, but they had also another character; they were the government of a great country, recognized by the King and Parliament of Great Britain. They had been driven into extensive wars and could not support them without contracting a great debt. The revenue had been specifically apportioned to certain purposes, one of which was the liquidation of that debt from whence Mr. Oxborough or Mr. Oxborough's superiors could not divert it, nor even could the Governor General in Council divert it from the channel to which it had been appropriated by the Statutes. If he did, he should say, he was exceeding his powers.

Mr. Pearson said he had now done, and his Lordship would observe the grounds upon which he went. He did not go into any proof of the forgeries and as he had not troubled his learned friend with the evidence of the informer, Dwarkenath Mittre, the wretch, the villain of whom he had spoken in not very measured language, he hoped he would now spare and not prosecute him. He had endeavoured to urge a distinction between Bills of Exchange and these Notes but he feared with no great effect and that no parole acknowledgment could make a person liable upon a Note. He had stated that the papers in question were a part of the public debt and not any part of the Commercial transactions of the Company, and that they could not be made without an order from the Governor General in Council, and required the signature of the Secretary, and that even the recognition of the Secretary would not be binding. But his friend had said that the recognition of Mr. Oxborough was binding, that he was the representative of the East India Company. What! Mr. Oxborough; the person his Lordship had seen in the witnesses box, the representative of the Government who swayed 100,000 of people!!! Could any thing be more ridiculous.

Sir Edward Ryus wished to know whether the Advocate General meant to rely upon the objection stated by Mr. Compton, that the United Company were shareholders in the Bank and so could not be sued.

Mr. Pearson said that when he did not meet with equal candor on the opposite side, he meant to rely upon every objection the law allowed him. He wondered his learned friend who had said so much for the public, did not state how many widows and orphans would suffer and appeal to the feelings of a sympathizing public on this occasion, but had the popular feeling been excited, had these persons suffered, he should have received instructions from the proper quarter and he would have acted as best suited his feelings.

Mr. Pearson here closed a very eloquent address by thanking his Lordship for the patient hearing he had given him and apologizing for the warmth of his feelings and manner of his delivery but his early habits of addressing juries, would he trusted plead his excuse.

Mr. Holt Mackenzie, examined by Mr. Cochrane. I am Secretary in the Territorial Department, in which office I have been since the year 1817. I was Secretary to

Government in June, 1824, and received about that time a letter from Mr. Wood, who was Accountant General; he was also a Director of the Bank of Bengal; he was one time President of the Bank of Bengal. I think he had been such from August 1826, to the period of his going home in January 1829. I know his signature. The Paper now shewn me (*letter marked 15*) is signed by Mr. Wood. I received it as Territorial Secretary, (*looks at paper marked 16.*) The signature is mine, it is an answer to the letter I have just seen and is signed by me as Secretary in the Territorial Department.

Cross Examined by Mr. Compton. I am not aware of buying a Promissory Note from Rajkissore Dutt, I never sent such note for examination to Mr. Oxborough. I never purchased paper, I relied implicitly upon my *sircar*. I don't recollect sending my *sircar* to Rajkissore Dutt.

Examined by Sir Edward Ryan. I have no knowledge of any authority being vested in Mr. Oxborough to examine Company's Paper, except by inspecting the Register. I am not aware that Mr. Oxborough was in the habit of receiving a rupee for each paper he examined. I don't know that any other of the Company's Servants or Members of Council were aware of that practice. Previous to August last, and to the receipt of the letter produced, I had no knowledge that Mr. Oxborough had been in the habit of examining Paper. I am not aware whether the Governor General, or the Members of Council knew it. I cannot call to my recollection any conversation I had with Mr. Wood on the subject of the examination of Company's paper. Mr. Oxborough was employed to examine the paper: that is, that he was to see that the paper had been issued to certain parties and that the interest had been paid or not paid and in cases of transferred loan to ascertain at the application of the parties from what loan and from what parties it had been transferred. Mr. Oxborough was in the Accountant General's Office. He received his directions from the Accountant General. No written orders were ever communicated to him from Government.

Questioned by his Lordship, at the suggestion of Mr. Compton.—I was not acquainted with the fact of Mr. Oxborough's examining the Company's Paper at the time of Prawnkiassen Holdar's trial. I had been President of the Bank of Bengal before Mr. Wood's appointment.

By Mr. Compton. There is a book kept at the Bank where the orders of the President and Directors are inserted. I have looked into the Book and know what orders have been passed. (*Book handed to witness.*) This is the book. I see Mr. Wood's writing. I read this resolution or order; it bears Mr. Wood's signature. I saw it after the discovery of Rajkissore's Forgeries when it became a question at the Bank what authority Mr. Oxborough had to examine papers. Mr. Wood was Accountant General at the time. I did not know Mr. Oxborough received one hundred rupees a month for examining papers, before I saw that order. Has no doubt the order was submitted to the Directors, as he is one of them. The order might have been made out in witnesses' absence, it merely required a sufficient number of directors. It is not customary to communicate those orders to absent directors. The book lies on the table.

By the Court.—I was not aware of the order previous to Rajkissore Dutt's forgeries. (*A paper here shewn to witness.*) That is signed by the Secretary to Government. I know of an application made by the Bank to Government on the subject of being refused renewal of their notes. There was an answer returned (*paper shewn witness*) this is signed by the officiating Secretary to Government in reply to the application of the Bank.

This being the case for the defendants, Mr. Compton shortly replied when Sir Edward Ryan said, the facts were simple and he thought it better not then go into the question of law, but he would direct a verdict to be entered for the plaintiffs with liberty to the defendants to move for a Nonsuit.

MEETING OF THE CREDITORS OF MESSRS. PALMER AND CO.

[FROM THE BENGAL HURKARU AND CHRONICLE.]

A Meeting of the Creditors of the firm of PALMER AND Co. was held at their office, on Saturday, (the 13th Feb.) at noon, pursuant to public invitation from the partners. SIR CHARLES METCALFE, Bart. having taken the chair at the unanimous request of the Meeting.

MR. PALMER stated the object of assembling the Creditors of the firm, and drew attention to the proceedings at a former meeting of the principal native Creditors which took place on the 31st ult. at which they had expressed their willingness to allow six years for the discharge of all claims in full, with 5 per cent. per annum interest.

It had however, on careful consideration and examination of the affairs of the concern, been considered impracticable to effect the liquidation of the debts of the firm under eight years, and the principal object of this meeting was to ascertain if the Creditors were disposed to allow that term. If they were he would most cheerfully devote himself to the accomplishment of that arrangement and he hoped that, although he was now upwards of 63 years of age and could not expect to live many years longer, he might be spared until he had discharged every claim against the firm.

MR. PALMER added, that he individually laboured under a heavier and more distressing responsibility than his partners, in as much as he, in his capacity of Trustee and Executor to a great many estates was personally responsible for their funds which he had placed in the House and for the recovery of which he was anxious to devote the remainder of his life.

MR. G. A. PRINSEP seconded Mr. Palmer's proposition and expressed his desire also entirely to devote himself to the interests of the Creditors.

Colonel GALLOWAY regretted that he could not agree with Mr. Palmer in his view of the practicability of paying the debts of the firm, in full, in eight years. The meeting must be aware of the difficulties that would attend the efforts of insolvents, however anxious they might be to accomplish so desirable an object. The firm being insolvent, its property belonged to the creditors, and was in the possession of Trustees for their benefit, and until they were solvent, or in other words able to pay all demands against them, they could not act in their own behalf, or make any successful effort for the benefit of their creditors. He thought the most advisable method would be for the creditors at once to give up much a portion of their claims on the house as would make it solvent. As an assignee of the estate he had had ample means of acquainting himself with the state of its affairs, he had accordingly with a view to this proposition, made calculations which enabled him to say, that if the Creditors would give up 25 per cent. or 4 annas in the Rupee it would make the firm solvent and enable it to pay the remaining 75 per cent. in seven years with five per cent. interest. The question appeared to him to be simply whether the Creditors (of which Col. G. is one of the greatest) will at once give up 4 annas in the Rupee, in the well founded expectation of receiving the remaining 12 annas, in the manner proposed, or whether by their refusal they will keep the firm in a state of insolvency, under the management of the Court with no prospect of realizing even eight annas in the Rupee.

Colonel GALLOWAY proceeded to substantiate his view of the affairs of Messrs. Palmer and Co. by reading from a paper of calculations he had made, the details of his plan, from which we could only collect the following particulars, as the statement was long, and extracts merely from it read to the meeting.

The debts of the firm appeared to be.....	Sa. Ra.	2,50,00,000
Proposed to deduct $\frac{1}{4}$ or.....		62,50,000

1,87,50,000

upon which sum interest to be paid at the rate of 5 per cent. or per annum 9,37,000

It was expected, that 10 per cent. might be realized on good debts (estimated at 1,92,00,000 and 2 per cent. in commissions, which would give an annual income of 23,04,000.

With respect to security, he thought the creditors would be well protected by the moral security, they would possess, from the confidence they reposed in the members of the firm; and by unshackling their hands and relieving them from their present difficulties by giving up 25 per cent. of their claims.

Colonel GALLOWAY concluded by moving a resolution to the effect that the Creditors were disposed to concede 25 per cent. of their claims should that amount be found

necessary to place them in solvent circumstances and to wait 7 years for the remaining 75 per cent.—receiving in the mean time interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

This motion having been seconded by Brigadier Tombs, was carried by a large majority.

Mr. G. A. PRINSEP begged to explain that, as it appeared from the details of Col. Galloway's proposition that there would be a surplus at the end of the seven years after paying 75 per cent. with interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum—neither himself nor his colleagues wished to derive any benefit from such surplus—their sole desire was to labour for the benefit of the creditors and not for their own individual advantage.

Colonel GALLOWAY, explained that the 25 per cent. deduction was only proposed in the event of that amount being necessary to place the firm in solvent circumstances and that if less was sufficient for the purpose and there remained a surplus, he, as an assignee and creditor would take care that it was appropriated to the benefit of the creditors.

Mr. PALMER begged it to be understood that there was no impatience of restraint on the part of himself or his partners. He considered the property in assignment more secure than in the hands of the members of the firm, he was desirous that the salutary control of the assignees over the property of the estate should continue until the sole object of his anxiety—the payment of the debts of the concern was accomplished. There might be, there certainly was, an objection to the great number of assignees, as it was difficult and occasioned much delay to get the sanction of so many persons to the necessary forms for transferring paper, giving powers, &c. this was however the only objection he thought the assignment ought to continue until all debts were discharged, although a less number of assignees than 13 might be deemed sufficient.

Much miscellaneous discussion took place. Col. Galloway's motion was considered by many, as too comprehensive and not sufficiently clear—there appeared no objection whatever on the part of the European creditors at once to relinquish the proposed 25 per cent. if it would place Messrs. Palmer and Co. in a state of solvency—the Native Gentlemen did not appear to like the proposition, principally we believe, because, they understood their own better—many were absent, and those present were desirous to consult the absent and to have another meeting—they seemed to prefer giving time and relinquishing interest, to an immediate sacrifice of 25 per cent. of the principal. It was argued however, with great justice, that many individuals depended entirely upon the interest and had not desired and were not disposed to touch the principal; to them an abandonment of the interest would be an abandonment of the present means of existence in exchange for a remote advantage.

Mr. DICKENS stated that it was not his intention to have offered to the notice of the meeting; he came merely as an assignee, with a view to ascertain the sentiments of the creditors; as however he thought the course recommended not likely to be productive of any benefit to the creditors or the insolvents, unless it was first ascertained what the Court would be likely to do, he desired to say a few words on the subject. He rejoined the meeting that the estate was in the hands of the Court, not of the creditor—that the assignees although recommended by them, were appointed by the Court and that until its disposition was known, it was useless to discuss the motion proposed by Colonel Galloway. He recommended the creditors and the insolvents to join in a Petition to the Court to the above effect—which was the first and most necessary step that could be taken.

Col. GALLOWAY explained that it was the object of another resolution which he meant to propose, to provide for the difficulty alluded to by Mr. Dickens, but he thought it necessary that the sentiments and disposition of the creditors should be first ascertained, as he thought the Court would not act upon an hypothetical proposition, whereas if the creditors petitioned the Court and stated their willingness to make the sacrifice he had recommended, he was satisfied that the Court would agree to the proposition and in fact go hand in hand with the creditors in so desirable an arrangement.

Mr. R. BROWN felt great pain in throwing cold water upon any proposition, having for its object the benefit of the creditors or the Members of the firm, but he thought it premature to ask the sanction of the creditors to the proposed measure until the opinion of the Court was ascertained; which opinion could, he thought, be easily obtained. He recommended that as the assignees were now ready to make such a report as would enable the Court to grant the relief contemplated by the insolvents—the creditors and the insolvents should jointly petition the Court—stating that they have reason to believe that if the Court would sanction the measure, the creditors would willingly make certain sacrifices—and praying the Court to authorise the assignees to carry on the several concerns of the firm as may be most beneficial for the interests of the creditors.

Colonel Young thought Colonel Galloway was mistaken as to the main point for the consideration of the meeting. The amount of sacrifice was not the real matter for discussion—to that nobody present objected, all would willingly give up 25 per cent. of their claims to secure the remaining 75 per cent. The important question was, will the Court agree under any circumstances to allow the business of this Concern to go on? The assignees were exceedingly desirous to be relieved from their very fatiguing and responsible duties and should be most glad to see the present or any similar arrangement established. He seconded Mr. Browne's proposition.

The following resolutions were then unanimously carried.

Moved by Mr. BROWNE and seconded by Colonel Young :

I.—Resolved, That in the opinion of this Meeting it is desirable that the general business of the firm should be carried on by the late partners under the superintendence of the assignees or of persons appointed by the Court until the consent of the creditors be obtained to the proposal which is about to be submitted to them for the adjustment of their claims, and that with the view of effecting this object a petition be presented to the Court by the Members of the late firm and the creditors jointly praying its sanction to the measure.

Moved by Colonel GALLOWAY and seconded by Mr. E. TROTTER :

II.—Resolved, that whereas in the present state of commercial interests, disturbed as they have been by the failure of a Firm whose concerns are of such magnitude and adverting to the time which must necessarily elapse before any Dividend can be made, it is the opinion of this meeting that it would be highly prejudicial to the interests of the creditors to proceed to immediate sales of property, especially of Indigo Factories which form a large proportion of the assets, a petition be presented by the creditors and the Insolvents to the Insolvent Court praying that the Court will be pleased to take into its consideration all circumstance affecting the property of the Insolvents with a view to authorise the postponement of sales and that such part of the funds as shall be necessary may be employed with the concurrence of the assignees in keeping up and managing the said Factories and concerns until favorable opportunities occur for gradually disposing of them.

The following Resolution was suggested on the part of the assignees to remove a technical difficulty in the recovery of debts by process of law.

III.—Resolved, That the creditors do authorise the Assignees to institute legal proceedings against all debtors to the Firm and to recover and receive the full amount of the debts due by them as per list annexed.

Moved by Mr. W. BIRD and seconded by Baboo ROOPLALL MULICK.

IV.—Resolved, That the thanks of this meeting be given to Sir Charles Matcalf for his able services in the chair.

A resolution proposed by Baboo Hurrochunder Lahory and seconded by Baboo Sibchunder Doss, to limit the number of assignees to three, was withdrawn on an explanation that its object was provided for in the first resolution.

MILITARY APPOINTMENTS, &c.

[FROM 30TH JAN. TO 19TH FEB. 1830.]

- Alexander, W. Lieutenant ; 5th Regt. Light Cavalry. Leave from 30th March to 30th Nov. on Medical certificate, to visit the Hills North of Deyrah, Feb. 15.
- Alston, W. Lieutenant ; 68th Regt. N. I. Leave from 20th Feb. to 20th May, to visit Gurrawarra, on private affairs, Feb. 9.
- Andrews, J. R. B. Lieutenant ; 52d Regt. N. I. Leave from 25th March to 25th September, on private affairs to visit the Presidency, Feb. 2.
- Andrews, Captain ; H. M.'s 44th Foot, appointed to do duty with the Depôt at Landour, Feb. 13.
- Barclay, A. Lieutenant ; 68th Regt. N. I. Leave from 11th Nov. 1829, to 28th Feb. 1830, to remain at the Presidency, Feb. 13.
- Barton, N. D. Lieutenant ; to act as Interpreter and Quarter-Master to the 6th Regt. Light Cavalry, during the absence of Lieut. Coventry, Feb. 16.
- Bean, J. D. D. Lieutenant, 23d Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th April to 15th Oct. on private affairs to visit Simlah, Feb. 2.
- Beck, J. H. Ensign ; 24th Regt. N. I. Leave from 4th March to 4th July, on private affairs, to visit the Presidency, Jan. 30.
- Beck, D. S. Ensign ; will continue to do duty with the 13th N. I. until the 31st July next, Feb. 19.
- Begbie, A. P. Lieutenant ; 3d Battalion Artillery, appointed to do duty at the Depôt, Jan. 30.
- Bellow, H. W. Offg. Depy. Asst. Quarter-Master General, Captain ; General Staff. Leave from 1st Feb. to 1st June, on urgent private affairs, to visit Dinapore and the Presidency, Feb. 16.
- Benson, W. Lieut. Inter. and Quarter-Master ; 4th Regt. of Light Cavalry, appointed to do duty at the Depôt, Jan. 30.
- Betts, E. J. Lieutenant ; 70th Regt. N. I. Leave from 30th Jan. to 13th Feb. in extension to remain at the Presidency, Jan. 30.
- Betts, E. J. Lieutenant ; 70th Regt. N. I. Leave from 13th Feb. to 13th May, in extension to enable him to rejoin, Feb. 15.
- Blenkinsop, E. Ensign ; 34th Regt. N. I. Leave from 6th Feb. to 6th Oct. to visit the Presidency on Medical certificate, Feb. 19.
- Bolton, Captain ; H. M.'s 31st Regt. of Foot ; appointed to do duty at the Depôt, Jan. 30.
- Bonham, G. W. Captain ; 40th Regt. N. I. Leave from 24th December, 1829, to 15th February, 1830, on private affairs to remain at the Presidency, Feb. 2.
- Brittridge, R. B. Lieut. and Brevet Captain, Interpreter and Quarter-Master ; 13th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th March to 15th Sept. to visit Mirzapore on private affairs, Feb. 19.
- Brodie, D. H. Ensign ; 13th Regt. N. I. Leave from 10th Feb. to 10th Aug. to visit Sylhet, Feb. 8.
- Broome, Arthur, 2d Lieutenant ; Regt. of Artillery ; Leave for six months, from the 21st November last, Feb. 13.
- Brown, C. G. B. Brigadier ; Horse Artillery. Leave from 1st May to 1st Nov. on private affairs to visit Deyrah Dhoon, Feb. 2.
- Campbell, G. Lieutenant ; 2d Brigade Horse Artillery. Leave from 1st April to 1st Oct. on private affairs, to visit Seharunpore and Mussooree, Feb. 1.
- Campbell, G. G. Surgeon ; Garrison Surgeon, Agre, Garrison Staff. Leave from 30th March to 30th Sept. to visit the Hill Provinces, near Simla, Feb. 10.
- Campbell, T. Mck. Lieut. and Brevet Capt. Regt. 29th N. I. Leave from 15th May to 15th July, on private affairs to visit Allahabad, Feb. 1.
- Caulfield, James, Lieutenant Colonel ; 4th Regt. Light Cavalry, proceeded to the Cape of Good Hope for his health, for 18 months, Feb. 17.
- Child, T. S. Assistant Surgeon ; attached to the Hussar Stud. Leave to visit Delhi and the Hills, for six months, Feb. 4.

Christe, J. Lieut. and Adjutant ; 3d Regt. Light Cavalry, Leave from 15th March to 20th Oct. on Medical certificate to visit Mussoorie, Feb. 16.
Clerk, H. Lieutenant ; removed from 1st Com. 6th Batt. to 1st Corp. 2d Batt. Feb. 1
Cumine, G. Lieut. and Adjutant ; 61st Regt. N. I. Leave from, 15th March, to 15th October, on Medical certificate to visit Landour, Jan. 30.
Cuthcart, Surgeon ; His Majesty's 16th Lancers, appointed to the Medical charge of the Depôt, Jan. 30.
Dalzell, H. B. Lieutenant the Honorable ; removed from 5th Com. 7th Batt. to 3d Com. to 6th Batt. Feb. 1.
Darvell, E. Lieut. 57th Regt. N. I. to be Inter. and Quart. Master, vice Lieut. Chitty, 40th N. I. officiating, Feb. 8.
Davidson, C. Ensign ; 66th Regiment N. I. Leave from 15th February to 15th March. to visit the Presidency on private affairs.
DeBurgh, H. Major ; 2d Regt. Light Cavalry. Leave from 10th April to 10th Nov, to visit the Hills of Simla, on private affairs, Feb. 19.
Decluseau, John ; appointed Hospital Apprentice, in the Subordinate Medical Establishment, Jan. 30.
DeFountain, J. Lieut ; 56th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th March to 15th September, to visit the Presidency, Feb. 8.
Delamain, James, Lieut. Col. ; Political Agent at Nemaar, Leave for 6 months, Feb. 3.
Dodgin, Lieutenant ; H. M.'s 31st Regiment of Foot, appointed to do duty at the Depôt, Jan. 30.
Douglas, C. Captain ; 14th Regiment N. I. appointed to do duty at the Depôt, Jan. 30.
Downing, David, Lieutenant ; 3d Regt. N. I. Furlough to Europe, on account of his private affairs, Feb. 17.
Edmonds, M. D. ; B. D. Assistant Surgeon ; 35th N. I. Leave from 15th Feb. to 15th April, to visit the Presidency on Medical certificate, Feb. 10.
Ellis, George, Lieutenant ; 1st Regiment of Artillery, permitted to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope, for 18 months, for the recovery of his health, Feb. 13.
Fairweather, J. Conductor ; Ordinance Commissariat of the Karnal Depôt, appointed to the Magazine at Agra, Feb. 8.
Fane, W. J. J. Cornet ; 5th Regt. L. C. Leave from 30th Dec. 1829, to 10th Jan. 1830, in extension to enable him to rejoin. Feb. 15.
Farmer, Charles, Lieutenant ; 21st Regt. N. I. Furlough to Europe, for health, Feb. 16.
Fenton, A. Captain ; 1st Regt. N. I. appointed to do duty at the Depôt, Jan. 30.
Fisher, F. H. Assistant Surgeon ; posted to the 1st Regt. N. I. and directed to join, Feb. 10.
Gladwin, Thomas, appointed Hospital Apprentice, in the Subordinate Medical Establishment, Jan. 30.
Glass, W. ; M. D. Assistant Surgeon ; 65th Regiment N. I. Leave from 21st November, 1829, to 6th February, 1830, to remain at the Presidency on private affairs, Feb. 3.
Graham, Charles, Lieutenant ; 55th Regt. N. I. Furlough to Europe for health, Feb. 8.
Grainger, George, Searjeant Major 2d Nusseree Battalion, to join and do duty with the 58th Regt. N. I. at Almorah, Feb. 9.
Grant, W. F. Lieutenant ; to act as Adjutant to the Regt. vice Ensign and Acting Adjutant Yule absent on leave, Feb. 8.
Grissell, C. Lieutenant ; 61st Regt. N. I. to act as Adjutant to the detachment, Feb. 15.
Hard, St. John, Lieutenant Colonel ; 10th Regt. N. I. Leave for two months, Feb. 13
Haldane, C. Lieutenant ; 32d Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th March to 15th July, to visit the Hills in the vicinity of Mussoorie on private affairs, Feb. 15.
Hardingham, Charles, Serjeant, vice Serjeant William Hoare the Exchange, the former is appointed Park Serjeant to the Allahabad Magazine, and the latter Laboratory Man to that Cawnpore, Feb. 8.
Harding, G. H. Gunner ; employed in the Foundry, promoted to the rank of Searjeant, Feb. 9.

Harris, P. Lieutenant ; 70th Regiment N. I. appointed to do duty at the Dépôt, Jan. 30.
Hickey, J. Lieutenant ; 10th Regt. L. C. Leave from 1st March to 1st Dec. to visit the Presidency on private affairs, Feb. 17.
Hoare, William, employed in the Foundry, promoted to the rank of Serjeant, Feb. 9.
Hodges, C. W. Captain ; 5th Regt. Light Cavalry. Furlough to Europe, for private affairs, Feb. 6.
Hoggan, W. Lieutenant ; 63d Regt. N. I. to act as Adjutant to the Ramghur Battalion, Jan. 30.
Hudson, G. J. Ensign ; 67th Regiment, doing duty with the 52d N. I. till 15th Oct. next, Feb. 17.
Inglis, J. Lieutenant ; 2d Regt. Light Cavalry, Leave from 25th April to 25th October, to visit the Hills of Simlah, on private affairs, Feb. 15.
Ingram, J. W. Captain ; 19th Regt. N. I. Leave from 20th March to 20th Sept. to visit the Hills of Deyrah Dhoon, on private affairs, Feb. 11.
Ironside, E. Lieutenant ; 62d Regiment N. I. Furlough to Europe for health. Feb. 6.
Jackson, W. Surgeon ; removed from 30th to the 17th Regt. N. I. Feb. 10.
James, W. Lieutenant ; 68th Regt. Bengal N. I. Furlough to Europe for health, Feb. 6.
Johnston, F. J. T. Col. ; 8th Regt. Light Cavalry, Leave from 28th Feb. to 30th March, in extension to enable him to rejoin, Feb. 16.
Krafting, Charles, appointed Hospital Apprentice, in the Subordinate Medical Establishment, Jan. 50.
Kennaway, G. Lieutenant ; 5th Regt. L. C. Leave from 1st Aug. 1829, to 27th Jan. 1830, to remain at Goruckpore and to visit Mynpooree and Hauper, on private affairs, Feb. 11.
Lardner, F. B. Lieutenant ; 17th Regt. N. I. vice P. Shortreed, 56th Regt. N. I. exchanges, Feb. 15.
LaTouche, P. Capt. Major of Brigade ; General Staff, Leave from 15th Feb. to 15th Dec. on Medical certificate to visit Mussoorie, Feb. 17.
Lawrenson, G. S. Lieutenant ; 3d Brig. Horse Artillery. Leave from the 15th April to 15th Oct. on private affairs, to visit the Hills, Feb. 1.
Lindesay, A. K. Assistant Surgeon ; posted to the 56th Regiment N. I. Feb. 2.
Lewis, N. Lieutenant ; 63d Regt. N. I. Leave from 1st Jan. to 15th Feb. to remain at the Presidency on Medical certificate, Feb. 9.
Ludlow, E. E. Lieut. Intr. and Quarter-Master ; 20th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th April to 15th Oct. on private affairs to visit the Hill, north of Deyrah. Feb. 17.
Lyons, E. R. Lieutenant ; (in charge of the 4th Company Pioneers,) 37th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th April to 15th October, to visit the Hills, on private affairs, Feb. 5.
Lysaght, T. Lieutenant ; of the European Regiment, to be Adjutant vice Ramsay, resigned, Feb. 5.
Mainwaring, E. R. Lieutenant ; 16th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th Feb. to 15th March, to join his Regt. Feb. 9.
Maitland, F. Ensign ; 4th Regt. N. I. Leave from 3d Feb. to 15th Nov. to visit Simla on Medical certificate, Feb. 17.
Manly, J. Surgeon ; removed from 17th to 20th Regt. N. I. Feb. 10.
Master, R. S. Lieutenant ; Engineers. Leave from 28th Feb. to 28th Aug. to visit the Presidency on private affairs, Feb. 19.
McNally, Thomas ; appointed Hospital Apprentice, in the Subordinate Medical Establishment, Jan. 30.
Menteath, W. S. Lieutenant ; 69th Regt. N. I. appointed to do duty with the Dépôt at Landour, Feb. 13.
Mowatt, J. L. Lieutenant ; removed from the 1st Company, 2d Battalion, to the 6th Company, 6th Battalion, Feb. 1.
Munro, Richard, Gunner ; 5th Batt. Artillery, is directed to rejoin his Corps at Dum Dum, Feb. 3.
O'Gorman, Captain Brevet ; H. M.'s 31st Regt. of Foot, appointed to do duty at the Dépôt, Jan. 30.

O'Hara, C. Lieutenant; 2d in command, 2d Local Horse. Leave from 1st March to 1st September, on private affairs to visit the Hills north of Simla, Feb. 3.

Oldfield, John Rawdon, Supernumerary Lieutenant; is brought on the effective strength of the Corps, Feb. 3.

Oliver, J. Captain; 17th Regt. N. I. Leave from the 22d Jan. to 10th March, in extension to enable him to join his Regt. Feb. 16.

Pillans, W. S. Lieutenant; 2d Brig. Horse Artillery. Leave from 15th Feb. to 15th November, on private affairs to visit the Presidency, Feb. 4.

Pollock, G.: C. B. Lieutenant Colonel; removed from the 7th to the 3d Battalion, Feb. 1.

Raleigh, F. Ensign; 1st Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th March to 15th July, on private affairs, to visit the Hills, Feb. 1.

Rind, J. N. Lieutenant; 37th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th April to 15th October, to visit the Hills on private affairs, Feb. 19.

Roberson, John, Lieutenant; 70th Regt. N. I. returned to his duty on this establishment, Feb. 17.

Roberts, Thomas, Lieutenant; 51st Regt. N. I. Permitted to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope, for the recovery of his health, for 18 months Feb. 13.

Roberts, T. Lieutenant and Adjutant; 51st Regt. N. I. Leave from 1st February to 1st April, on Medical certificate, to visit the Presidency, Feb. 2.

Rooke, F. B. Lieutenant; 5th Regiment Light Cavalry, resigns the service of the Honorable Company, Feb. 3.

Ross, C. G. Lieut; Aide-de-Camp to Brigadier Gen. Knox, General Staff. Leave from 15th Feb. to 1st April, to visit the Presidency, Feb. 8.

Russell, H. Ensign; 20th Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th April to 15th Oct. to visit the Hills, on private affairs, Feb. 17.

Salkeld, J. C. Ensign; 5th Regt. N. I. appointed to do duty at the Depôt, Jan. 30.

Sanders, Edward, Lieutenant; to be Captain from the 23d January, 1830. vice T. Prinsep deceased, Feb. 3.

Shakespeare, R. C. 2d Lieutenant; 6th Battalion Artillery, Leave from 15th Feb. to 15th Aug. to visit Jeypore on private affairs, Feb. 11.

Shaw, R. Ensign; unposted, Leave from 20th Feb. to 20th April, on private affairs to visit Kishnaghar, Feb. 19.

Shulldham, T. H. Lieut. Intr. and Quarter-Master; 52d Regiment N. I. appointed to do duty at the Depôt, Jan. 30.

Simpson, J. M. Ensign; 17th Regt. N. I. Leave from 20th Jan. to 20th Feb. on Medical certificate to proceed to Calcutta, Jan. 30.

Smith, E. F. Ensign; 23d Regiment, N. I. Leave from 31st January to 2d April, on Medical certificate, to remain at the Presidency, Feb. 2.

Smith, F. C. Lieutenant; 48th Regiment N. I. permitted to proceed to Van Dieman's Land for health; for eighteen months, Feb. 6.

Smith, H. B. Lieutenant; 37th Regiment N. I. Furlough to Europe for health, Feb. 6.

Smith, R. Major, of the Corps of Engineers, permitted to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope, for the benefit of his health, for 18 months, Feb. 16.

Smith, W. A. Lieutenant; 57th Regt. N. I. Assam Local Infantry, permitted to visit the Presidency, on account of his health, Feb. 13.

Spencer, W. Assistant Surgeon; 15th Regt. N. I. appointed to the Medical charge of the left Wing of Moradabad, Feb. 2.

Spry, E. T. Lieutenant: to act as Interpreter and Quarter-Master to the 24th Regt. N. I. Jan. 30.

Swiney, G. Lieutenant Colonel; removed from the 3d to the 7th Battalion, Feb. 1.

Tait, T. F. Lieutenant; 28th Regt. N. I. Leave from 25th March to 25th Sept. to visit Simla on private affairs, Feb. 16.

Tovey, Lieutenant Colonel; His Majesty's 31st Regt. appointed to the Command of the Depôt at Landour, Jan. 30.

Trower, J. Lieutenant; 4th Troops, 1st Brigade Horse Artillery, to act as Adjutant to the Division, vice Lieut. and Adjutant A. Wilson, absent on leave, Feb. 16.

Tyler, A. F. Lieutenant; 33d Regt. N. I. Leave from 15th Feb. to 15th March, in extension to enable to rejoin, Feb. 15.

Walsh, C. G. Ensign; 14th Regiment N. I. appointed to do duty at the Depôt, Jan. 30.

Wheler, T. T. Ensign, 56th Regt. N. I. Leave from 20th Feb. to 20th Sept. to visit Simlah, on private affairs, Feb. 11.
 Whittingham, S.; K. C. B. and K. C. H. Major General Sir; General Staff, Leave from 10th April to 10th Nov. on Medical certificate to visit the Hills, Jan. 30
 Wilkie, D. Lieutenant; 4th Native Infantry, appointed to do duty with the 70th Regt. Feb. 13.
 Willan, J. Assistant Surgeon; appointed to the 4th Company 2d Battalion of Artillery, Dinapore, Feb. 1.
 Willan, J. Assistant Surgeon; 2d Bengal Artillery, Leave from 21st January to 6th March, in extensive to enable him to rejoin, Feb. 3.
 Wilton, G. R. Captain; 4th Regt. N. I. Leave from 6th Feb. to 1st March, to rejoin his Regiment, Feb. 9.
 Woodburn, J. Lieutenant; 9th Regiment N. I. to proceed to Van Dieman's Land and New Holland for health, Feb. 3.
 Wornum, J. R. Capt., 51st Regt. N. I. Leave from 1st March to 31st Aug. to visit the Hills North of Deyrah, on private affairs, Feb. 8.
 Younghusband, Lieut.; 35th Regt. N. I. Leave from 26th Jan. to 15th April, to remain at Bareilly on Medical certificate, Feb. 10.
 Yule, T. N. Ensign; 63d Regt. N. I. resigned, Feb. 13.

THE COMMERCIAL PRICE CURRENT.

CALCUTTA, FEBRUARY 27, 1830.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.—*Opium*; considerable shipments are in progress for the Eastern and China markets.—*Indigo*; market exceedingly dull—no private sales, and a difficulty in disposing of the article by Outery. Imports to the 20th instant are 1,57,000 maunds.—*Saltpetre*; prices looking down, and demand very limited.—*Sugar*; without enquiry.

EASTERN PRODUCE.—*Pepper*; in moderate enquiry.—*Tin*; in request.

EUROPE GOODS.—*Cotton Piece Goods.*—*Lappett and Book Muslins*; in demand but at a considerable discount on the prime cost.—*Madapollams and Long Cloths*; without enquiry.—*Chints*; of good patterns and on dark grounds, scarce, and paying a small profit to the manufacturer.—**METALS.**—*Speltre*; market steady and the price looking up a little.—*Copper*; prices steady.—*Lead*; saleable at our quotations.—*Iron*; market continues very dull.

Freight to London £ 4-10 for dead weight, and £ 8 per ton for light goods.

THE DOMESTIC PRICE CURRENT.

CALCUTTA, MARCH 1, 1830.

Meat, (Goast)—Still in excellent condition.

Fish, (Mutchlee)—Still in fine condition, and all sorts abundant.

Fowls, (Moorgie)—No variation in the market.

Game, (Jungle Cheerea)—A good shew yet.

Hare, (Jungle Curcose)—Can be had every day.

Rabbits, (Curcose)—Come to the market every day.

Vegetables, (Turkarie)—Peas, (Cheeme Mutter) Marrowfat, still good; all other description indifferent.—**Cabbages, (Cobee)** in excellent order, in great abundance.—**Cauliflower, (Phool-Cobee)** a few procurable in good order.—**Knole-Kole, (Ole-Cobee)** can still be had every day.—**Potatoes, (Aloo)** very plentiful.—**Sweet Potatoes, (Securund Aloo)** in great abundance.—**Lettuce, (Sullud)** still in very good order and plentiful.—**Turnips and Carrots, (Salgram, Gajur)** getting indifferent, but still in abundance.—**Love-Apples, (Belaty Bygun)** very plentiful.—**Pumpkins, (Kuddoo)** in fine order.—**Greens, (Sang)** of all kind, every day in the bazaar.—**Water-Cresses, (Halim)** can be had every day.

Fruit, (Phull)—Mulberry, (Tooth) come to the market.—**Oranges, (Cumlaw Nemboo)** scarce.—**Shaddocks, (Batabee Nemboo)** still plentiful.—**Patna Plums, (Narooly Byre)** indifferent, and going out.—**Gooseberry, (Tapary)** still in abundance, good, and cheap.—**Papiaks, very plentiful.**

SHIPPING ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

Arrivals.

Date.	Vessel's Names.	Tons.	Commanders.	Date of Departure.
Feb.				
1	Cavendish Bentinck, ..	372	H. W. W. Pater,	Rangoon 19th January.
2	Ann, <i>bargue</i> ..	420	E. Worthington,	Rangoon 17th January.
3	Diedericks, <i>bargue</i> ..	222	J. Hector, ..	Bat. 15th Dec. & Sing. 10th Jan.
4	Bussorah Merchant, ..	222	— Tozer, ..	Rangoon 9th January.
7	Norfolk, <i>brig</i> ..	530	J. Goldie, ..	Pad. 24th Dec. & Sum. 6th Jan.
8	Thalia, ..	670	W. H. Biden, ..	Portsmouth 2d September.
10	Minerva, <i>brig</i> ..	180	P. J. Phillips, ..	W. Coast of Sumatra 15th Jan.
12	Sophia, <i>H. C. brig</i> ..	376	F. Elson, ..	C. of Ara. 3d Jan. & Chit. 4th Feb.
14	Irrawaddy, <i>H. C. S. V.</i> ..	—	C. H. West, ..	Amherst Town 7th February.
15	Zephyr, <i>H. C. schooner</i> ..	—	S. Congalton, ..	Penang 19th January.
16	Providence, ..	700	Robert Ford, ..	London 24th September.
19	Swallow, <i>bargue</i> ..	303	W. Adam, ..	Tut. 20th Jan. Col. & Gal. 24 Jan.
20	Navarino, <i>bargue</i> ..	321	J. H. Smith, ..	Syd. 22d Nov. & Hob. Tn. 9 Dec.
23	Joseph Winter, <i>brig</i> ..	—	J. Richardson, ..	Cop. (in Chili) 21 Oct & Sin. 20 Jan.
26	Argyle, ..	523	P. M. Stavers, ..	Mau. 20th Dec. & Mad. 14th Feb.
26	Dona Carmelita, ..	238	C. Gray, ..	Chi. 24 Jan. and Sin. 4 Feb.
"	Penang Merchant, ..	345	J. Mitchinson ..	Sing. 3 Feb. & Penang 11 Feb.

Departures.

Feb.				
1	La Gange, ..	560	J. Gallais, ..	Bordeaux.
"	Lady Flora, ..	758	R. J. Fayrer, ..	London.
"	Thomas Grenville, ..	1000	Charles Shea, ..	London via Madras,
4	Baretto Junior, ..	550	A. Shannon, ..	London.
"	Soloman Shaw, ..	550	Nacoda, ..	
"	Herculean, <i>bargue</i> ..	317	J. Buttersby, ..	Liverpool.
"	Irma, ..	350	P. M. Luco, ..	Havre de Grace.
5	Columbia, ..	600	C. Kirkwood, ..	Liverpool via Cape.
"	Mary, ..	375	T. Lucock, ..	Madras.
7	Ernaad, <i>H. C. S.</i> ..	600	A. Corstorphan, ..	Malabar Coast and Bombay.
8	Caudry, <i>brig</i> ..	203	Nacoda, ..	Ceylon and Malabar Coast.
10	M. of Wellington, <i>H. C. S.</i> ..	1000	A. Chapman, ..	London.
11	Hydery, ..	345	E. D. O. Eales, ..	Bussorah.
12	Orient, ..	700	T. White, ..	London.
14	Sultan, ..	322	T. Mitchell, ..	Persian Gulph.
15	Challenger, <i>H. M. S.</i> ..	—	C. H. Freemantle ..	Madras.
17	George, ..	328	S. Endicott, ..	Salem.
"	Creole, ..	241	F. Fourcade, ..	Bordeaux.
19	Atiet Rohoman, ..	600	Ahmed Hadjee, ..	Juddah.
"	Fazarobany, ..	575	Hussen Golaum, ..	Muscat.
"	Sunbury, ..	254	Nacoda, ..	Ditto.
20	Gange et Garonne, ..	750	T. Geoffroy, ..	Bordeaux.
"	Melikul Behar, ..	570	Mahomed Rajab, ..	Juddah.
21	Livingston, ..	400	J. Pearce, ..	Liverpool.
"	Reliance, ..	347	C. D. Hayes, ..	Madras.
"	Virginia, <i>brig</i> ..	170	J. Hullock, ..	Bombay.
"	Futtee Rohoman, ..	400	Abram Johur, ..	Juddah.
"	Tauje, ..	400	Hadjee Almas, ..	Ditto.
"	Bombay, ..	315	Joseph Dare, ..	New South Wales.
23	Brougham, <i>H. C. bargue</i> ..	230	J. J. R. Bowman, ..	Arracan.
23	Fattle Salam, ..	540	Nacoda, ..	Bushire.
24	Marie Elizabeth, ..	396	S. A. Auger, ..	Bourbon.
27	Zephyr, <i>H. C. schooner</i> ..	—	S. Congalton, ..	Penang.
28	Eliza, <i>H. C. C. S.</i> ..	700	D. Sutton, ..	London.

LIST OF PASSENGERS FOR FEBRUARY.

Arrivals.

Per Thalia.—Mrs. King, Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Bramby; Misses Rogers, Blair and Lawrence; W. Alexander, Esq. Civil Service; Wm. Jackson, Esq. Surgeon; Messrs. Bramby, A. McDonald and Stuart, Assistant Surgeons; Messrs. R. S. Campbell and John Lawrence, Writers; Mr. Robert Crowe, Merchant; Lieut. A. Keg, 9th Light Cavalry; Lieut. John Robertson, Native Cavalry; Lieut. Henry Lawrence, Artillery; Lieutenants Thos. Gray, Wm. Timbrell, John Burnie and Henry Apperly, Artillery Cadets; Lieutenants Charles Boulton, Samuel Tickell and Robert Shaw, Infantry Cadets; Master Bramby, born at Sea. *From Madras*.—Captain Doveton.

Per Minerva.—A. Prince, Esq. Merchant.

Per Sophia.—Mrs. Halhed, Mrs. Elson; Misses Charlotte Halhed, Isabella Halhed and Belinda Halhed; Master Champion Halhed; N. I. Halhed, Special Commissioner; Messrs. G. C. Page and A. R. Smith, Clerks.

Per Providence.—Mrs. Webb, Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. Edward Presgrave, Mrs. Younghusband; Misses Mary Smith and Hayes; J. Fraser, Esq. Civil Service; Major Webb, Bengal Artillery; P. Strachan, Esq.; Thos. Younghusband, Esq.; —Sutton, Esq.; Lieut. Strettle, R. N.; Lieut. Robinson, H. M. 16th Lancers; Lieut. Iveson, 7th B. N. I.; Lieut. G. Gibson, 37th M. N. I.; Messrs. J. Laughton, W. R. Warner and Edward Magny, Cadets; Messrs. M. Cowell, Edward Cropley and G. Williams, Free Mariner.

Per Swallow.—Lieut. W. Elso, and E. Hutchins, Esquire.

Per Navarino.—Messrs. W. Harvey and W. Plumer Willson.

Per Argyle, from Mauritius.—Lieut.-Col. Heard, B. N. Infantry; E. S. Thompson, Esq. H. C. Service; Mr. Tritain, Surgeon. *From Madras*.—Mrs. Edwards and Child; Captain R. Edwards, Country Service; Ensigns Campbell, H. M. 49th Regt. and McKensie, 48th Regt. N. I.; J. Parr, and M. Boyd, Esquires, Merchants; Mr. J. Ross, Private H. M. 49th Regt.; J. Rohlind, a Convict.

Per Dona Carmelita.—Cain T. Baptaker, Country Service, and Mr. J. C. Smith.

Per Penang Merchant.—Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Tronstee, Armenian; D. McDougal, Esq.; Laza Seth, Esq. Armenian.

Departures.

Per H. C. Ship Thomas Grenville.—Mrs. Col. Wilkinson; Mrs. Shortland; Miss Shortland; Mrs. Dismy; Miss Dismy; Mrs. Moran; Mr. Moran; Mrs. Hill; Lieut. Shortland; Lieut. Compton; Mr. Hutton.—*Children*.—Misses 2 Shortlands, Lamb, Hill, Brown, and Wilkinson; Masters 2 Shortlands, 2 Browns, Blagrove and McLeod; Attendants, Mrs. McKenny; Mr. Mackenzie and 5 Servants.

Per Ernaad.—Lady Rumbold and Child; Mrs. Sargent; Mrs. Gowan and Child; Mrs. Graham; Mr. Wellesly, Resident at Indore; Mr. H. Palmer, Bengal Civil Service; Major Gowan; Assistant Surgeons Duncan and Bruce; and Mr. Montague.

Per Columbia.—Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Wynne; Captains Wotherspoon and Arnold; Lieutenants Bayley and Nesbitt; Gilbert Scott, Wm. Scott, R. Craw, and A. Gibson, Esquires; Misses Anna Scott, Margaret Scott, Sarah Scott, and Amelia Scott, and Master Herbert Scott.

Per Lady Flora.—Mrs. Butterworth Bayley; Mrs. Yeld; Mrs. Petrie; Mrs. Bolton; Mrs. Hampton; Mrs. Hooper; Major Hardy, 56th Regiment Native Infantry; Captain Parby, Bengal Artillery; John Manly, Esq. 10th Regiment Native Infantry; Revd. Mr. Morton; William Sedden, Esq.; John McRitchie, Esq.; Captain Browne; Lieut. Singer, 24th Regiment Native Infantry; Lieut. Eskiene, 63d Regiment Native Infantry; Mr. Hooper. *Children*.—Miss Mary Ann Saunders; Miss Julia Eliza Saunders; Master Hugh Ward Saunders; Miss Sophia Charlotte Alexander; Miss Frances Maria Bolton; Miss Louisa Mary Ann

Bolton; Miss Georgiana Bolton; Master Frederick Steer; Master William Bailey; Master Martin Petrie; Miss Fancy Priscilla Hooper; Miss Mary Hooper; Miss Amelia Louisa Hooper; Master William Joseph Hooper; Master Henry Jeffries Hooper; Miss Mary Jane Brownrigg; Master John Lewis Hampton.

Per H. C. Ship Marquis of Wallington.—Mrs. Dick, Mrs. Lecard, Mrs. Weston, Miss Barrow, W. C. Dick, F. Melder and R. Macon, Esqrs. Bengal Civil Service; Lieut. Col. Barrow, Major Blundell, H. M. 11th Dragoons; Captain Lecard, H. M. 16th Lancers; Captain Aldhouse, Bengal Native Infantry; T. K. Allhusen, Esq. Merchant. *Children*.—Misses Hogg, Lecard, C. M. Weston, Catherine Cheek, Jane Bell and M. A. Davidson; Masters R. W. Davidson, Augustus Dick, C. C. Weston, Arnold R. Weston and Drummond. *To St. Helena*.—H. C. Dick, Esq. *To Madras*.—Mrs. Pringle, D. Pringle, Esq. Bengal Civil Service; Captain Watkins, Madras Native Infantry; Captain Melville, Bengal Army; Lieut. Back, Madras Army. *Children*.—Miss Mary Charlotte Pringle, and Master David Pringle.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

BIRTHS.

- Jan. 11 At Jypore, the Lady of Major John Low, of a Daughter.
 27 Purneah, Mrs. George Pratt, of a Daughter.
 30 Calcutta, at her residence in Dhurrumtollah, Mrs. J. Jacobs, of a Daughter.
 31 Calcutta, Mrs. Martha DeCruz, of a Daughter.
 Feb. 4 Presidency, the Lady of Captain Bell, of the Bark *Mercury*, of a Son.
 5 Sealdah, Mrs. R. Fleming, of a Son.
 8 Calcutta, the Lady of J. Grant, Esq. Presidency Surgeon, of a Son.
 9 Calcutta, the Lady of J. Verploegh, Esq. of a Daughter.
 13 Entally, Calcutta, Mrs. George Nicholls, of a Son.
 13 Calcutta, Mrs. J. Hullock, of a Son.
 17 Kishnagar, the Lady of Lieut. and Adj. C. Farmer, of the 21st Regt. N. I. of a Son.

MARRIAGES.

- Feb. 1 At Cathedral, Mr. J. J. Palmer, to Miss A. C. Bloeming.
 3 Moradabad, A. Grote, Esq. to Miss Isabella Macdonald.
 4 Calcutta, Mr. R. Evans, to Miss Matilda J. M. Goddard.
 5 Futtighur, Mr. R. N. Bell, to Miss Mary Sheels, Spinster.
 6 Calcutta, Captain Edward Robson Arthur, to Miss Susannah Broders.
 6 Calcutta, George Malcolm, Esq. to Miss Barbara Gill Browne,
 6 Calcutta, Mr. A. J. Forbes, to Miss Barnes.
 6 Calcutta, Mr. George Walker, to Miss Forbes.
 10 Calcutta, S. M. Vardon, Esq. to Mary, the relict of S. E. Aydall, Esq.
 15 Calcutta, Joseph Spencer Judge, Esq. to Miss Anne Catherine Bristow, second daughter of Major Bristow, Brigade Major of His Majesty's Forces, Fort William.
 18 Calcutta, G. Kallonas, Esq. to Miss Mary Ann Thirkel.

DEATHS.

- Jan. 31 At Purneah, the infant daughter of Mrs. G. Pratt.
 Feb. 1 Cawnpore, John MacDonald, Esq. aged 50 years. PH
 3 Calcutta, Miss Maria Lopes Walter, aged 27 years and 1 month. S S
 5 Calcutta, Mrs. Char. Bell, wife of the late Mr. John Bell, aged 45 years.
 8 Fort William, the Lady of Captain Stack, of H. M. 45th Regt. of Foot.
 10 Calcutta, Mr. Thomas D'Souza, Senior, aged 55 years.
 14 Park House, Harriett Juliet, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Atkinson, aged 1 month and 28 days.
 17 Calcutta, William, Son D. McN. Liddel Esq. aged 2 months & 22 days.

FEB 6 - 1961

